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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
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MICHAEL JACKSON

CLOCK DVA

CULTURE CLUB

KING KURT

DENNIS BROWN

COLIN MCINNES

DEPECHE MODE

STEP FORWARD ELECTRO YOUTH

NME EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW BY X. MOORE

Depeche Mode take the Eire. Photo by Adrian Boot

● *JAM RETROSPECTIVE LP* ● *EDDIE & SUNSHINE TOUR*

After a pistol whipping by Harvey Keitel

JOHNNY COMES LURKING HOME

JOHN LYDON is returning to Britain in November to promote a new album, his major film debut and a live video cassette – and plans are currently being finalised for PiL to tour here around the same time.

First of these projects to be unveiled is the new PiL album 'Live In Tokyo', previously reported by *NME* and now set for release by Virgin on 26 September. It takes the form of two 45-rpm discs, recorded at the Nakano Sun Plaza using one of only three Mitsubishi X-800 32-track tape recorders in the world, with a sound quality that's virtually studio standard. It features a selection of the group's classical material, plus three new songs performed for the first time, including the recent single 'This Is Not A Love'.

The PiL 'Live In Tokyo' video will be available through Virgin Films & Video early next month, and should retail at under £20. It runs for 40 minutes and, besides the LP material, also includes some "tourist footage" of Lydon in Tokyo and other Japanese cities.

Lydon's first major film *Order Of Death* (originally known as *Cop Killer*), in which he co-stars with Harvey Keitel and which is a story based on a book by Hugh Fleetwood, will have its UK premiere on 3 November at three London cinemas – one of them the Oxford Street Classic, the other two still to be set. General release follows in mid-November.

The projected PiL tour of Britain and Europe is being slanted to coincide with the opening of the movie, and a spokesman said this week that details of dates and venues should be available shortly.

A lazy sod back on his butt. Pic: Lisa Harn

THE JAM re-emerge on October 14, ten months after their disbandment – and although their re-appearance is confined to vinyl, it does at least provide their many fans with the opportunity of perpetuating the band's career. Polydor are releasing a double album called 'Snap', featuring 29 tracks in chronological order, starting with 'In The City' (April 1977) and ending with 'Beat Surrender' (November 1982).

The set includes the A-side of every single The Jam released, with just two deviations – 'Funeral Pyre' is a remixed version, while 'That's Entertainment' is the original demo because "although technically not as good as the version released at the time, the demo has a certain quality that was never captured again".

HELLO! BACK AGAIN!

"Oops, wrong again."

Pic: Steve Pyke

ALTHOUGH MARC Almond has now reconsidered his decision to quit the music business, it seems that Soft Cell no longer figure in his long-term plans. The group have a new single coming out this weekend, and Some Bizzare supremo Stevo said on Monday: "As far as I'm concerned, this is the last Soft Cell single".

A couple of days earlier, a spokesman for Almond told NME*: "Marc's feeling much better now, particularly for getting his problems off his chest, and he intends to finish off the new Soft Cell album". But he added, apparently substantiating Stevo's remark: "Although he intends to remain in the business, he's now reappraising his career, with a view to expanding beyond the realms of Soft Cell and The Mambas".*

The new single is 'Soul Inside/ 'You Only Live Twice', taken from the upcoming LP but recorded before Almond's "I quit" outburst – there's also a 12-inch format featuring an extended version of the A-side and a bonus track called '007 Theme'. And due out in October is Dave Ball's solo album 'Strict Tempo'.

EDDIE & SUNSHINE, the performance duo recently featured in *NME*, have announced plans for an extensive autumn tour – it's their first major headlining outing, though they've previously played many one-offs and toured as special guests with Ultravox, and they've just completed a summer season at Raymond's Revue Bar in London.

Under the banner of 'Living TV', the duo will be presenting music (live vocals and tapes), mini-sets, vignettes and performance, plus their customary TV commercial break and Chat Show – the latter featuring an invited guest who'll be a local celebrity from each particular tour town. Each show will also include a suitable local act in the support spot.

With more dates to be finalised, those confirmed so far are: London Boulevard Theatre (26 September), London Middlesex Polytechnic (27), Kingston Polytechnic (28), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (29), Birmingham Tin Can Club (30), Sheffield Leadmill (1 October), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (2), London Boulevard Theatre (3, 10 and 17), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (4), Manchester Hacienda Club (5), Edinburgh University (6), Glasgow Night Moves (7),

Liverpool Neptune Theatre (8), Cardiff Wales Polytechnic (11), Norwich The Premises (13), Colchester Essex University (14) and Coventry Warwick University (15). Ticket prices vary considerably from one venue to another but, with one exception (Manchester £3.50 and £2.50), they range from £1 to £3.

A new single will be released to coincide with the tour; a re-recorded and remixed version of a track on their 'Perfect Strangers' debut album titled 'There's Someone Following Me' on Survival Records. They also have a number of TV slots coming up, the first of which is on the opening night of the tour (26 September), when they have their own half-hour special on BBC-2's **Riverside** – they'll be presenting the show and introducing guests of their choice, including Mick Karn, Midge Ure and John Foxx.

IN THE

I'VE SEEN them eat (and chew) live goldfish, I've seen them throw buckets of ice-cold water over each other at two in the morning. I've seen them paint my black shoes white, and watched them throw my motorbike from road to pavement – intact.

Considering all this, King Kurt were initially remarkably shy young men. For a band who are one of the liveliest on stage, guaranteed to amuse and to suck the audience into their particular brand of mania within minutes, their reticence was unexpected.

All six King Kurts are working class lads from Brixton, aged between 16 and 26, and dressed in torn T-shirts and scraggy jeans, with the obligatory shaved heads and silly haircuts. However, despite streams of pisstake, their intelligence and cynicism points to something deeper.

Politically they are aware, if inactive, being of the persuasion that as individuals they have no power to change anything. It is an attitude which is predictable; their music has no message except 'Fuck depression, let's dance'. In these days of dross and misery, surely it's enough to

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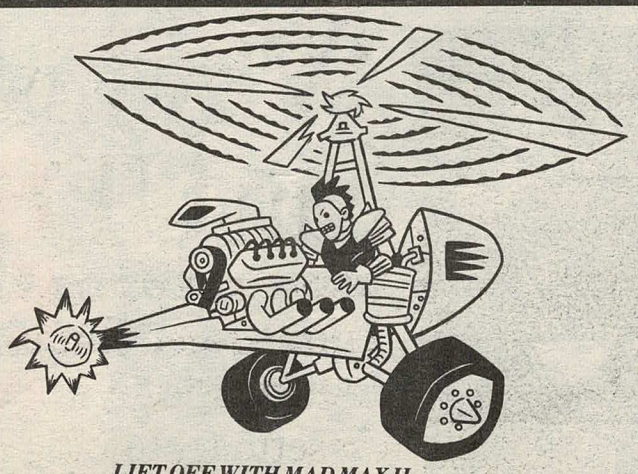

HANGING OUT WITH THE NEW GANG IN TOWN ●

COURT OF KRAZY KING KURT

watch a bunch of loonies playing Cramps-style music, getting covered in crap, insulting the audience and loving every minute? They are pure entertainment. They will make you forget everything and just laugh.

King Kurt formed in early '81 with most of the current ine-up. They were friends, most of whom had been in bands before, and felt the need to take the world by storm. Their first gig with the curent frontman Smeggy was April Fool's Day 1982 – an unforgettable night, with the whole band in drag, and billed as The Belle Stars.

Since then, Smeggy and Paul have been co-writing some of the songs, with John composing the rest – songs like 'Bo Diddley Goes East', 'Do The Rat', and 'Blue Rondo A La Kurt.' Their only single has been 'Zulu Beat' on Thin Sliced, a local independent label, though they have now been snapped up by Stiff and a new single 'Destination Zulu Land' released on 23 September. Both this and their debut LP will be produced by Dave Edmunds.

From left: Rony, Maggot, Paul, John, Smeggy. Lying down: Robert.

They are very definitely a 'rock 'n' roll' band, certainly not punks in the Exploited mode, which might be expected, and their musical influences include bluegrass, C&W and '50s rockabilly, infused with the energy of The Cramps and the Pistols.

The name King Kurt comes from the band's time in music hall, when they were calling themselves Rockin' Kurt And His Sour Krauts. They'd give sausages away as prizes for competitions, which started off their now famous penchant for chucking dead animals around. Their lyrics at the time consisted of such gems as *"His looks are mean, but his sausage is wurst"*.

One of their trademarks is their humour, and Smeggy's silly, witty stage banter, doling out large slices of sarcasm and self-abuse. Off stage, however, he seems subdued, or at least he *acts* it.

"I don't know what I'm saying half the time – I seem to get caught on particular words. My favourite phrase at the moment is 'Godamn commie pinko perverts' (*sic*). Things like that really make me laugh, as well as 'Save The Whale Punks', and words like 'startling' and 'go for it'. Oh, yeah, I'm also up for grabs to replace Limahl of Kajagoogoo, under the name of Waylon Williwarmer. I'm willing to bead my hair, and I have absolutely *nothing* against going out with DJs," explained Smeggy.

John and Paul, both guitarists, are the most thoughtful of the band, or at least they seem to make the most sense. After all, John has a degree in French, and spent a year as a French teacher, but it's past and buried now as he rants his dislikes.

"What I really can't stand is those sincere bands. To attract anyone's attention they have to have a stance, and whether they like it or nor, they're marketing themselves. 'Ooh, we were dragged up from the back-streets of Surbiton.' They go round to jumble sales and get grandad's trousers ten sizes too big, with a huge belt to hold them up, and they say, This is what life's about. We're depressed, this is terrible. Whatever happened to pop stars pretending? They're meant to be show people."

A hard core of fans follow the band virtually everywhere they play, and London gigs are always jammed. The allegiance is reminiscent of early punk days. Concerts are messy, filthy in fact, with flour, shaving foam and food dye being chucked around by the over-enthusiastic crowd.

Paul: "It's always chaos, it's always a mess, which is great, but we *can* all play our instruments. In the studio is where it counts; we don't expect to get the live atmosphere on record, just the fact that we are all musicians. For our next record we're thinking very carefully about a producer. As we don't know what we want, just what we don't want, it's going to be up to the producer to make it happen."

Feeling himself slip into something serious, and possibly 'meaningful', he went on to say: "But basically we just like to go out, show off and be idiots. It wouldn't be fun if it wasn't fun!"

John: "The fact that I make quiches, Paul's obssessed by tea, Rory loves hoovering, Maggot cuts hair badly, Smeggy listens to Tangerine Dream and Robert to Thin Lizzy has nothing to do with the fact that we are mean and nasty – totally devil may care. Don't be surprised if under the silliness, you find nothing but silliness."

Their recent gig at Brixton's Fridge was packed. On hand were a film crew from BBC2's Riverside. Before the music, the standard competition was held, this time a drinking bout. Competitions in the past have involved one for the speediest strips, with latent exhibitionists in the crowd encouraged by Smeggy's full frontals. There have also been *après-gig* hair-cutting sessions, where for 20p you can look like a victim of a lobotomy.

However, the nudity blackout was the only concession for the BBC cameras, with buckets of blood (literally), and dead rabbits flying from the stage. The band were as mental and manic as ever, barging their way through a break-neck set, with the mélee up front twisting and jerking with delight, screaming "Ing Err, Ing Err".

You can't probe into this band and their 'meaning', you can't look for soul, or search for psyche – to see them is to love them. Paul summed it up: "I've often thought of leaving the band, if only because we're the only group worth seeing nowadays".

Lyndsey Shapiro

Ever had that closed-in feeling?

LONDON's Institute of Contemporary Arts in The Mall is staging another of its Rock Weeks early next month. Under the banner of 'Pop Goes The Easel', the six shows look at the relationship between art schools and rock music, and they run from 4–9 October inclusive. With three acts featured each night, the line-up comprises:

Clock DVA, Flesh For Lulu and Creature Beat (Tuesday, 4); The Smiths, Quando Quango and The Impressions (Wednesday); The Cocteau Twins, The Icicle Works and Jane & Barton (Thursday); Paul Haig's Rhythm Of Life plus Antenna and a third band to be set (Friday); Strawberry Switchblade, The Mekons and Beach Authority (Saturday); and X-Mal Deutschland, Woolfgang Press and Danielle Dax (Sunday, 9).

● Meanwhile, September In The Pink, London's first Lesbian & Gay Arts Festival, runs until the end of the month – gigs, films, videos, theatre, art exhibitions and seminars at various venues. Details from Room 306, Panther House, 38 Mount Pleasant WC1. Tel: 01-837 9666.

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NME CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY

This Week	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	**RED RED WINE**	UB40 (DEP International)	4	1
2	13	**MAMA**	Genesis (Virgin)	3	2
3	2	**WINGS OF A DOVE**	Madness (Stiff)	5	2
4	5	**WHAT AM I GONNA DO**	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	4	4
5	14	**TONIGHT I CELEBRATE MY LOVE**	Roberta Flack & Peabo Bryson (Capitol)	4	5
6	8	**CONFUSION**	New Order (Factory)	3	6
7	3	**GOLD**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	6	1
8	9	**THE SUN GOES DOWN**	Level 42 (Polydor)	5	8
9	4	**GIVE IT UP**	KC And The Sunshine Band (Epic)	9	1
10	20	**WARRIORS**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	3	10
11	11	**WALKING IN THE RAIN**	Modern Romance (WEA)	3	11
12	6	**I'M STILL STANDING**	Elton John (Rocket)	8	4
13	16	**CHANCE**	Big Country (Mercury)	3	13
14	30	**DOLCE VITA**	Ryan Paris (Clever)	2	14
15	(—)	**COME BACK AND STAY**	Paul Young (CBS)	1	15
16	12	**BAD DAY**	Carmel (London)	6	12
17	7	**LONG HOT SUMMER**	Style Council (Polydor)	6	2
18	29	**OL RAG BLUES**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	2	18
19	24	**CRUSHED BY THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY**	Heaven 17 (BEF)	2	19
20	(—)	**KARMA CHAMELEON**	Culture Club (Virgin)	1	20
21	10	**CLUB TROPICANA**	Wham (Innervision)	7	2
22	17	**COME DANCING**	Kinks (Arista)	6	11
23	19	**ROCKIT**	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	7	7
24	22	**NEVER SAY DIE**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	2	22
25	15	**WATCHING YOU WATCHING ME**	David Grant (Chrysalis)	5	10
26	21	**DISAPPEARING ACT**	Shalamar (Solar)	5	21
27	(—)	**GO DEH YAKA (GO TO THE TOP)**	Monyaka (Polydor)	1	27
28	31	**WAKE UP**	Danse Society (Society)	3	27
29	28	**TOUR DE FRANCE**	Kraftwerk (EMI)	6	20
30	18	**EVERYTHING COUNTS**	Depeche Mode (Mute)	9	6
31	43	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)	21	8
32	(—)	**BODY WORK**	Hot Streak (Polydor)	1	32
33	25	**A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION**	The Truth (Formation)	3	19
34	34	**SHE'S SEXY & 17**	Stray Cats (Arista)	2	34
35	46	**ONE MIND TWO HEARTS**	Paradise (Priority)	2	35
36	42	**RIDERS ON THE STORM**	Annabel Lamb (A&M)	2	36
37	(—)	**JOHNNY FRIENDLY**	JoBoxers (RCA)	1	37
38	(—)	**WHAT I WANT**	Dead Or Alive (Epic)	1	38
39	(—)	**YOU'RE HOT**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	1	39
40	(—)	**IT'S RAINING MEN**	Weather Girls (CBS)	1	40
41	50	**THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG IN PARADISE**	Kid Creole And The Coconuts (Island)	2	41
42	23	**BIG LOG**	Robert Plant (WEA)	9	9
43	(—)	**YOUR DRESS**	John Foxx (Virgin)	1	43
44	(—)	**SUPERMAN**	Black Lace (Flair)	1	44
45	(—)	**DR HECKYLL, MR JIVE**	Men At Work (Epic)	1	45
46	(—)	**MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST & FOUND**	Meat Loaf (Epic)	1	46
47	(—)	**JUST BE GOOD TO ME**	S.O.S. Band (Tabu)	1	47
48	(—)	**TAHITI**	David Essex (Mercury)	1	48
49	(—)	**JUST IN TIME**	Raw Silk (West End)	1	49
50	(—)	**THE SHADOW OF YOUR SMILE**	D Train (Epic)	1	50

LPs UK TOP FIFTY

This Week	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	4	**CONSTRUCTION TIME AGAIN**	Depeche Mode (Mute)	3	1
2	13	**NO PARLEZ**	Paul Young (CBS)	8	1
3	2	**THE VERY BEST OF**	Beach Boys (Capitol)	7	2
4	1	**FLICK OF THE SWITCH**	AC/DC (Atlantic)	3	1
5	8	**THE CROSSING**	Big Country (Mercury)	7	2
6	2	**FANTASTIC**	Wham (Innervision)	11	1
7	5	**GREATEST HITS**	Michael Jackson And The Jacksons (Star)	10	2
8	6	**STANDING IN THE LIGHT**	Level 42 (Polydor)	3	6
9	9	**TRUE**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	27	1
10	12	**THRILLER**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	39	1
11	10	**TOO LOW FOR ZERO**	Elton John (Rocket)	15	4
12	18	**BODY WISHES**	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	14	2
13	49	**THE PRESENT**	Moody Blues (Threshold)	2	13
14	11	**PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS**	Robert Plant (WEA)	9	5
15	25	**BUILT TO DESTROY**	Michael Schenker Group (Chrysalis)	2	15
16	15	**THE LOOK**	Shalamar (Solar)	8	6
17	23	**THE LUXURY GAP**	Heaven 17 (BEF/Virgin)	20	1
18	16	**YOU AND ME BOTH**	Yazoo (Mute)	10	2
19	7	**ALPHA**	Asia (Geffen)	5	4
20	41	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie (RCA)	32	1
21	14	**PUNCH THE CLOCK**	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	6	1
22	17	**SYNCHRONICITY**	Police (A&M)	13	1
23	19	**FUTURE SHOCK**	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	9	18
24	(—)	**BENT OUT OF SHAPE**	Rainbow (Polydor)	1	24
25	29	**MEAN STREAK**	Y & T (A&M)	2	25
26	32	**SUNNY AFTERNOON**	Various (Impression)	2	26
27	20	**STREETSOUNDS VOLUME V**	Various (Streetsounds)	5	15
28	37	**MUMMER**	XTC (Virgin)	2	28
29	39	**MERRY CHRISTMAS, MR LAWRENCE**	Ryuchi Sakamoto (Virgin)	2	29
30	(—)	**AN INNOCENT MAN**	Billy Joel (CBS)	1	30
31	22	**IN YOUR EYES**	George Benson (WEA)	14	2
32	21	**HEADSTONE — THE BEST OF**	UFO (Chrysalis)	3	21
33	31	**CRISES**	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	16	5
34	(—)	**HEADLINE HITS**	Various (K-Tel)	1	34
35	27	**POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES**	New Order (Factory)	18	5
36	34	**FLASHDANCE SOUNDTRACK**	Various (Casablanca)	11	9
37	26	**WAR**	U2 (Island)	11	23
38	(—)	**DOPPELGANGER**	Kid Creole (Island)	1	38
39	28	**LAWYERS IN LOVE**	Jackson Browne (Elektra)	6	15
40	24	**EVERYBODY'S ROCKIN'**	Neil Young (Geffen)	3	24
41	33	**SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS**	Eurythmics (RCA)	28	1
42	(—)	**BLUE SUNSHINE**	The Glove (Polydor)	1	42
43	30	**GOLDEN YEARS**	David Bowie (RCA)	5	21
44	47	**BAT OUT OF HELL**	Meatloaf (Epic)	6	33
45	35	**RIO**	Duran Duran (EMI)	6	30
46	36	**OFF THE BONE**	Cramps (Illegal)	4	36
47	(—)	**CRACKDOWN**	Cabaret Voltaire (Some Bizzare)	1	47
48	(—)	**RANT'N'RAVE WITH THE STRAY CATS**	Stray Cats (Arista)	1	48
49	RE	**SECRET MASSAGES**	ELO (Jet)	1	49
50	42	**ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK**	KC And The Sunshine Band (Epic)	1	50

45s INDEPENDENT

This Week	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	**CONFUSION**	New Order (Factory)	3	1
2	3	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)	3	2
3	2	**EVERYTHING COUNTS**	Depeche Mode (Mute)	3	2
4	4	**TO A NATION OF ANIMAL LOVERS**	Conflict (Crass)	3	4
5	6	**LEAN ON ME!**	Redskins (CNT)	2	5
6	6	**TREES AND FLOWERS**	Strawberry Switchblade (92 Happy Customers)	3	6
7	8	**THE CRUSHER**	Bananamen (Big Beat)	3	7
8	23	**MONDAY/MUNSTERS THEME**	Escalators (Big Beat)	2	8
9	9	**IGNORE THE MACHINE**	Alien Sex Fiend (Anagram)	3	9
10	5	**GOOD TECHNOLOGY**	Red Guitars (Self Drive)	3	5
11	11	**WHO DUNN IT**	Crass (Crass)	3	11
12	12	**NIGHT AND DAY**	Everything But The Girl (Cherry Red)	3	12
13	14	**CHEERIO TOODLEPIP**	Toy Dolls (Volume)	2	13
14	10	**DEATH CULT EP**	Death Cult (Situation 2)	3	10
15	16	**BRUISES/PUNCH DRUNK AND BRANDO**	Gene Loves Jezebel (Situation 2)	2	15
16	13	**LINED UP (REMIX)**	Shriekback (Y)	3	13
17	27	**ONE DAY**	APB (Oily)	2	17
18	(—)	**CLOCK**	Danse Society (Society)	1	18
19	(—)	**LOVE WILL TEAR US APART**	Joy Division (Factory)	1	19
20	(—)	**EVOLUTION EP**	Subhumans (Bluurg)	1	20
21	19	**NIGHT CREATURES EP**	Screaming Dead (No Future)	3	19
22	29	**THE STRENGTH OF YOUR CRY EP**	Luddites (Xcentrics Noise)	2	22
23	(—)	**I WOULDN'T WANT TO KNOCK IT**	Cook Da Books (Kiteland)	1	23
24	(—)	**ANOTHER TYPICAL CITY**	UK Subs (Jungle)	1	24
25	22	**SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS**	Crass (Crass)	2	22
26	21	**BLITZKRIEG BOP**	Newtown Neurotics (Razor)	3	21
27	(—)	**DISCOVER LOVE**	Fad Gadget (Mute)	1	27
28	18	**UNTIL I GET YOU**	Hanoi Rocks (Lick)	3	18
29	15	**MAN WHOSE HEAD EXPANDED**	The Fall (Rough Trade)	3	15
30	20	**HAND IN GLOVE**	Smiths (Rough Trade)	2	20

LPs INDEPENDENT

This Week	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	**CONSTRUCTION TIME AGAIN**	Depeche Mode (Mute)	3	1
2	2	**POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES**	New Order (Factory)	3	2
3	3	**YOU AND ME BOTH**	Yazoo (Mute)	3	3
4	4	**OFF THE BONE**	Cramps (Illegal)	3	4
5	6	**LIVE AT RONNIE SCOTT'S**	Weekend (Rough Trade)	2	5
6	5	**FETISCH**	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)	3	5
7	7	**HIGH LAND HARD RAIN**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	3	7
8	8	**FROM THE GARDENS WHERE WE FEEL SECURE**	Virginia Astley (Happy Valley)	2	8
9	12	**ANOTHER SETTING**	Durutti Column (Factory)	2	9
10	(—)	**BOLLOX TO THE GONADS**	Various (Pax)	1	10
11	11	**PILLOWS AND PRAYERS**	Various (Cherry Red)	3	11
12	13	**YES SIR I WILL**	Crass (Crass)	2	12
13	18	**DEMOLITION BLUES**	Various (Insane)	2	13
14	(—)	**THE DAY THE COUNTRY DIED**	Subhumans (Spiderleg)	1	14
15	(—)	**CHURCH OF THE DEATH**	Rudimentary Peni (Corpus Cristi)	1	15
16	(—)	**SEDUCTION**	Danse Society (Society)	1	16
17	15	**FUCK POLITICS**	Chaotic Discord (Riot City)	2	15
18	16	**1981–82 MINI ALBUM**	New Order (Factory)	3	16
19	20	**MOVING STAIRCASES**	Escalators (Ace)	2	19
20	9	**JAZZATEERS**	Jazzateers (Rough Trade)	3	9
21	(—)	**ARMAGEDDON IN ACTION**	Destructors (Radical Change)	1	21
22	10	**VIOLENT FEMMES**	Violent Femmes (Rough Trade)	3	10
23	19	**ROCK FOR LIGHT**	Bad Brains (Abstract)	2	19
24	21	**INTO GLORY RIDE**	Man O War (Music For Nations)	2	21
25	23	**THE FIRST FLOWER**	Play Dead (Jungle)	2	23
26	(—)	**KOLLAPS**	Einsturzende Neubauten (Zick Zack)	1	26
27	(—)	**NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	1	27
28	(—)	**UNKNOWN PLEASURES**	Joy Division (Factory)	1	28
29	(—)	**IT'S TIME TO SEE WHO'S WHO**	Conflict (Corpus Cristi)	1	29
30	(—)	**UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S**	Yazoo (Mute)	1	30

DANCE FLOOR 45s

Monyaka DO get to the top!

1	**GO DEH YAKKA (GO TO THE TOP)**	Monyaka (Polydor)
2	**JINGO (remix)**	Candido (Salsoul)
3	**I'LL TUMBLE 4 YA**	Culture Club (Epic import)
4	**BURN THE HOUSE DOWN**	Junior Walker (Motown)
5	**PRECIOUS**	The Jam (Polydor)
6	**I LOVE MUSIC**	The O'Jays (Philadelphia)
7	**YOU BROUGHT THE SUNSHINE**	Clark Sisters (WEA)
8	**LETTERS OF LOVE**	Steve Walsh (Innervision)
9	**GALAXY**	War (MCA)
10	**BIG BLOW**	Manu Dibango (London)
11	**PARTY TIME**	Kurtis Blow (Mercury)
12	**STOP THAT TRAIN**	Eastwood/Saint (Greensleeves)
13	**RIGHT NOW**	Mel Torme (Atlantic)
14	**GET IT RIGHT**	Aretha Franklin (Arista)
15	**SHAME SHAME SHAME**	Shirley And Co. (Platinum)
16	**STREET JUSTICE**	The Rake (Profile)
17	**ROCKIN' IT**	The Fearless Four (Y)
18	**TEQUICA**	The Champs (MCA)
19	**YEAH**	Georgie Fame (RSO)
20	**BAHIA**	Gilberto Gil (WEA)
21	**I THINK I WANT TO DANCE WITH YOU**	Rumple-stilt-skin (21)
22	**WOMEN SAY IT**	Junior (Mercury)
23	**REET PETITE**	Jackie Wilson (SMP)
24	**FICKLE PUBLIC SPEAKIN' (Remix)**	The Main TKO (Respond)
25	**RAY OF SUNSHINE**	Wham! (Inner Vision)
26	**LOVE MACHINE**	The Miracles (Motown)
27	**GOD SAVE THE QUEEN**	The Sex Pistols (Virgin)
28	**JAM HOT**	Johnny Dynell (Epic)
29	**GIVE ME THE RIGHT**	Leroy Sibbles/The Heptones (Success)
30	**LONG HOT SUMMER**	The Style Council (Polydor)

Chart compiled by Gary Crowley, Capital Radio DJ and the disc spinner at Bogarts, Harrow, every Tuesday night.

AFRICAN

1	**L'EVENEMENT**	Franco & Rochereau (Genidia) Zaire
2	**SINGING FOR THE PEOPLE**	Ebenezer Obey (Obey) Nigeria
3	**BOBBY**	Sunny Ade (SAR) Nigeria
4	**THE BEST AMBIANCE**	Bibi Den's (Tangent) Zaire
5	**KONA KOHWE**	Eric Ahyeman (PMA) Ghana
6	**TROP BON, TROP COUILLON**	Teddy Sukami (Afro-Rythmes) Zaire
7	**FRE NO MA ME**	Jewel Ackah (Gapo) Ghana
8	**CA NE SE PRETE PAS**	Pamelo Mounk'a (Eddy'son) Zaire
9	**CHOC CHOC CHOC**	Franco & Rochereau (Cho) Zaire
10	**REVIENT EN FORCE**	Pablo Lubadika (Safari Amiance) Zaire
11	**AFRICAN FEELING**	Mohammed Malcolm Ben (Sterns Africa) Ghana
12	**VIVA ZIMBABWE**	Various Artists (Earthworks) Zimbabwe
13	**MAKOSSA DIGITAL**	Toto Guillaume (Esperance (Esperance) Cameroun
14	**ESWI YO WAPI**	M'Bilia Bel (Genidia) Zaire
15	**ASE**	Segun Adewale (Sarps) Nigeria

Courtesy Sterns African Record Centre
116 Whitfield Street, London W1

REGGAE DISCO 45s

1	**GIVE ME THE RIGHT**	Leroy Sibbles And The Heptones (Success)
2	**WATER PUMPING**	Johnny Osbourne (Starlight)
3	**MOI EMMA OOH**	Winston Reedy (Inner Light)
4	**LEVEL VIBES**	Sugar Minott (Tads)
5	**TO BE A WEAK MAN**	Dennis Brown (Yvonnes Special)
6	**MASHING UP HER BRAIN**	Freddie McGregor (Cha Cha)
7	**RISING TO THE TOP**	Dee Sharp (Fashion)
8	**ZUNGGUZUNGGUGUZUNGGUZENG**	Yellowman (Greensleeves)
9	**ROOTS ROCKIN'**	Aswad (Simba)
10	**IF I HAD KNOWN**	Ken Boothe (Greensleeves)
11	**KNIFE CUT**	Tippa Ranking (Red Man)
12	**HONEY**	Bob Andy (Anka)
13	**ELECTRIC BOOGIE**	Marcia Griffiths (Island)
14	**ONE FOR MY BABY**	Victor Romero Evans (Special Request)
15	**TIME IS GETTING HOT**	Junior Brown (Oak)

REGGAE LPs

1	**THE PROPHET RIDES AGAIN**	Dennis Brown (A&M)
2	**BEST OF STUDIO 1**	Various Artists (Heartbeat)
3	**ZUNGGUZUNGGUGUZUNGGUZENG**	Yellowman (Greensleeves)
4	**LIVE AT DSYC VOL II**	Various Artists (Raiders)
5	**WHEN I'VE GOT YOU**	Ruddy Thomas (Hawkeye)
6	**A NEW DAY**	Alton Ellis (Body Music)
7	**SUFFERERS CHOICE**	Sugar Minott (Heartbeat)
8	**COME ON OVER**	Freddie McGregor (RAS)
9	**POLICE IN HELICOPTER**	John Holt (Greensleeves)
10	**THE MOUSE AND THE MAN**	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)

Compiled by Body Music, 261 High Road, Tottenham, N15. 01-802-0146/7

VIDEOS 10

1	WAR GAMES	(UIP)
2	OCTOPUSSY	(UIP)
3	MERRY CHRISTMAS MR LAWRENCE	(Palace)
4	TWILIGHT ZONE	(Columbia-EMI-Warner)
5	RETURN OF THE JEDI	(20th Century Fox)
6	BLUE THUNDER	(Columbia-EMI-Warner)
7	MONTY PYTHON'S THE MEANING OF LIFE	(UIP)
8	SUPERMAN I!I	(Columbia-EMI-Warner)
9	FLASHDANCE	(UIP)
10	HEAT AND DUST	(Curzon-Enterprise)

Courtesy Screen International

WRITER'S 10

1	DIE GENAUE ZEIT	Einstürzende Neubauten (Some Bizzare)
2	THE HISTORY OF THE 20th CENTURY IN BALLADS	Ernst Busch (Aurora — East German EP/magazine series)
3	MOMENTS IN LOVE	The Art Of Noise (Advance Warning)
4	THE ART OF FALLING APART	Soft Cell (Some Bizzarre
5	LIKE A ROLLING STONE	Jimi Hendrix (Atco)
6	SING ME A LITTLE WORKING CLASS STRUGGLE SONG	Konstantin (Zensor)
7	A MILLION MANIAS	Marc And The Mambas (Some Bizzare)
8	DAMN LIFE	John Cale (Ze)
9	EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE OF SID VICIOUS	Die Tödliche Doris (8mm Film)
10	SCENES FROM AN EXEMPLARY LIFE	Blixa Bargeld (Ein Produkt Des . . .)

Compiled by Chris Bohn.

US 45s

1	MANIAC	Michael Sembello (Casablanca)
2	SWEET DREAMS	Eurythmics (RCA)
3	THE SAFETY DANCE	Men Without Hats (Backsheet)
4	PUTTING' ON THE RITZ	Taco (RCA)
5	TELL HER ABOUT IT	Billy Joel (Columbia)
6	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE	The Police (A&M)
7	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)
8	TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART	Bonnie Tyler (Columbia)
9	HUMAN NATURE	Michael Jackson (Epic)
10	I'LL TUMBLE 4 YA	Culture Club (Virgin)
11	DON'T CRY	Asia (Geffen)
12	(KEEP FEELING) FASCINATION	Human League (A&M)
13	LAWYERS IN LOVE	Jackson Browne (Asylum)
14	(SHE'S) SEXY & 17	Stray Cats (EMI-America)
15	MAKING LOVE OUT OF NOTHING	Air Supply (Arista)

Stray Cats or Sex Kittens? Pic Peter Anderson

US LPs

1	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	SYNCHRONICITY	The Police (A&M)
3	FLASHDANCE	Soundtrack (Casablanca)
4	PYROMANIA	Def Leppard (Mercury)
5	AN INNOCENT MAN	Billy Joel (Columbia)
6	ALPHA	Asia (Geffen)
7	STAYING ALIVE	Soundtrack (RSO)
8	LAWYERS IN LOVE	Jackson Browne (Asylum)
9	THE WILD HEART	Stevie Nicks (Modern)
10	REACH THE BEACH	The Fixx (MCA)
11	THE PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS	Robert Plant (Es Paranza)
12	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI-America)
13	KEEP IT UP	Loverboy (Columbia)
14	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)
15	SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS	Eurythmics (RCA)

Courtesy Billboard

JAZZ LPs

Jaco Pastorius – bassed in the charts. Pic Jean-Marc Birraux

1	TOP DRAWER	Shearing and Torme (Concord)
2	CITY KIDS	Spyro Gyra (MCA)
3	NEW YORK IMPROVISATIONS	Lennie Tristano (Elektra-Musician)
4	SWING SONG BOOK	Les Brown (Jasmine)
5	INVITATION	Jaco Pastorius (Warner Brothers)
6	THINK OF ONE	Wynton Marsalis (CBS)
7	I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKINS	Irv Cottler (Project 3)
8	CALLING IT THE EIGHTH	Cecil Taylor (Hathut)
9	TOOT SUITE	Lee Konitz (Owl)
10	THUMBS UP	Jim Mullen (Coda)
11	RAGTIME PIONEER	Scott Joplin (Classic Jazz Masters)
12	THE UNIQUE	Thelonious Monk (OJC)
13	KERN FOR MODERNS	Ted Heath (Jasmine)
14	BASIS BOOGIE	Count Basie (CBS)
15	TRAVELS	Pat Metheny (ECM)
16	JOURNEY TO A RAINBOW	Chuck Mangione (CBS)
17	MADE IN JAPAN	Lionel Hampton (Timeless)
18	TOWN HALL CONCERT	Charles Mingus (OJC)
19	GRIFFITH PARK COLLECTION	Various (Elektra-Musuician)
20	LES FLEUR	Ramsey Lewis (CBS)

Courtesy: HMV Shop, Oxford Street, London W1

FRED FACT

What'll be top of our singles charts a year from now? A portable TV set? A Vic computer? A pair of socks personally autographed by August Darnell? Could be, if the current trend for giving goods away with chart shop singles persists. Already the situation is nuttier than a walnut whip. Buy Annabel Lamb's 'Riders On The Storm' in the right locale and you get a free video. Flock of Seagull's newest has a *gratis* cap with it, Howard DeVoto's single comes attached to a book, while George Benson, Diana Ross and Rod Stewert were all assisted in recent bids for the top by the added incentive of freebee T-shirts, most of these inducements costing more to produce than the records they accompanied. Not that this is costing record companies as much as it might seem. One reason is that they are now persuading punters to buy virtually the same record time and time again. Your favourite band's latest release now probably comes not only in normal 7-inch form but also as a doublepack single, with extra tracks, and as a 12-inch, replete with a track or two not available on the other versions. True fans will require all these tracks, so record companies argue, the theory being that all three versions will be purchased. But it's only the 'A' side that registers on the Gallop computer every time a sale is made. Thus it takes only 10,000 fans to help a single register sales of 30,000. A neat trick and much more profitable than Find The Lady, another game in which the punter has three choices and loses every time. Will Paul Daniels eventually take over as head of EMI or WEA or won't he be able to get into any record company building due to the overflow of T-shirts and other assorted giveaways? Really, the suspense is killing.

Fred Dellar

AUSTRALIA 45s

1	AUSTRALIANA	Austen Tayshus (Regular)
2	FLASHDANCE	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
3	MANIA	Michael Smbello (Casablanca)
4	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Chrysalis)
5	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)
6	SHINY SHINY	Haysi Fantayzee (Regard)
7	ELECTRIC AVENUE	Eddy Grant (Ice)
8	I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT THE BLUES	Elton John (Rocket)
9	MOONLIGHT SHADOW	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)
10	(KEEP FEELING) FASCINATION	Human League (Virgin)

Courtesy Kent Music Report/Billboard.

5 YEARS AGO

1	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores (Motown)
2	RIVERS OF BABYLON/BROWN GIRL IN THE RING	Boney M (Atlantic)
3	DREADLOCK HOLIDAY	10 cc (Mercury)
4	OH WHAT A CIRCUS	David Essex (Mercury)
5	JILTED JOHN	Jilted John (EMI Int)
6	IT'S RAINING	Darts (Magnet)
7	BRITISH HUSTLE	Hi Tension (Island)
8	HONG KONG GARDEN	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)
9	SUPER NATURE	Cerrone (Atlantic)
10	PICTURE THIS	Blondie (Chrysalis)

10 YEARS AGO

1	ANGEL FINGERS	Wizzard (Harvest)
2	ROCK ON	David Essex (CBS)
3	YOUNGLOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
4	DANCING ON A SATURDAY NIGHT	Barry Blue (Bell)
5	ANGIE	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
6	PICK UP THE PIECES	Hudson-Ford (A&M)
7	LIKE SISTER AND BROTHER	Drifters (Bell)
8	OH NO NOT MY BABY	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
9	YESTERDAY ONCE MORE	Carpenters (A&M)
10	SPANISH EYES	Al Martino (Capitol)

15 YEARS AGO

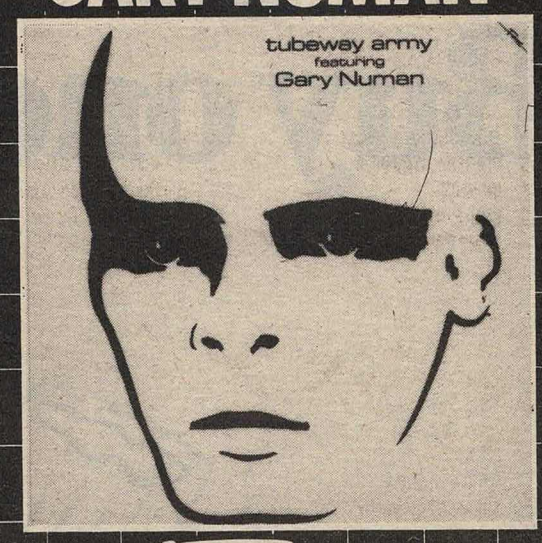
1	HEY JUDE	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	I'VE GOTTA GET A MESSAGE TO YOU	Bee Gees (Polydor)
3	DO IT AGAIN	Beach Boys (Capitol)
4	I SAY A LITTLE PRAYER	Aretha Franklin (Atlantic)
5	HOLD ME TIGHT	Johnny Nash (Regal-Zonophone)
6	THOSE WERE THE DAYS	Mary Hopkin (Apple)
7	HIGH IN THE SKY	Amen Corner (Deram)
8	THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU	Herb Alpert (A&M)
9	ON THE ROAD AGAIN	Canned Heat (Liberty)
10	HELP YOURSELF	Tom Jones (Decca)

20 YEARS AGO

1	SHE LOVES YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	BAD TO ME	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
3	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4	I'M TELLING YOU NOW	Freddie & The Dreamers (Columbia)
5	I JUST WANT TO STAY HERE	Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme (CBS)
6	I'LL NEVER GET OVER YOU	Johnny Kidd (HMV)
7	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A BABY TO CRY	Caravelles (Decca)
8	JUST LIKE EDDIE	Heinz (Decca)
9	APPLEJACK	Jet Harris & Tony Meehan (Decca)
10	WIPE OUT	Surfaris (London)

THOMPSON TWINS

GARY NUMAN



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Depart London 4th October, Return 7th October

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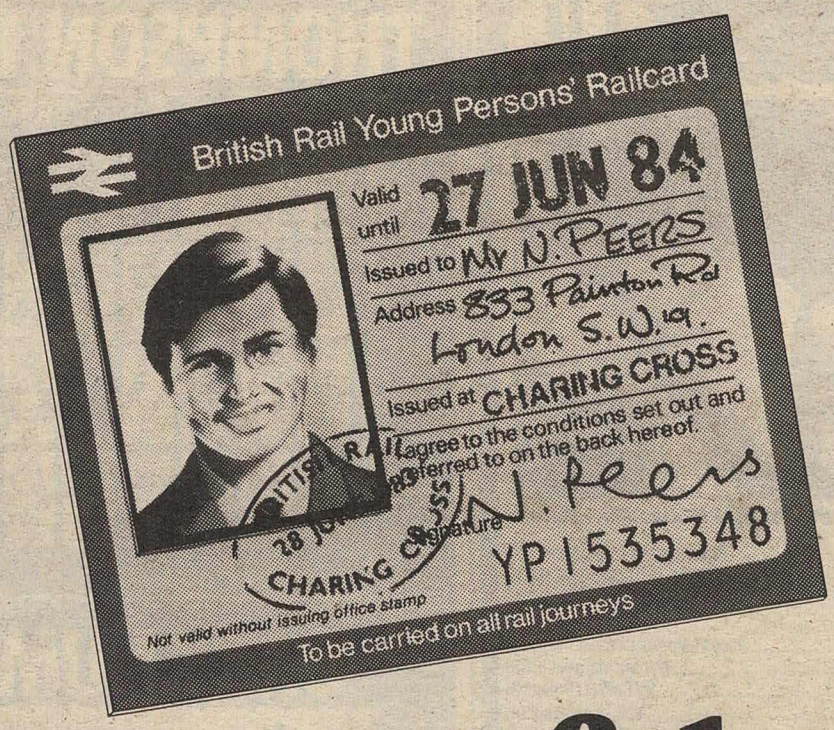
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This is the age of the train

NINE

Adi Newton and Clock DVA: a man and a soundtrack in sore need of a movie (and a pot of chart success).

Story: Amrik Rai
Pix: Kevin Cummins

AS USUAL, there was nothing much happening in Sheffield that night. Adi Newton rolled off his bed and returned the stare of the carrot topped, pallid white face in the mirror. It seemed to him that looking at yourself was one of the few pleasures left if you didn't subscribe to this city's illicit Tetleys guzzling followed by mating games and disco fever. The scarcity of options was appalling. Was this 1974 or 1794?

He was 16 years old, inarticulate, a mildly stuttering voice on the dole with an 'O' level in Art and an acute dread of Maths. Sometimes Adi wondered what exactly he was doing on this Earth, he seemed lost: at a complete loss.

Adi reached for the local gazette and turned to a familiar last resort, the television guide. At the bottom of the page he noticed an advert for the local Cinecenta: they were screening *The Wild One*, a black and white feature starring Marlon Brando. On a sudden impulse, Adi Newton went to the cinema that night.

NINE YEARS later, Adi Newton is the frontrunner with a band called Clock DVA: an erratically brilliant quintet funking around in dark subcultures, scratching towards the charts, soundtracking surrealistic scripts where Brown, Beefheart and Bowie meet Brando, Bogart and Bogarde.

Clock DVA take their humour black (with no sugars), which is probably why no-one laughed at 'The Advantage', an LP that diced with critical death by splicing a storybook full of black vignettes and cryptic cyphers onto a commercial funk backdrop. Their current single 'Breakdown', an intense storm of European sound combining the screams of Katie Kissoon with Newton's fatalistic rant is enjoying residencies on every turntable from Manchester's Hacienda to Camden's Palace, and late September sees Adi Newton's DVAtion machine arrive in Leeds (Futurama), Rotterdam (Pink Pop), New York (Danceteria) and in the record shops via a mini-album.

But before that he's holed up in his Sheffield bedroom explaining away nine years of life.

"IT WAS crazy!" he starts. "It's amazing what a catalytic force one film can be. I came out of *The Wild One* and began to investigate a hundred different things; motorbikes, thugs, sleaze, morality and anti-morality . . . I just dived in head first. It was obsessive escapism. I started reading; Chandler, Hammett, De Sade, the early surrealists . . . everything.

"And bike culture . . . I discoverd the ex-marines who returned to America after the war only to find that there weren't any jobs or homes waiting. They just rode around in gangs on big bikes they'd built themselves. Just totally anti-society. And that's what I wanted – I'd seen society and it stank.

The four walls, floor and ceiling of Adi Newton's bedroom are all painted matt black. His face is still deathly white – creased and corrugated by almost a decade's worth of bohemian existence – but the hair is greased-back, slick black. The jeans and trainers have long since been despatched in favour of drainpipes, leather jacket and shades, all jet black. Adi Newton even has a BSA 500cc motorbike leaning against the wall outside. He chews off the filter on his cigarette (French) and wedges the remainder between his upper lip and gum.

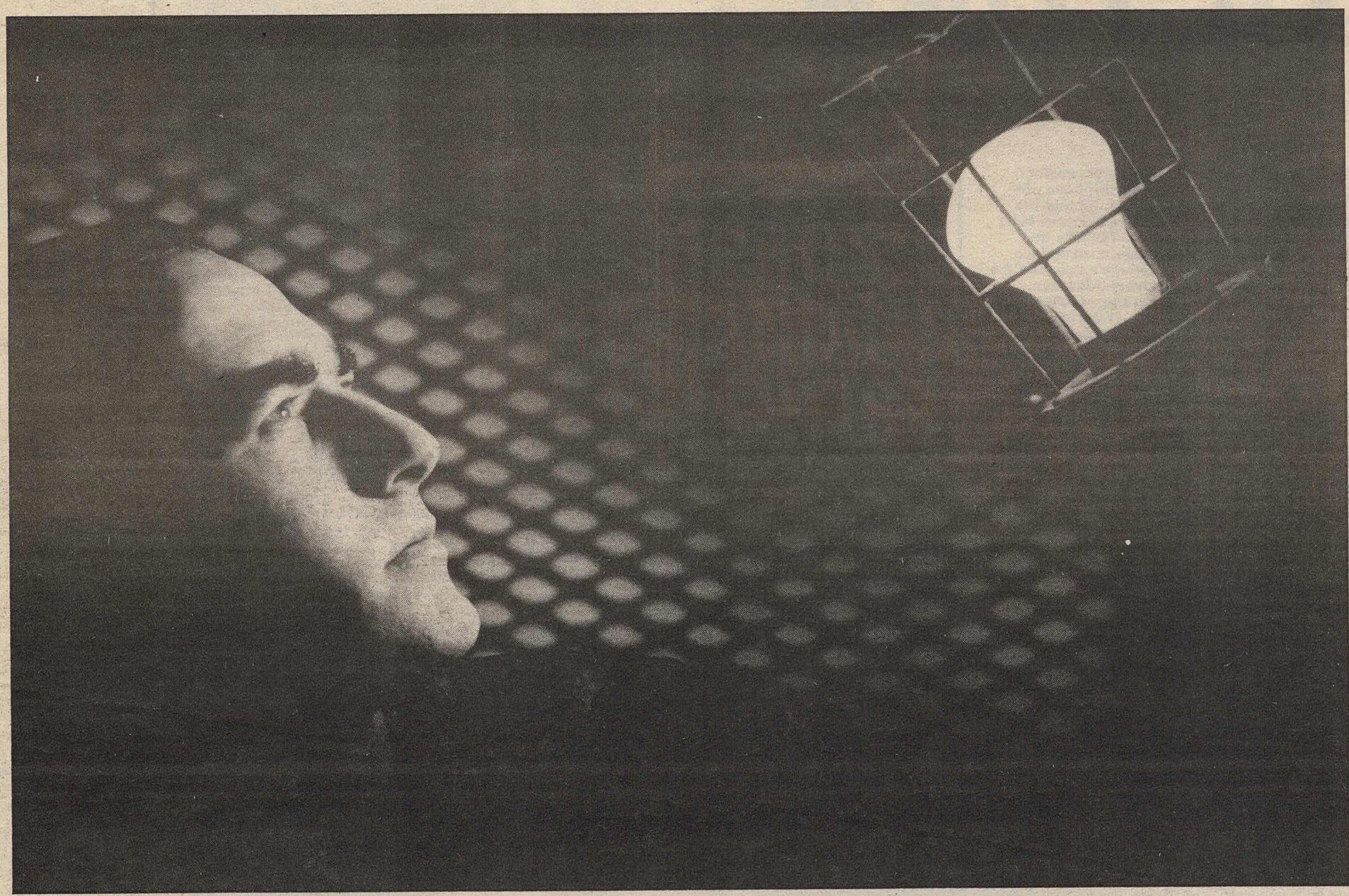
"I spent a couple of years experimenting with film, like trying to grow fungus on it and things, but financially it was impossible to continue. So the next best thing to do was to create a really disorganised, dirty sound. A colossal music. And then punk arrived, it brought opportunity to everyone.

"I didn't want to play punk though, just use it. I wanted someting more intense, paranoid and totally out of control. Something that couldn't be marketed but could still exist. A sort of totalitarian underground music.

Adi Newton began listening to The Stooges, MC5 and The

John Valentine Brothers (guitar) Paul Browse (Sax)

YEARS OF DVATION



Adi rehearses for his role as Marlon Brando in 'The Mild One'.

Velvet Underground and in 1977 he joined forces with likeminded malcontents Ian Craig Marsh and Martyn Ware to present The Future.

"We were listening to things like 'Low' and wanting to present electronics in a much more sinister way. It was a reaction against the sterile German music – white intellectuals locked behind banks of synthesisers, twiddling knobs – we wanted it dirtier and darker.

A year later, Marsh and Ware decided they'd rather marry Faust to Abba than The Stooges. The Future became The Human League – with a hospital porter from the Northern General called Philip Oakey performing shampoo and computer set hairdo and vocals – and Adi Newton initiated Clock DVA – black leather jackets, some of them with dangerous drug habits.

"The very first DVA was just so screwed up – junk and violence and tape recorders, big kicks. Sex and magic in an industrial setting, that whole incongruity was brilliant!

"Our first gig was in Halifax in 1978. It was snowing. Someone poured a glass of beer over the synth thinking we were a bunch of electronic Tangerine Dream wimps, and we got up and kicked hell out of him. Jud ran into the audience and started slugging people with his bass, he smashed it to bits. There was blood everywhere. All these people who'd been really antagonistic, they were bloody petrified!"

Where is that aggression now?

"Time is the really important factor. Looking back now, the way we were living seems an idiotic, fucked-up existence. But at the time it made sense, it was the only sense. Crazy formative stuff, really wild and primal and weird . . . but without those foundations this DVA wouldn't mean anything. Eventually that violence subsided – drug habits got out of hand and we lost a couple of members – it got channelled into sound."

Nick Sanderson (drums) Dean (bass)

THAT SOUND became 'Thirst', a blood stained thriller of violent electronics, striated saxes and stark backbeats in a claustrophobic factory world. That album became the mothership of the burgeoning industrial mysticism, a landing bay for singles such as Throbbing Gristle's 'United', The Normal's 'TVOD', Thomas Leer's 'Private Planes', The Human League's 'Being Boiled' and Cabaret Voltaire's 'Nag Nag Nag'.

Then on May 11th 1981, Adi Newton split the band.

"'Thirst' exorcised a lot of the naive rigidity and egocentric rebel in me, it could only ever have been a one-off thing. I wasn't the same person anymore, I became milder, more aware of the need to be in control and thinking rather than just being arrogant and inconsiderate. DVA never really cared, never gave a shit about anyone else. *NME*'s Andy Gill once said that we were imposters in that whole industrial scene, which was actually pretty close. 'Thirst' captured our psyche at that particular time, but we were never into it enough to do three albums of industrial northerners with grey accents.

"Things finally came to a head when we played with Bauhaus at Heaven. Musically they were pretty non-existent, but they were in control and taking care whereas we were just slipping and sliding around. I just felt a bit boring in comparison: we were too stuffy, too immobile. DVA was becoming hostile with a total lack of internal discipline, which was the way we began . . . but I didn't want to retreat into a shambolic sort of Indie group, I wanted something more populist, with a corporate identity.

1982 began when three members of Clock DVA became The Box, another (Jud Turner, the bass player) died of a heroin overdose and Adi Newton courted Polydor's chequebook with the words:

"The bird has flown so we stand alone and we cast tall shadows on a silent stage. We are new actors, changing roles, with a new dialogue and a jazz refrain. About to funk around, about to play like abstracted paintings. Is this 1958 or '85? Let's take five, a new production, this is the way we are."

Polydor liked the way Adi Newton was, and promptly released two inconsequential singles ('Son Of Sons' and 'High Holy Disco Mass') using a spate of session muses. A frustrating year later, Clock DVA have again arrived at something approaching a stable line-up – egg-head Paul Browse on sax, ex-Chant guitarist John Valentine Carruthers, gangly blond Nick Sanderson on drums and bassist Dean.

"I'll admit those two singles were pretty rancid, but that was just me stumbling around in the dark, trying to find out where I personally was at. What I should have done is hibernated for 18 months like ABC, eaten a lot of carrots so I'd see better in the dark and begun this DVA with 'Breakdown'. Then everything would have been hunky dory. But I'm still greedy, see? I have to participate all the time, I still relish the joy of struggle. And as it is, the first two singles have made people sick, the album has confused them and 'Breakdown' is making them think . . . and dance."

AND WHERE exactly *is* Adi Newton at? What motivates this year's DVAtion company?

"What I want to do with this DVA is to take it back nine years, to have the same impression on people as that film had on me. Last year, when I was laying down the groundwork for this band, we just started off by playing '50s signature tunes, spy thrillers, incessantly to get that feel into our blood. I want people to listen to Clock DVA, to look at our videos and films when we play, and then go out and investigate a hundred different things. If only people take the time, Clock DVA are so much more than a pop group."

Wouldn't it be truer just to say that Adi Newton has grown up from being a wide-eyed, recklessly idealistic rocker to a businessman who looks like stealing a sizeable piece of the Simple Minds / ABC cake?

"No. My character has evolved – it's not that premeditated – to where I now want to be more of a catalyst than a total extreme, it get cold out there after a while, y'know.

"The old band didn't have that final arrogance, that ultimate conceit that only comes from experience, where you can be idealistic and an entertainer as well. You can challenge an audience and embarrass an audience – like Test Department and Neubaten are now doing – but the last laugh's always on you, unless you can see the corner you're driving into."

Is cerebral dance music and a flirtation with *film noir* imagery your secret passageway from that corner?

"Our imagery isn't that contrived. It's not just a decorative afterthought. I've been totally absorbed in film for nearly a decade now, so why not use it as you'd use any other influence? At least I can qualify my use. What about the upsurge of '20s and '40s swing type bands like JoBoxers and Roman Holliday? There's nothing that stinks more than that, and they're in the charts while you're sitting here questioning our credibility."

Do you have any sort of filmic extravaganzas planned for the forthcoming live shows?

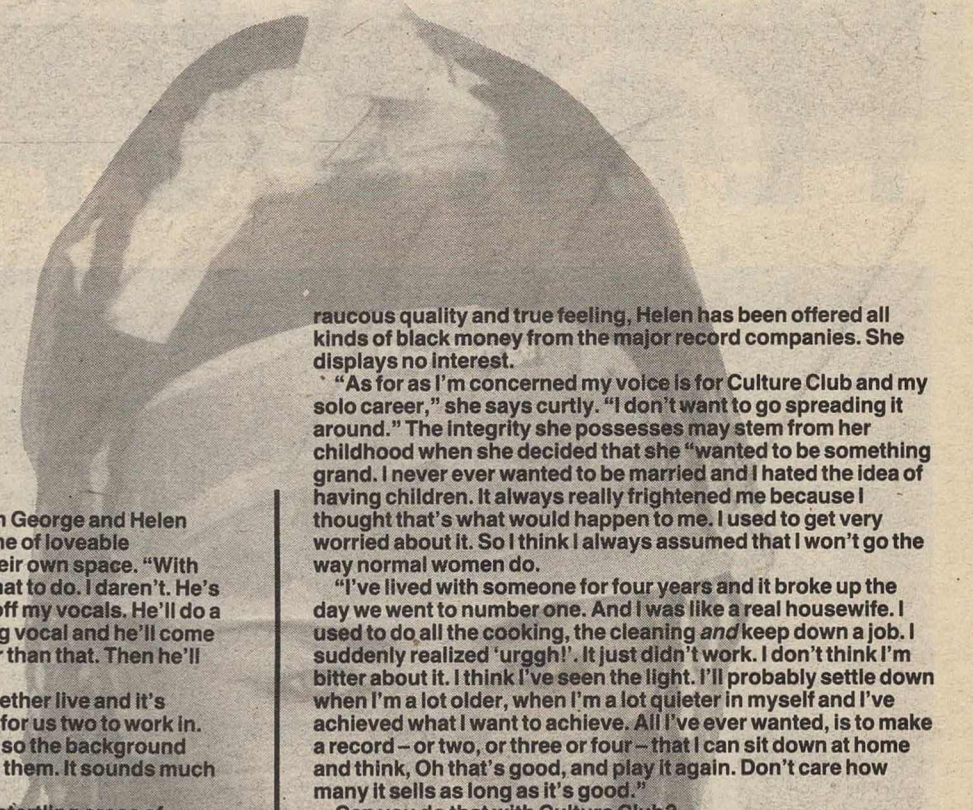
"DVA live is more like a film preview than anything else in that we have to show every side of the band in 40 minutes. It's like taking one still from a film and saying, look, this represents the whole film. It has to be a really strong, almost inevitably exaggerated image. So we'll use the live shows to push the most populist, immediately accessible image. You can attract people with ambiguity an stand-offishness like the old band did, but it just gets tedious after a while."

As a parting shot, I wonder how Adi Newton would classify the success of this Clock DVA.

"I've played 'Dark Encounter', off the album, to people who don't know Stan Getz from their elbow and they've loved it. That's success. If someone listens to 'Eternity In Paris' and goes out and buys a Chandler book, that's success. Nine years in this business and still with some self respect, that's success."

CULTURE CLUB'S 'BOLSHIE' MEMBER – HELEN TERRY – LETS RIP

HELLENIC CULTURE



OUTSIDE THE studio the young were waiting patiently. Summer holidays were on and with them the freedom to track idols. Through the youth grapevine word had arrived that Culture Club were busy rehearsing that week for their American tour. Dutifully, the faithful had packed their posters, single bags, opening lines and cameras and gone in search of Boy George's signature, the true stamp of approval for their fleeting love and devotion.

Inside the studio, Helen Terry was taking a sip of coffee, a pull of a cigarette and speaking cheerily of them. "Well, they don't really talk to me a lot," she said laughing. "There was a thing on Radio One, a gossip item, where they said that I was George's girlfriend. A couple of days after that I went down to the studio. There was this sharp intake of breath and narrowing eyes as I approached, but I think George managed to put them straight about it. I don't think there's any real jealousy, they do talk to me. But they do keep me at a distance."

Helen Terry is a bright, vivacious girl who punctuates much of her speech with defusing laughter about the subject in hand. In conversation she's slightly restless, assertive, charmingly nervous and the girl whose voice was used to such good effect on Culture Club's 'Church Of The Poisoned Mind'. She also sang on 'Do You Really' (her Culture debut), the classic 'Time' and has just finished singing and arranging all the backing vocals for the new Culture Club LP, 'Colour By Numbers'.

She is now a full time member with her own solo LP mooted for February. "It will be some of my stuff, some of George's and Jon Moss will be there to mediate to stop George and I going over the top. We both get carried away with vocals and given half the chance you'd probably get 800 vocal tracks on one single."

Helen hails from Essex ("the worst place in the world") and at 16 ran away from home to London. Immediately she started getting session work for "all kinds of stars". She stuck at it till she was 19. "It's a piece of my past," she says a trifle ruefully, "that I'm not particularly fond of. I just did it for commercial reasons. I didn't know any better." She smiles. "I'm sure you know all the stories already."

I don't. And they are . . . "I was with Thunderthighs but by the time I was 20 I just ended up doing commercials and it was the worst thing I could do. It was really dispiriting. You go in, you look at your watch all the time, then it's right! double time, thank you. It's a very soul destroying way of life. So I totally quit music after that for a long period of time."

Instead Helen drew comic strips, read manuscripts for a film company, did a little animation work. Her route back to singing came with an offer to teach vocalising at the Albany Theatre Youth Project. Little money, but it was what she loved. And as a sideline she could perform at night.

"I was with a very obscure cabaret group called The Neo-Naturists which was a very, very dubious way of making a living. They used to take their clothes off. I used to wear as many clothes as I possibly could and sing *a cappella* versions of 'Anarchy In The UK' a la Aretha Franklin. Really over the top stuff. It was when I was doing one of those at Heaven, which was a benefit for the Alternative Miss World thing, that I met George. He was hanging around outside looking forlorn, looking very sorry for himself. One of his off days I think."

If truth be known, Boy George spend a lot of his time forlorn in those days. Two flop singles and a less than ecstatic reception to the Culture Club vision (*Hi Adrian!*) had caused much grief to his soul. Eventually he phoned Helen.

"I think he was more impressed by my illustrious past," Helen reflects. "He thought that gave me credentials to do anything. I went and did 'Hurt Me' and I thought no more of it. I just carried on teaching and living a very impoverished life. It finally came out and went to number one and I haven't looked back since."

By all accounts the chemistry between George and Helen (the Marvin and Tammi of the '80s?) is one of loveable competition, both of them fighting for their own space. "With George," Helen says, "I *never* tell him what to do. I daren't. He's a very volatile young man. But he plays off my vocals. He'll do a guide vocal and I'll go in and do a backing vocal and he'll come stomping back in and say, I can do better than that. Then he'll go in and do a better one.

"On the new LP we did a lot of stuff together live and it's worked really well. It's the best situation for us two to work in. They just let me do whatever I want to do so the background vocals have got a very different stamp to them. It sounds much bigger, much more dramatic."

In response to her voice, an authentic startling cross of raucous quality and true feeling, Helen has been offered all kinds of black money from the major record companies. She displays no interest.

"As for as I'm concerned my voice is for Culture Club and my solo career," she says curtly. "I don't want to go spreading it around." The integrity she possesses may stem from her childhood when she decided that she "wanted to be something grand. I never ever wanted to be married and I hated the idea of having children. It always really frightened me because I thought that's what would happen to me. I used to get very worried about it. So I think I always assumed that I won't go the way normal women do.

"I've lived with someone for four years and it broke up the day we went to number one. And I was like a real housewife. I used to do all the cooking, the cleaning *and* keep down a job. I suddenly realized 'urggh!'. It just didn't work. I don't think I'm bitter about it. I think I've seen the light. I'll probably settle down when I'm a lot older, when I'm a lot quieter in myself and I've achieved what I want to achieve. All I've ever wanted, is to make a record – or two, or three or four – that I can sit down at home and think, Oh that's good, and play it again. Don't care how many it sells as long as it's good."

Can you do that with Culture Club?

"Yeah, I play Culture Club stuff a lot actually. There are some bits on the first LP that really grated but the new one I can play a lot. There are some brilliant bits on it. It's very much a slicker LP but not a soulless slick. It's been really well thought out."

As for her solo LP, Helen denies that it will emerge as Culture Club mark three despite the two main protagonists writing and producing. "The whole reason I'm working with Geroge is because there are certain things that George is capable of writing that won't fit into the structure of Culture Club. George is really a jazz fiend. He loves old Billie Holiday stuff which couldn't fit into Culture Club. What I write is, not old fashioned, but it's very R & B so I think the collaboration between us will end up sounding very much unlike Culture Club. It's going to be very distinctive. I'm not going to use any emulators or synthesisers or lindrums. I want it to sound really live. And I've got a few vocal tricks that I've been practising."

Helen readily agrees that the recent influx of backing vocalists by every pop group under the sun is both boring and trendy but having trod a weary path to her present position she's glad that there's more work for singers.

"I think it's only fair that it changes now," she opines. "I'd like to use boy vocalists for a start. The texture of a barber shop quartet, that difference of voices. I think it would be stupid having girl backing vocalists, a) because I can do it all myself and b) I'm a girl singer. What do I need other girls for? It's all down to texture. The LP will be a very multi-textured one."

She glances at the studio door where the rest of the group are inside, impatiently waiting for her to start the day's work. On the pavement outside the fans are similarly restless. Boy George hasn't arrived yet.

"One of the girls who follows us," Helen confides, "is very mysterious about her background or where she gets her money from. I think someone got it out of her that she mortgaged her house and followed us to the States. She was sleeping in bus stations. The band put her into a hotel a few times because she looked so ill and worn out."

That was good of you. "Well it's like a family this group. There's an obvious hierarchy in the family but we're definitely very much a family."

So where does Helen Terry fit in? Elder sister or girl wonder?

"No. I'm the Bolshevik, the bolshie one. I'm the one that causes all the trouble. George has this big woman complex. He's really into the big mother figure. Not that he sees me as a mother figure, he just likes that idea."

She laughs again and heads up the stairs to rehearsals. "I think he's been listening to too many Pearl Bailey records," she says in passing. "I've become a lot more garrulous now," is her parting comment. "Well you have to be. I've got George to compete with."

And then that laugh again.

PAOLO HEWITT

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PORTRAIT OF A SMITH ● REVERB BROTHERS' JUKEBOX JIVE ●

Pic Phil Davies

FASCINATION GUARANTEED

HANGING AROUND the jukebox has a singular meaning for Liverpudlians Colin Free and Jimmy Rae – better known as the Reverb Brothers. Their model is a Chantelle Meteor made in Bristol in the mid-'50s. ("It's one of the only all-British jukeboxes ever made but there are only 22 left – I don't think they were too successful!"). The Meteor is 'completely non-functional' – it serves as the housing for the Brothers' backing tapes when they take the stage equipped with guitar and sax.

Previously one-half of beat combo The Check (lifespan '80–'82), Colin and Jim are now readying their fresh and spirited mix of vocal harmonies augmented by sax, clarinet, guitar, harmonica and drum machine for wider reverberation via Fascination Records. That's the hot new indie piloted by Ultravox and Thin Lizzy manager Chris O'Donnell plus younger brother Martin, formerly with Island Records.

"Actually," says Jimmy, "we originally sent them our demos because we saw their ad in *NME*." And, though final inking of contracts and settlement of the debut single's tracks is yet-to-be-finalised, last week Fascination had them hard at work in London. They were recording under the aegis of Dave Jordan – who produced The Specials' 'Ghost Train'.

If the results are as sharp as the snappy home-made tapes I've heard, Fascination may live up to its name. How do the Brothers themselves explain what they do? "Well, we always *say* we're trying to bake a rock and roll cake using new ingredients as well as stuff we think always sounds good – slap bass, twangy guitar, a solid backbeat. We like pulling things apart and rearranging the sounds. We have to come across with harmonies too, 'cause the jukebox is the best-looking thing in our act."

Their speciality seems to be re-vision of vocal harmonies a la Everlys, with a Buddy Holly bounce. Hmmm? "Definitely – though the influence is usually more a musical *attitude*, a spirit, rather than any specific sound or lyrical style we're trying to copy. Colin's probably seen *The Buddy Holly Story* about 30 times, but it's his spirit we both like."

"He had all this *response* to things sort of dammed up in his music; he was constricted by the format of the era. But there he was – in Lubbock, out over-dubbing and multi-tracking in his garage!"

It's the same with the Everlys, says Jim. "We started out doing parties, just covers of stuff we liked at parties. And because we did their things, and had these big jackets with satin lapels – bow ties under the collars, y'know – the comparison was sort of inevitable. As we started to write more, though, we took a tip from them on how to rehearse. They used to rehearse the vocals over and over with just an acoustic guitar, so they'd be spot-on when they went in to record.

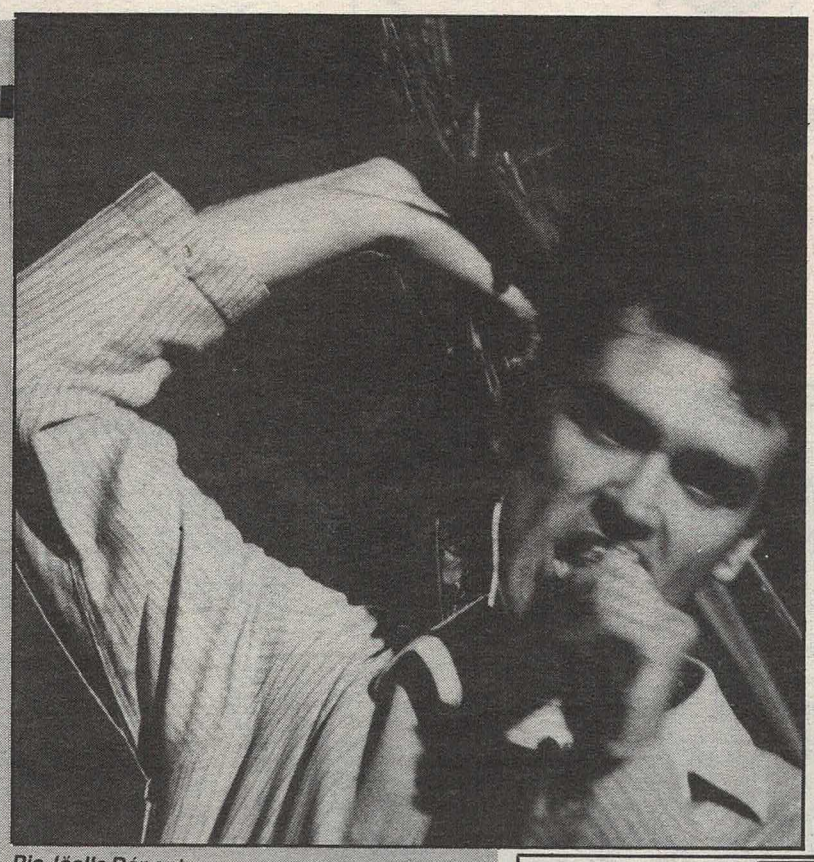
"So it's really people's methods of working we rip off – rather than their sound. We're definitely not a revivalist group. The duo's liveliest tracks (like 'One More Try', 'Ain't So Sorry', 'Gotta Go') manage reflections of now that avoid the dreaded capital-I emphasis of so much post-Spandau young man-sound. Bright but not banal, light-handed without remaining lightweight. In fact, pretty Fascinating stuff.

CYNTHIA ROSE

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A CONSUMER

MORRISSEY

THE SMITHS



Pic Jöelle Dépont

RECORDS

'Stop Before You Start' – Sandie Shaw
'The Right One Is Left' – Cilla Black
'Heart' – Rita Pavone
'Insult To Injury' – Timi Yuro
'Paper Boy' – The Marvelettes
'How Does That Grab You, Darlin'?' – Nancy Sinatra
'Be Young, Be Foolish, Be Happy' – The Tams
'Johnny Remember Me' – John Leyton
'I'll Never Quite Get Over You' – Billy Fury
'I Want A Boy For My Birthday' – The Cookies

BOOKS

Complete Works of Oscar Wilde
Popcorn Venus **– Marjorie Rosen**
From Reverence To Rape **– Molly Haskell**
Beyond Belief **– Emlyn Williams**
The Lion In Love **– Shelagh Delaney**
Against Our Will **– Susan Brownmiller**
The Angel Inside Went Sour **– Esther Rothman**
Men's Liberation **– Jack Nichols**
The Murderer's Who's Who **– Gaute & Odell**
The Handbook Of Non-Sexist Writing **– Miller & Swift**

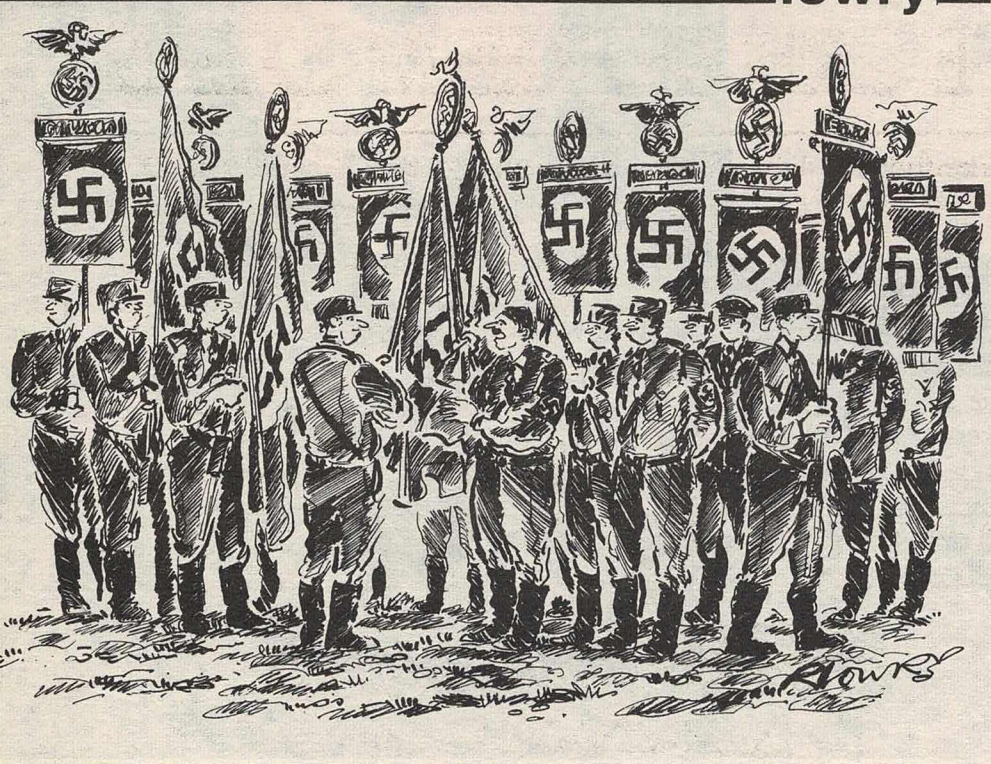
FILMS

The Man Who Came To Dinner **(1941)**
A Taste Of Honey **(1961)**
Christmas In Connecticut **(1945)**
The Killing Of Sister George **(1969)**
A Kind Of Loving **(1962)**
Hobson's Choice **(1953)**
Mr Skeffington **(1944)**
Bringing Up Baby **(1938)**
The Member Of The Wedding **(1953)**
The World, The Flesh And The Devil **(1959)**

SYMBOLISTS

Oscar Wilde
Sandie Shaw
Hillaire Belloc
Shelagh Delaney
Beatrice Arthur
Pauline Kael
Clifton Webb
Dorothy Parker
Ronald Searle
Viv Nicholson

lowry



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RED ROCKERS OVER

THE GRAFFITI on the walls is what you'd expect – mainly because you've already read the headline and seen Boot's snapshots – 'T.O.H', 'THE CLASH', 'THE PROVOS' . . . But when you're driving through samesville urban outskirts (less like the streets of a capital city, more like Yeovil on half-day closing), the locals' choice of noisy, kick-ass rock 'n' roll groups seems somehow . . . strange.

Dublin is a surprising town.

In the city centre, crude, roughshod bars, empty of video accessories, full of drinkers, sell porter and lager through the afternoon, while fruit-sellers hustle outside on the streets, carting crates of grapes around on prams. Anti-Amendment posters are plastered on lamposts, trees and hoardings, and bookshops seem to fill up most of the remaining available space. Everywhere are monuments to Irish history, workers' history – Parnell's statue, plaques to commemorate the 'armed men of Ireland', the vast granite front of the General Post Office from where Pearse proclaimed the Republic in 1916 – everywhere the signs of a people proud of their history.

Seeing 'Smash The H-Block' printed neatly on a lampost next to 'Fuck A Mod' makes for a double take and a half; in Ireland politics keeps catching you unawares.

Last week the contrast with *Sun*-bingo crazy Britain was even more acute. From sitting on a plane next to John Hume (SDLP MP from the North), driving in a cab to and from the airport, to drinking in a bar, everyone everywhere's talking politics.

A strange coincidence has brought Basildon Bolshies Depeche Mode to Dublin while Ireland is in the midst of a stormy political debate. Garbled pre-Election promises by both parties have precipitated this strangest of referendums on a move to have an anti-abortion clause written in to the constitution. The 42 words of the Amendment stand up only as a tribute to utter confusion, the will of the people subject to the wiles of the legal profession. Till the paragraph of inspired confusion is interpreted by the courts it will mean all things to all men, but mainly just bad news to women.

This week's issue of Ireland's music paper *Hot Press* carried two articles within the first six pages arguing against the Amendment; Irish popsters like Moving Hearts, The Blades and Adam Clayton of U2 held a press conference for the Anti-Amendment Campaign; even the music biz has stopped talking shop.

Into this seething arena came Depeche Mode, in Ireland for two gigs – one in Dublin, one in Belfast – with the first night of the tour and a rather less than ephemeral third album under their belts. Their presence in Dublin last week could not have been more appropriate.

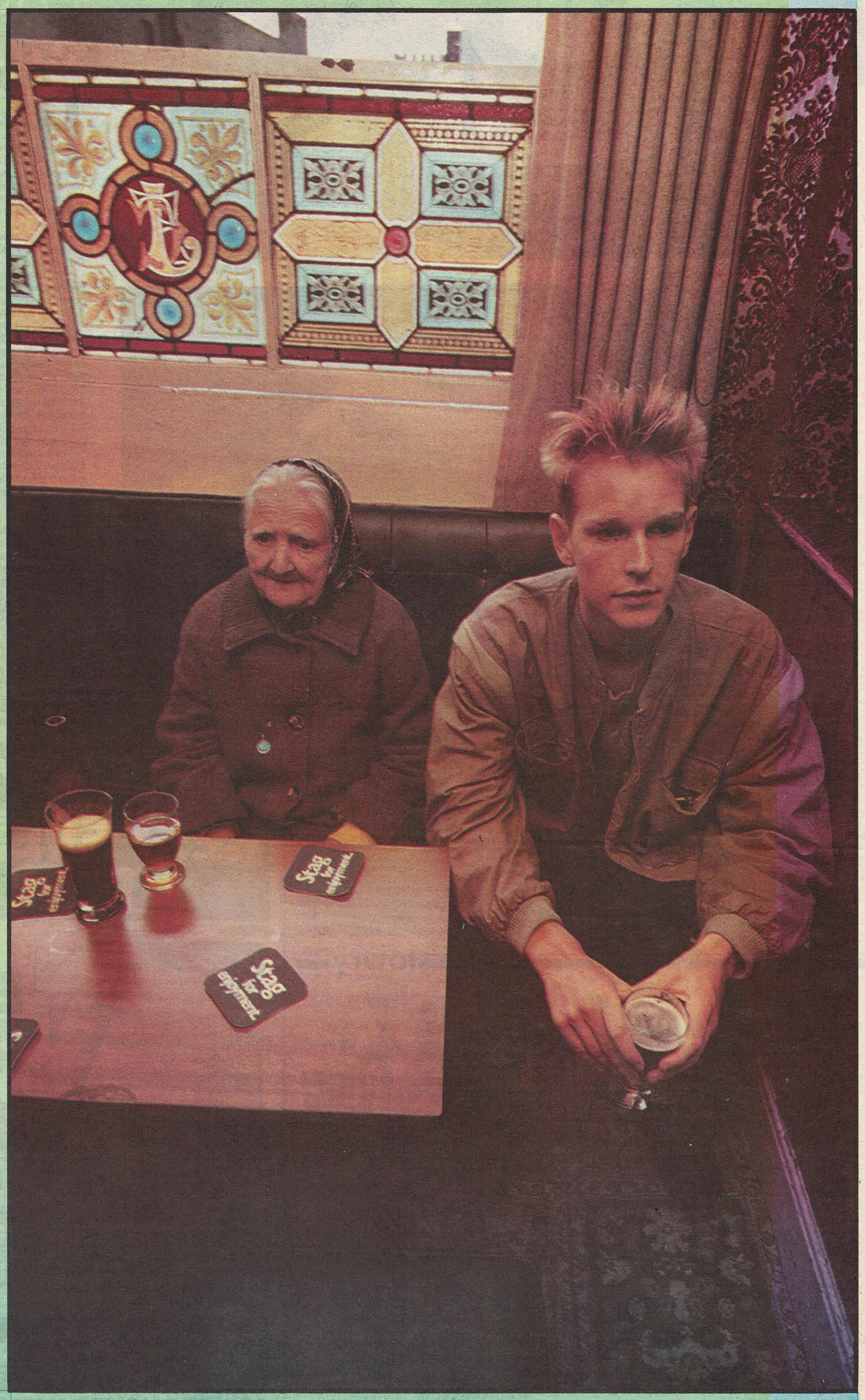
"Let's take the whole of the world
The mountains and the sands
Let all the boys and the girls
Shape it in their hands."

– 'And Then'

THERE IS nothing more beautiful than seeing attitudes change, seeing scabs turn militants. Depeche Mode were, not to put too fine a point on it, ugly as sin.

If ever applause was the echo of a platitude, Depeche Mode deserved a standing ovation. Their first album's content was as trite as its cover – 'Just Can't Get Enough', 'Boys Say Go!', 'I Sometimes Wish I Was Dead'. With Vince Clarke at the helm, they seemed doomed for a rosy pop career as plain pin-ups, good only for a gag. Even the gag was miserable – less beefcake, more beef and tomatoes, they looked vegetables to a man.

Hard-nosed investigative journalism on the part of Chris Bohn early on revealed that



Photography: ADRIAN BOOT

THE EMERALD ISLE

DEPECHE MODE hit Dublin in the midst of a political talkwave.

X. MOORE spends 48 hours mouthing off to the last gang in Basildon.

Depeche Mode came from none-too-lively newtown Basildon, a one-horse shopping precinct in search of a city. During their second *NME* interview they revealed that they'd once played Ronnie Scott's and all the lights had gone out. By the time of their third interview, they'd been asked to record the soundtrack of a Tizer advert . . . Phew! They were, as *Record Mirror* once pointed out, a 'happening band'!.

When 'Broken Frame' was released after Vince had left to form Yazoo – synth pop's very own Sonny and Cher, indeed – I assumed that their newly found political profile was merely the tip of the ice cube. But no! 'Everything Counts' proved a bitter gem, a sparkling vocal analysis. Even my mate Martin came round shouting about it.

They followed it up with their third LP, 'Construction Time Again', a record that fair bellows – Nothing Can Stop Us! Go For The Peaks!

No more gags – it's time to listen.

Dave Gahan, tattoos and cockney banter, ex-soulboy, clubber and one-time punk, is the raucous bugger. Andy Fletcher, freckles and one-time christian, and Alan Wilder, Vince's replacement, are more subdued – Fletch content to joke quietly and chat amiably while Al, set apart from the other three lads by his different background, plays high-handed.

Martin, tho' shy, is the sharpest of the bunch. He's well read in George Orwell and whiles away time between being accosted by pre-pubescent photographers reading Brecht's *Funf Lehrstücke*.

"Hope alone won't remove the stains"
– 'Shame'

DEPECHE MODE are a surprising group. When they finally come to bury their electro-wimp image they do so not by firing off a couple of vitriolic anthems but with an album that argues patiently for organization. Unlike too many pop polemicists, Depech Mode have recognised that merely scattering the work 'hope' amongst your lyrics makes for pretty flabby propaganda.

From Brian Griffin's re-constructed celebratory image of workers' power on the album's cover, through Ian Wright's crewcut sketches on the inner sleeve, to the sly materialism of Martin Gore's lyrics, the theme of 'Construction Time Again' is crystal-blatant. But why chose The Worker?

Al: "The general tendency of the album is very socialist and The Worker sums it up – it's the obvious image to get across socialism.

"It's like, the first thing you think seeing the cover is that the hammer is smashing down the mountain, but not to destroy. Because he's a worker, it's to rebuild it, it's *positive*. That was the overall idea of the album, to be positive – that's why it's *construction* time, not *destruction* time".

Dave: "With the hammer on this one we wanted to symbolise the force of a worker. It's a very powerful force, it needed a very powerful image. Whereas I think the sickle was a little bit more subtle."

Depeche Mode isn't a name that exactly springs to mind thinking about socialism. Somehow 'The light shone down from their synthesisers', doesn't quite have the same ring.

Al: "When we decided on the theme for the album, the first word that came up was caring, and that's the main idea behind it. We're not out and out, you know . . . but we are socialist and we are caring."

Dave: "We do feel for those things and it's a bit more important to sing about something of substance than sing about nonsense. If you're in a band in our position, you're in a very strong position to write about those things, so why not do it?

"Obviously, for a lot of bands that aren't so successful, it seems an obvious thing to do. Whereas a band in our position could quite easily sing about nonsense – I think a lot of people just *expected* us to sing about nonsense.

"We're singing about things that are important, but we're doing it subtly. Like, with the single, people cotton on to the tune and the beat and later they listen to the lyric and hear something more. If you're coming out as a really hard force and really screaming about it, I think it scares people."

I think it's been the *blatancy* of 'Everything Counts' that has turned heads. It isn't subtle.

Dave: "Some people have thought it was about different things, like eating too much, or it was just about the music business but really though it's about multinational corporations, y'know, that they've got too much power.

"But it was a conscious move to come across fuller and more definite and not just floating through. People used to think before: 'Depeche Mode? Oh yeah, they're that band that just sorta *float by*.' 'Everything Counts' was a definite move to make something stronger, more lasting.

"I think a lot of bands try and do it too obviously though. I suppose The Clash . . . but they're really into what they're doing. I used to listen to The Clash years ago, I really liked them. I wasn't really into what they were singing about cos I didn't really understand that first album at the time, but I used to go and see them because I liked the attitude and the energy. They was brilliant. Coming away from all those gigs with your ears RINGING and telling all your mates in school the next day . . . ."

'Everything Counts' seems, oddly, a literal successor to 'Remote Control', more than anything because it's quite clear, quite brutal.

Dave: "Yeah, but the thing is people wouldn't expect that from us, whereas they would from The Clash. A lot of people had no idea that we was capable of writing something like 'Construction Time'.

"We'd been portrayed for ages in one way. Like, we did *every* interview going and just sorta said exactly the same thing, 'Yeah, we started in so and so . . .', y'know. But then we suddenly realised – what are we doing? If we want to carry on, we've got to do something a little more lasting.

"I think Martin and Alan have both got a lot more substance in their writing . . ."

Than Vince?

Dave: "Yeah. I mean, nothing against Vince, but I think Vince would agree with that. Martin and Alan's lyrics are a lot more *involved*, whereas Vince is more interested in a tune. Vince is very clever at writing very, very catchy tunes."

'Everything Counts' scores on all sides, as opposed to the first album which was just *bleeeeuurrgh!* Naff.

Dave: "When I hear tracks from that, I get embarrassed. Though at the time we thought it was great. Then on the second album, it was very hard in the studio, people were letting us drift, there was a lack of enthusiasm . . . but then with 'Construction Time' it was very UP in the studio, everyone was really working to make it happen."

The single in particular works musically and politically, whereas with The Gang Of Four, the politics and the music never really meshed. When music really matters to me is when all the elements are there, like with James Brown or The Temptations. A band like Crass fail to score on a whole side . . . tho' I'm not sure which is more of a pain, the music or the politics.

Dave: "Obviously with someone like Crass, all you can get drawn in by is the lyrics and that's it. The music is so hard that a lot of people won't go near it. But something like 'Everything Counts', they'll give it a chance, they'll give it a hear and then they'll listen to the lyric."

Al: "If it's not musically accessible, then it's just not going to get across."

You've stressed the need for *construction* not *destruction*. But what needs to be built?

Al: "Whole new ways of thinking."

Ahem . . .

Al: "Well, coming down to specific details is pretty difficult. But if the world stopped spending all the money it spends on arms for just two weeks, you could feed the starving millions for two years."

But how do you force that? Would you link your music with political movements? Say, would you have done a gig for something like Rock Against Racism?

Dave: "Maybe we would, maybe we'd do it, but most times we wouldn't even get asked. They might ask us now, but people don't associate us with that at all. And that's what I think's got to change – I think this album will change a lot of that."

"All that we need at the start's
Universal revolution (That's all!)"
– 'And Then'

THE GIG at Dublin's SFX Hall is, inevitably, sold out. From mid-afternoon a crowd of 60 or so screamin' teens gather at the entrance, frantically gunning for pole positions, only to later assault all the road crew whilst the band leave the hall unnoticed after the soundcheck from the rear exit.

The crowd happily spend most of the day mistaking lesser mortals for band members – "What's happened to your fringe?" they keep asking me – but that all seems part of the scam . . .

The audience that finally filters into the hall is surprisingly varied in age, sportily-attired teenies standing shoulder to kneecap with badly dressed beer boys ('spans', as Dave will insist on calling them). Daniel Miller, Mute godfather, has arrived in the meantime and sits obelisk-like in the corner of the dressing room, a monument to this electro-pop thang, while the band pass time before the gig scuzzily taking the piss out of U2, Simon Le Bon, Midge Ure and other pop phenomenables. When the horseplay stops and the DMs troop on stage, the welcome is rapturous.

The performance itself is patchy, peaking only occasionally: the hammering opening bassline of 'Everything Counts', the glorious B-52's' tupperware timbre of 'More Than A Party', the tripping-treble motif of 'Photographic' (the only winner on that ulcer of a first album) . . . Dave's dancing sets the hall moving and the effect of *that* sequence in 'Photographic' was, truly, dance carnage, but there are too many ponderous troughs, too many songs extended beyond their means.

Afterwards, the group are smuggled out of the rear of the building towards the hidden tour bus and straight into the path of a horde of teenies who have, somewhat understandably, been attracted to the row of security men trying to look innocent forming a human corridor in front of a coach. Back at the hotel, the adoration of Basildon's electro-polemicists continues.

In a hall next to the lobby is a Deb's Ball, the debs in this instance being a legless gaggle of dolebound Dublin school leavers, not chinless clothes-hangers with voices like faulty disc brakes. They soon discover the group's presence and flock Depeche-wards taking it in turns to shriek, fall over and have their picture taken with Dave Gahan. Most of them round off their performance by asking me "What's happened to your fringe?"

The hysterical reception is, in truth, quite fickle, the desire to flock to the famous is less grovelling reverence for the star, more a neat appropriation of their fame – a welcome spice to dull lives. As soon as the group has gone, the school leavers drop the act.

"Bring me my gun of itching desire
Bring me my bullets and I will fire
– 'Told You So'

FOR MOST of our lives politics is kept firmly off the agenda, so for Depeche Mode to take it up as a weapon is valuable, even if it's not yet clear how they will use it.

In Britain in 1983 it seems an unnatural step to take – working class culture has been insidiously taken apart, history and political traditions buried beneath Thatcher's warped vision of little England and *The Sun's* shoddy hyperbole. As Bill Graham, a journalist on *Hot Press*, said on our first night in Ireland, "The problem with you English is you've forgotten your own history. You've allowed it to be taken from you."

And yet 'Construction Time Again' is no vague desperate counterblast. Its roots are in something everyone in the band has been saying for the last 48 hours – The Worker. As Dave said, "Martin, Andy and me all come from working class backgrounds and that's starting to reflect in the lyrics."

Depeche Mode's songwriting seems now rooted in everyday life, day to day struggles, particularly Martin's lyrics, their rough mix of 'Jerusalem''s exultant vision and Orwell's early internationalism, underscored by the material theme – work-breadline-contract-profit – a discernable economic thread in marked contrast to Alan's ecological whimsy.

But how hard would he push analysis, how specific would he get?

Martin: "It's difficult to say. I think it just happens when you come to sit down and write it – if it turns out hard, it turns out hard; if it doesn't it doesn't."

Do you rate any political pop lyricists, like Weller?

Fletch: "I like Paul Weller's style of writing, but I don't like his music. I thought the music on 'The Gift' was terrible but I was really impressed by his lyrics."

Martin: "Same with me. I really like all of his lyrics, anything I've ever read, but not the music . . . 'Money Go Round', fer'instance, I really liked that."

Does playing Belfast mean anything to you? Is there any significance in Depeche Mode playing Belfast?

Fletch: "To me personally, yeah. Cos I feel they miss out on a lot of things. I admit I'm worried about going there but I think it's good for us to do it cos hardly any groups go there and I think they deserve better than what they've got.

"The problem is you're always going to have violence and armies 'n' that unless you eliminate countries totally. I mean, that's the only thing to do – in a perfect world there would be only one nation."

Under a groove!

Fletch: "It would, yeah. That's the only way to make sure that, fer'instance, everyone had food."

Dave was saying the inspiration for 'Shame' was Thailand. Was there any specific motivation for 'Everything Counts'?

Martin: "I think that was partly going to Thailand as well – that's where the oriental flavour comes in, like Korea 'n' all that.

"But you go over there and all the hotels are full of, like, businessmen and basically they

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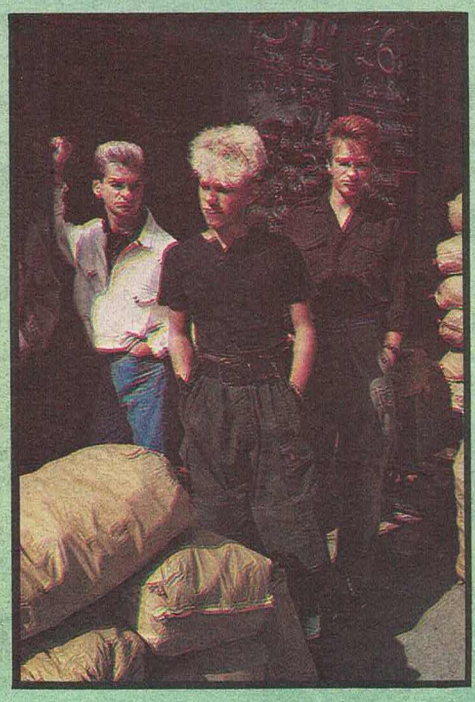
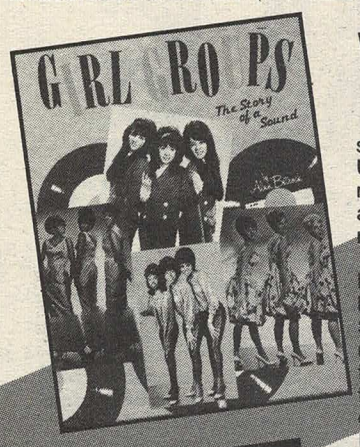


REMEMBER (WALKIN' IN THE SAND) WITH THE SHANGRI LAS? ●



LEADERS OF THE TEEN BEAT

WHEN HIP young folks born in the 1960s entered their teens, we hit puberty on a soundtrack unique in pop history. Unique not because it was necessarily good or meaningful or any of that, but because it was the most exaggerated version of pop.

They called some of it glam. Never mind your brother back home with his Beatles and his Stones – Elvis Presley was remade for us as Les Grey, the folkies gave way to Smokie, and from Alvin to Ziggy the glitter came out better on a stolen riff. For subject-matter most of these songs dealt, unsurprisingly, with Love, but a few of them concerned themselves with . . . *death*. Death or the Big Break Up, separately or together, were hit material.

So Mud whispered, *"Merry Christmas, darling . . . wherever you are"*; so Smokie rushed to the window as the big limousine drove Alice away; so a woman tore up the letter that said her Billy died a hero; and a lot of people (myself included) thought Terry Jacks really *was* dying when 'Seasons In The Sun' made Number One. It was all very morbid, but it was also very memorable. Of course, it was ripped off all manner of '60s or '50s "death discs", but there was *one* big one that trashed all the graveyard competition . . .

It must have been that *one*, because not only did it chart in 1965, but it did it again in 1972, and a third time in 1976. Top ten on both re-issues, it was by The Shangri-Las, and it was called 'Leader Of The Pack'.

It was the biggest of the death discs and the prime influence on '70s teen morbids *because it was better*. The first rock'n'roll suicide, the first hint a young listener had that a single could be intelligent, sexy, commercial and powerful – and the first crutch for the Ferry dream.

Compare these statements: "We had a roadie riding up and down Piccadilly, with stereo mikes on long leads coming out of Command Studios to record him, to use behind the *'teenage rebel of the week'* line" . . . "Shadow hired a pack of local boys in black leather jackets and motorcycle boots to drive through the studio at timed intervals, gunning their motors and squealing their brakes". The first quote is Bryan F, talking about 'Virginia Plain', the second is from the sleevenotes to the 'Leader Of The Pack' LP. Editions of *who?*

A Shangri-Las record was a mixture of even more things than Phil Spector knew; a song like 'Leader Of The Pack' goes places where you'd never see The Ronettes. From the opening chord and accompanying *"Is she really going out with him?"* on, every second of that record is a *hook*. The wail of *"I met him at the candy-store / He turned around and smiled at me / You get the picture?"* – the ever-quotable *"Yes, we see"* – the eruption into *"That's when I fell for . . . THE LEADER OF THE PACK!"* – and the bike revving up; *and this is only the first verse!*

So you will see that a Shangri-Las record was composed of melody, melodrama and special effects; it was to a large extent the genius of George "Shadow" Morton that made these records so great. Nowadays there are millions of dull *auteur* producers; anyone who had a hit is eagerly courted as having something special in their mixing. But the Shadow stood miles above these pocket Spectors; you'd need a book to list all the effects on Shangs records, but you'd need a thimble to put all the inessential ones in. From the seagulls on 'Remember (Walking In The Sand)', to the spoken section on 'Give Him A Great Big Kiss' (*"What colour are his eyes?" "I dunno, he's always wearing shades"*. Of *course* he's wearing shades!), every effect was brilliance in mono.

Morton was a definite bona-fide fruitcake. He's supposed to have ridden on stage in leathers to conduct the Shangs' orchestra – he's reputed to have written 'Leader Of The Pack' in the shower on shirt cardboard with his kids' crayons; "I ran to the studio, and said, You're singing in the red, you're singing in the blue . . ." – and he claimed to have got a record deal before having a band, a studio, or even actually writing a *song*. As it turned out, he could write songs, he could use a studio – and he found the Shangri-Las.

It wasn't just Morton who made the records what they were, it wasn't even the tunes, but the third ingredient – the girls themselves. No Crystals anonymity here, no which-one-is-Diana-Ross-ness like The Supremes. Mary and Marge Ganser, Betty and/or Mary Weiss (a flexible line-up caused by the M walking out all the time) were that rarity among girl groups – they sounded like individuals on record. Even the insistent chorus of *"Remember"* on 'Walking In The Sand' has more character than every *"doo-lang doo-lang"* The Chiffons ever utttered (and I haven't mentioned The Belle Stars). On 'Leader Of The Pack', it's clear that the girls want to believe every word of it; it wouldn't work otherwise.

I mean, have you ever heard 'I Can Never Go Home Anymore'? That was a single where the girl left home with the boy, forgot the boy, and watched helpless as her mom died heartbroken (*"She grew so lonesome in the end / The angels came and took her for their friend"*). A combination of music and lyrics that rivets the listener – *"I'm gonna hide / If she don't leave me alone / I'm gonna run away / DON'T! 'Cos you can never go home anymore"*). It's pro-family propaganda, it's ideologically appalling, but it's a sparkling record. And when the despairing cry of *"Mama!"* rends the air, followed by the whirling violins . . . pardon the cliché, but *this is pop*.

And do you know 'Past, Present And Future'? It was the last single the Shangri-Las made with Morton for Red Bird, their great label – it is a record that transcends pop, both weird and epic, timeless and moving. It's the story of the broken heart that will never mend. Beginning with a past full of *"silent joys and broken toys / laughing girls and teasing boys"*, it moves on to the present – *"Go out with you? Why not . . . do I like to dance? Of course. Take a walk along the beach tonight? I'd love to . . . but don't try to touch me. Don't try to touch me, 'cos that will never . . . happen . . . again. Shall we dance?"* – and into the maelstrom of waltzing orchestra, and out again to a despairing future. It was beautiful, it was eternal, and it was hated by the chart-making American public.

There's more, of course – so many good songs, some wonderful ones – but you can hear them for yourself. Invest in a copy of 'Teen Anguish Vol. Two – The Shangri-Las', which contains their greatest moments. At the very least, get a few singles; after all, *we are* talking about one of the best groups in the history of the world. Remember them that way.

Is she really going out with him well, there she is let's ask her . . ."

DAVID QUANTICK

Melody, Melodrama and special effects set The Shangri Las apart.

REFERENCES:

'Teen Anguish Vol. 2; The Shangri-Las' (Charly Records; CRM 2005) – a good collection.

'Leader Of The Pack' (Surprise Records) – a compilation better than the above, only rarer.

'Leader Of The Pack' (Charly CRM 2028) – re-issue of debut LP, interesting but not worth buying.

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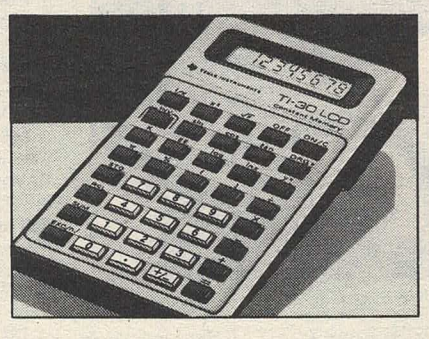

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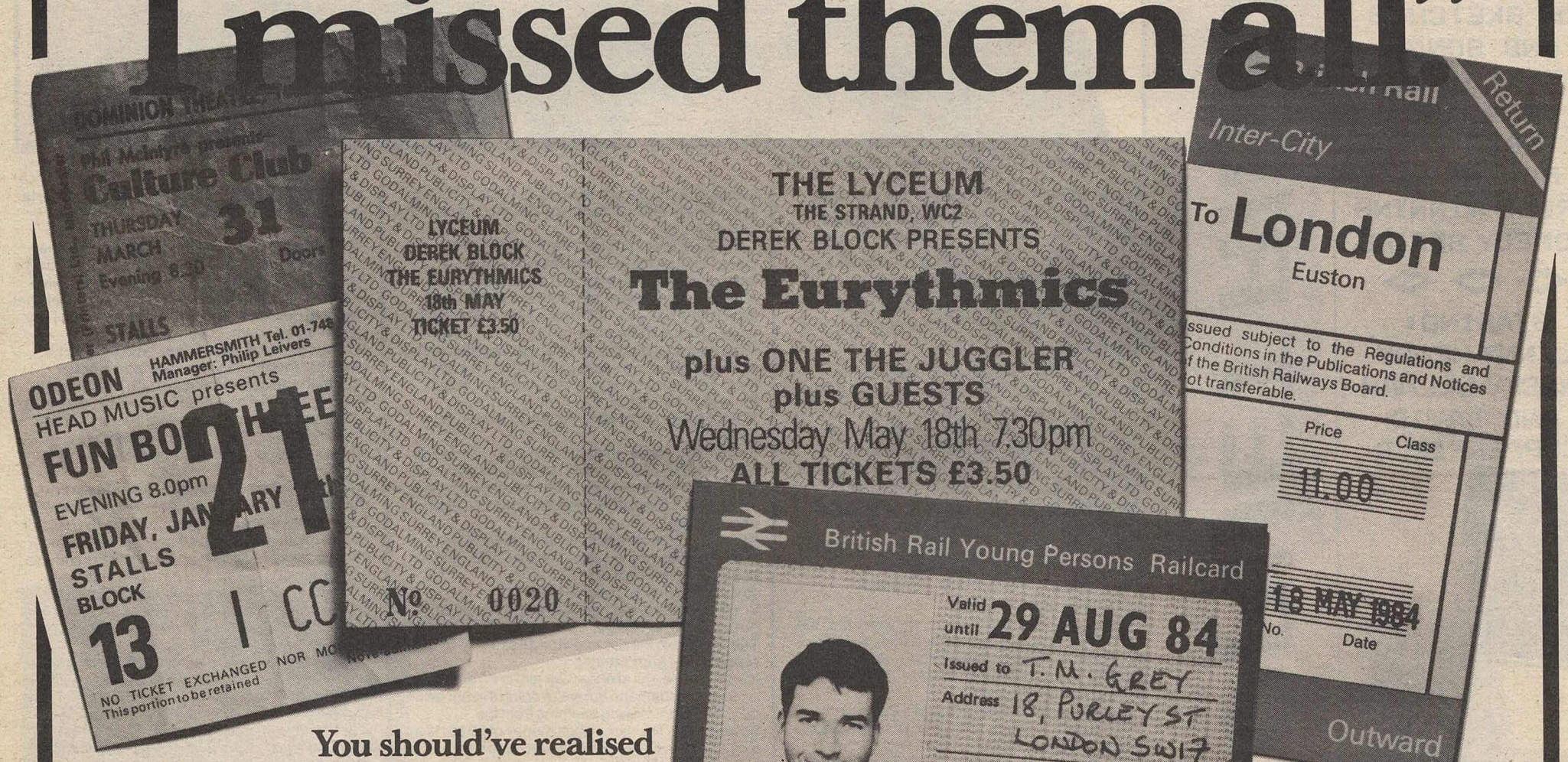

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DENNIS BROWN – RASTA AMBASSADOR

THE PROPHET RIDES HIGH

Smilee Stylee from Dennis Brown. Pic Saddri Paris

WITH THREE singles constantly bubbling in the reggae charts, and 'The Prophet Rides Again' riding high in the soul charts as well as being the number one reggae album, one could only say that Dennis Brown is strictly 'big 'bout ya', the number are in the area.

Top 20 success narrowly evaded him earlier this year with 'Love Has Found A Way' and since 'Money In My Pocket' back in 1979 he's been searching for the elusive formula which will give him another crossover hit record. His prolific output is divided between the Yvonnes Special label — which he describes as his "lickle baby" and which is responsible for releasing "the hard core stuff" and which is his real link with his roots following — and A & M records, who concentrate on his wider commercial potential round the globe.

Dennis Brown always has something new in the racks; if you reckon 'The Prophet Rides Again' is soft then check out 'Sincerely Yours' and if you don't dig 'Save A Little Love For Me' then there's always 'To Be A Weakman'.

I caught up with Brown at A & M's Putney HQ. That once cherubic countenance, which had led him to be tagged permanently 21, was partly hidden behind a tangle of locks that had escaped from his tightly packed leather cap, and encapsulated in that cheeky grin was a warmth that set you at ease immediately.

He'd slipped into London town before zipping off on a lightning strike tour of America's west coast which includes several gigs with Peter Tosh. He was keen to talk about his new album, described by some as a schizophrenic mix of funk and reggae; his visit to Shashamane, an area of land bequeathed to the Rastafari during Haile Selassie's visit to Jamaica in 1966; and his staunch commitment to the teachings of Gadman, the founder and organizer of The Twelve Tribes Of Israel.

You seem to straddle the ethnic and commercial markets more comfortably than most, do you feel happy about the new album?
I feel I have done something to a level wherein it can be accepted on a global level and reach places I've never been. 'Out Of The Funk', 'Jammin' My Way To Fame', 'Save A Little Love For Me'... all the first side was recorded in America using part of K.C. And The Sunshine Band and Jesse Butler, who used to work with Isaac Hayes. Side two was recorded in Jamaica.

There's a line in 'Jammin' My Way To Fame' that says "*Fortune and fame is the name of the game...*" Is that what you believe?
Well, it's true, but the song also says, "*Ma and Pa used to say it's an easy way to shame and a hard, hard road fo fame*", which is equally true. Yeah, *"a little fame won't hurt my name"*.

The album is further confirmation of your faith in Rastafari and your involvement in the Twelve Tribes Of Israel. Was this your first visit to Africa?
Due to the teachings of Gadman, who is a prophet, I had my chance to go to Ethiopia and get inspired there. Christmas '82 caught me there and it was my first time in Africa . . . one time we were supposed to play the Ivory Coast but they had riots and it had to be cancelled. We're looking forward to going back and playing in Abidjan. We spent some of the time in Addis A Baba and stayed nine days in Shashamane.

We have brethrens from the Twelve Tribes there, living on the land and they know the language. That's how come I can now speak some Amharic . . . a lot of people there are into farming 'cause they have so much land. That's why I can't really see how there's famine in Ethiopia 'cause there is so much food there it's unbelievable. I can't see how people are starving. Luckily I have been there and know that what I hear them say about Ethiopia is a lot of bulls.

But there are still people having a seriously hard time?
You find that the people who are feeling it that bad are the same folks who sold His Majesty. Through their action this is the price they're paying.

What about the authorities, how do they feel about Rasta?
We didn't come across them until we were leaving. From they see us they know we are His Majesty's people; so them back off.

Are you planning to move there?
When my work is finished here in the West then I'll go home with my family.

The Twelve Tribes are committed to repatriation aren't they?
It won't happen all at once. Our aim is to repatriate back to Shashamane but we're doing it in our own way. We're not looking anything from the government. The same dues money of 20 cents a week we pay, that is a money that have sent a lot of brethren to Ethiopia.

Over the last few years would you say there has been a conscious move away from Rasta reflected in lyrics of songs and the style projected by many up and coming young artists?
You find a lot of people get carried away. They are more of the world; they think of going to the States and settling down rather than think to be part of the struggle that we have go through daily. They segregate themselves from themselves. No man is an island, no man stands alone.

But the heroes have changed. The style seems to be beaver hats, lots of gold, £80 pairs of shoes... the heroes seem to be the Ranks and the Top Notch...
All dem tings is joke, all dat is joke... Ranks and Notch an' all dem things deh, they'll never see Ethiopia. The furthest they'll go is Pentonville or Wandsworth or one of them prison deh. We as Israel see Shashamane. I know where you're coming from still 'cause I see it many times. I wear jewelry still 'cause I love gold. These are our own but don't get too outrageous. A lot of that is caused by red eye.

A lot of this is reflected in the music through the DJs who are carrying the swing with pure boastfulness.
What you find is just a change. They get so caught up with the world and all its glitter you find that from you start competing with each other they compete each other out of the business. They're not doing a work. They're doing it just to brag and boast and grief comes to those who brag the most. I know that so I just humble myself and do the little work I and I have to do.

Them tings won't be around too long 'cause the youths are looking to hear something that will educate them through music, not corrupt them mentally.

But even if you push a positive consciousness or set of ideas — unless there's a material basis for making some kind of progress it's just like being in a vacuum and all their efforts are ploughed into negativity... like being ranking...
The youths need outlets for certain ting that they have inside them longing to get out but they don't have that... Israel a go save them — the Twelve Tribes — 'cause I have come to the conclusion that anything outside of Israel is death and when I say death I mean death. Totally.

'Promised Land' was a deserved reggae hit. Was that inspired by the visit to Ethiopia?
Well that tune came about through jamming with Aswad. We were playing in Holland and they were just jamming dubwise and I was free-styling and phrasing around the rhythm... the phrase was 'Promised Land'. That was how it come around. Message.

What about that wicked tune you did earlier this year with Sly and Robbie, 'Revolution'?
Them songs there are militant but a whole heap of people might misinterpret that song. As they hear me sing about revolution what comes to mind is to have a gun and bullets and bayonet. This time though it won't be no bloody revolution, I'm singing about a spiritual revolution: *"if you want to live live live forever you got to love love love each other..."*

That song tear down Reggae Sunsplash because the people are ready for the revolution and while you have some people who are really ready to fight, it is a pity they don't know it's a spiritual revolution fighting all them forces deh.

What do you think about the current situation facing reggae music in a pretty unreceptive music business? You seem to be one of the few people contracted to a major record company.
You find a lot of guys haven't been working hard enough to come up with the right songs and you can't really blame the record companies for not spending money on a ting which is not up to standard. I've seen a lot of guys get the opportunity to make good albums but they always think about sinking off some money and then come up with some mediocre stuff. It can't work that. It's the kind of thing that hold back the music 'cause they're just hustling. They're being neither truthful to the music nor themselves.

Reggae seems to have purged itself of many of its original musical influences and at times seems in danger of honing itself down beyond its bass and drum foundation and out of existence. Where do you think the current sound is aimed as it can sound pretty uninspiring on an average household hi-fi?
You have got that dance feel going around now and you find you even have guys recording in the dance hall sessions and selling them on vinyl. That is still not saying nothing too tuff for the music and its development but reggae is here to stay whatever one might think or see, and what is happening now is just a phase the music is going through.

AS Dennis Brown is one of reggae's leading ambassadors I was surprised to discover that he knew nothing of the current music coming out of Africa and as he strolled off down the New Kings Road I left him with the as yet unfulfilled promise of a cassette of the hottest African sounds around. It'll have to wait until he tours here later this year, but could you imagine a situation where Dennis Brown meets the Kings of Zairean Swing at the Ju Ju dub station uptown?

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Boots

THE BEST FOR LESS

SINGLES

BY RICHARD COOK

A POP MANNEQUIN IN TWELVE EASILY FITTED PARTS

LIPS

SOFT CELL: Soul Inside / You Only Live Twice *(Some Bizzare)* From out of Marc Almond's unrivalled mouth, a confession of frenzy and confusion, an outpouring of a mind exploding with feeling – and there is a key to Soft Cell's unprecedented mastery of electric sexpop. As charged and torrential as their music is, Almond never sacrifices his intellect. He's thought through all this gush of passion.

'Soul Inside' is a mad tumult of disco melodies and rich keyboard underlay crowned by a tempestuous vocal eventually split in two, all of it more daringly disorganised than anything on 'The Art of Falling Apart'. 'You Only Live Twice' is a masterpiece of fractured elegance, an ice-cool arrangement of John Barry's tune which David Ball suspends like a Christmas ornament.

Note to collectors: the bonus seven-inch has an abstract remix of 'Loving You Hating Me' and a new tune called 'Her Imagination', all sloe gin and dark futures. The 12-inch swaps that for an instrumental run across Barry's '007 Theme' plus extended takes of 'Soul' and 'Twice'. I think you'll have to get them all.

EYES

SHEENA EASTON: Telefone *(EMI)* Ah, how my heart shivers when I hear this canary voice! When you call your record 'Telefone' instead of 'Telephone' you are, I'm afraid, a dope. Unless you're Kratfwerk. When you're Sheena Easton it's inexcusable, although the metallic swing, which sounds as though it's about to smack her in the teeth, is quite fetching. Those of you who remember the superb 'Machinery' will nevertheless recognise this as a mealy-mouthed retread. Sheena is recycling her old misses? The private swimming pools of the western world are in shadow.

EARS

NICK HEYWARD: A Blue Hat For A Blue Day *(Arista)* Ears because Heyward is a good listener. He hears all these popular musics – Beatles, Basie, KC, Earth Wind & Fire – and jumbles them into pop that studies on qualities he can't *quite* put across. From 'Favourite Shirts' to 'Take That Situation' Heyward's writing has been so steeped in the sunny and fresh-faced and likable that it gets loathsome with repetition. He hears brass and he makes it into chicken jazz. He writes heartache and it comes out temper tantrum. Impersonally, I can't stand him.

'Blue Hat For A Blue Day' is a fraction more interesting than usual because it avoids an obvious hook but the pinky-bright production around Heyward's lovelorn bore of a voice soon wipes the tape of all affection. And the lyric, maundering over a six-day marriage, is as sickly as you'd expect from a man who wrote a song called 'Baked Bean'. Bonus point: no hat (blue or otherwise) is to be seen on the cover.

NOSE

BARRY MANILOW: You're Lookin' Hot Tonight *(Arista)* Hot, indeed, from Blenheim Palace. As live recordings go this one does actually sound exciting: the tattle of 40,000 throats rises from a deafening murmur to an apocalyptic roar as Manilow's deft and professional group wind up for the entry of the bronzed proboscis himself. The song itself is anti-climactic, an average slice of Barry's intercontinental beanery shucking, but on atmosphere this scores like a moonshot. You really should have been there, from the sound of it.

HAIR

CRYSTAL GAYLE: Baby What About You *(WEA)* I believe they call her 'Miss Crystal' in country circles, although whether that's a mark of respect or a respectable marking is another matter. She dishes out records – hand-tooled, silkily curtained by the dollars of a Nashville tea garden – with a workaholic's regularity. She has longer hair than Michael Schenker and she gets her heart broken through so many long and lonely nights it's a miracle she isn't bankrupted by the surgery bills. Of course, I find her absolutely irresistible, and I say without shame that 'The Crystal Gayle Collection' is one of the creamiest palliatives to a bruised soul that one could ever choose. Never mind the 'One From The Heart' soundtrack.

Her new single is an adequate taste of her most recent record, the dial slipped gingerly from despair to expectation, and as she whispers in my ear I can only offer good words for it. A miss, all the same.

SHOULDERS

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES: Dear Prudence *(Wonderland/ Polydor)* A beautiful sleeve and a less than astonishing cover. As Siouxsie's pop standing dissolves from light to dark and back again the records of her group are getting fogged and indecisive. Whirlybird guitars and even some nostalgic phasing scarcely paper over a cracking and underfed treatment of a dried-out chestnut. And it goes on, and on. What will they do next – "The Continuing Story Of Bungalow Bill"?

ARMS

MEAT LOAF: Bat Out Of Hell (Live) *(Epic 12")* For twelve and a half minutes the beast writhes, grinds and gags on the chewed-over gristle of his moment of greatness (so some people say) – well, not quite that long. He lets the band warm him up for the first four. Then he lets them bounce him off the ropes, onto the bloodied matting and out of the ring before he whirls them all round his head and hurls them from his sight. His arms pulse with might. His head throbs, his eyes pop. His mouth opens and he speaks "I AM ROCK'N'ROLL!!" And the moon looks down and laughs.

CHEST

HOT CHOCOLATE: Tears On The Telephone *(RAK)* I regret I must pass on any Hot Chocolate revival. They always seemed to be touted as some cheap dose of kudos for Mickie Most – while he was busy doctoring hayseed workhorses like Smokie, Quatro and Kenny he'd slop out something like 'You Sexy Thing' as if that made it all alright, having a group with a moderately soulful black singer in front. No matter that all their songs were garbage bubblegum in many glitter-based mixes, eh? 'Tears On The Telephone' is a straight cop from ABC's 'All Of My Heart' and suggests that Most will get a lot more mileage out of this tyreworn troupe yet. Brawny.

MIDRIFF

STEVIE NICKS: Stand Back *(WEA)* I suppose it makes a change from 'Come Hither'. Ms Nicks refuses to unwrap and ties her skirts instead around a Californian idea of what synthpop is all about. Although I hate to disillusion the LA studio bosses it actually doesn't involve a lot of fuzzbox cacophony. Nicks has only one trick, sending that wuthering voice to peal into the darkness, and her romance is nothing but wind and water; yet this has its simple merits. A better choice would have been the electrifying 'If Anyone Falls', one to send any stomach rippling (a compliment).

THIGHS

UK SUBS: Another Typical City *(Scarlet)* An oblique animal – cultureless rhetoric, guitars of destiny and a surprise breather in the middle. Is it a jest? It's an odd excursion. No recognisable structure, no rickety soapbox, no tagline to Charlie Harper's energetic raging: zomboid punk, you may imagine, but it's more like a cut-out shape from some unidentified bombsite where the debris of modern desolation looks for etc etc. I've lost my grip. Is there a pop record next?

CALVES

TOYAH: Rebel Run *(Safari)* We all know what a new Toyah single is going to sound like. The big bravura lead-in, the Albert Hall keyboards, the enter-the-dragon beat . . . and then in comes the frightful yowling of that terrible woman. It sounds like your sister bawling along to the washing up. What it doesn't sound like is anything to do with a 'rebel run'. It's more akin to a race between beached seals.

FEET

KC AND THE SUNSHINE BAND: (You Said) You'd Gimme Some More *(Epic)* The sublime good humour of 'Give It I Jp' is burnt back to an unexpectedly tough and brash-minded dance rhythm – perhaps to be expected with the accomplished mixmaster John Luongo at the controls. As meaningless and empty-headed as the last one but the autograph isn't quite as nigglingly addictive. Expect only a modest success this time around, even though it's a pleasure to find this old master back to something like his best form.

VOICES

What voice to put in the mannequin's mouth? We've already lingered along with some tryers but there are many young pretenders jostling for chops attention. Take **Bonk**, for example: if he looks weirdly like Richard Jobson circa 'Joy' he sounds more like Billy Joel gargling marbles on an amusing dancemix called 'The Smile And The Kiss' (Ensign 12"). **Jackie Leven,** who resembles Joel with a fertiliser treatment on his hair, turns 'Love Is Shining Down On Me' *(Virgin)* into a pub singalong – fair chorus but one at a time, *please!*

Tracey Ullman, a funny woman, runs through nine voices on 'The B Side' *(Stiff):* yokels and rock hags and half a dozen gags. The 'hit' side is a hard rock crack at Kirsty MacColl's 'They Don't Know' warbled with unintended humour. Preferable, though, to **Joan Jett's** adenoidal murder of 'Everyday People' *(Epic)* or another leaking dreamboat duet from The Compact Organisation, 'Eyes Of Suspicion' by **Bruce Morrison and Rachel Orlane.**

Eventually the voices blur and fold into a mutter that makes **George Benson's** weak ballad 'In Your Eyes' *(WEA)* indistinguishable from labelmate **Christopher 'Slim' Cross** on the (not very) 'All Right'. We must turn to the soul and reggae voices to restore order, although the first entries – **Gloria Gaynor's** featureless 'Love Me Real' *(Ecstasy)* and **Peter Tosh's** big band clump through 'Mama Africa' *(EMI)* – don't offer much fresh heart. **Third World** can't even muster a proper voice for 'Love Is Out To Get You' *(CBS),* just some vocoder geek-rap.

As usual, the great voices are sealed in the grooves of lumpy Jamaican vinyl and glittering American shrinkwraps. But there are a few quirks of conscience in the main current – including:

NONA HENDRYX: Keep It Confidential *(RCA)* The introduction is enough – Hendryx cold and alone against the bare rapture of an aloof piano. It falls rather carelessly into an average mid-tempo hustle which gives no time and space for the singer to wring out her heart, but the track is just slightly out of the ordinary and it won't sit among the normal scratches on the dancefloor. A remote pleasure.

PETER BLEGVAD: Karen *(Virgin)* The reminiscences of a decrepit beatnik, idly strummed out against a typically eccentric Andy Partridge production. Blegvad is one of those nutters who babble at the fringes of recognition every so often before trekking back into oblivion for a few more years – not worth very much, maybe, although I find his stumblebum phrasing quite engaging in its way. In a forum where all comers sweat over their vocal emotion a sleepwalker is sometimes welcome.

GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS: Hero *(CBS)* Proof that Dees must be the place. Actually this is the sappiest part of the current LP but Gladys is so well versed in the elevation of schmaltz it doesn't matter: hers is The Voice we have been searching for and it is too good for our mannequin as well as this simplistic aria to personal devotion.

MUSIC FOR MANNEQUINS

Available in all sizes and few flavours. Part of today's stylistic poverty can be observed in the attitude of the first-timers: they aim to mark time with their debut. Imagine that. You start by standing dead still.

That's what **The Escape** do on their stilted gawp at *neu* Europe, 'Amsterdam' *(Phonogram);* what **Mercy Ray** does in dull white disco dripping called 'You Really Got To Me' *(Virgin);* and what **Under Two Flags** do amongst the evaporated punk of 'Lest We Forget' *(Situation 2).* It might be a mile between them and **The Animals**, pointlessly reformed for 'The Night' *(IRS),* but it's not so far after all.

Covering cultists like Tim Buckley, one of the most over-dropped names of our time, is no answer. **This Mortal Coil** do a respectable job on 'Song To The Siren' *(4AD)* and that's about it – no revelation. I've got 'Starsailor' too, smartarses. **Modern English** – I suspect some connection twixt these two – fare better with the spirited runaround of 'Someone's Calling' *(4AD):* mood music for strangers and something to beat out **Rusty Egan's** technocrap assault on 'The Twilight Zone' *(WEA).*

Ah well, it's been a long night at the turntable. We're left with three oddball soundtracks for a mannequin house:

THE PERFECT CRIME: Brave *(MCA)* A mishmash so preposterous that it forgets itself sufficiently to uplift and entertain. Everything gets a look in here – the Big Country beat, Antland ba-boom-bah tribalism and the guitars of a thousand men – and it falls into place as awkwardly as you would expect. So brazenly do this Irish group fly their fifth-hand colours, though! Nerve carries the day and it takes its place beside 'Come On Eileen' and 'Chance' as addictive rabble-rousing. Clan up, you might say.

THE JET SET: Judy's Toy Box *(The Dance Network)* A sparky little pop tune taken ill with a weedy production. Never heard of them. I don't like the guitar sound. Three more songs on the other side. Zippy sort of organ fills. Provincial harmony sound – cheap. *Incredibly* cheap. They have a fan club. I think it's a conceptual joke on powerpop. Either way this is most apposite – it's music made by and for mannequins.

BLAINE L. REININGER: Playin' Your Game / Magnetic Life *(Crepuscule)* Blaine cracks his fingers, his glasses, his phantom violin. Two soiled romances, picked over by passionless music of wide space and hesitant eloquence, are all he has to offer: his singing voice is poor, a raven's croak, and 'Magnetic Life' eventually overpowers it. As he did with Tuxedomoon, Reininger paces around the storeys of the recording and pokes offbeat holes in the structure. Laughter or tears? I don't know. It's an unsettling record. I don't like it much, but it works up a disturbance.

Compared to most of these little records that makes it an absolute triumph.

THE NORMAN INVASION!

SILVER SCREEN

Psycho II

DIRECTOR: Richard Franklin
STARRING: Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles, Robert Loggia, Meg Tilly (UIP)

RICHARD FRANKLIN starts his film so riskily he virtually quits before he's begun. He runs the original *Psycho* shower murder in its entirety, bluish monochrome footage that still shocks, as a prologue to the story of *Psycho II*. Is he seriously mounting a challenge to the memory of Alfred Hitchcock's masterpiece?

The subsequent course of Franklin's movie gives cause for doubt. After all, his last project was an Australian mobilisation of *Rear Window* called *Road Games*—and a modest, pleasingly witty excursion it proved to be. *Psycho II* is at once more serious and more oddly humorous, offloading some bludgeoning upsets through a passageway of camp drollery in what might be a kind of disrespectful homage. Unfortunately, it's too difficult for him to pull off.

Somehow everything goes against the grain of the direction: you should see *Psycho II* because it's intermittently fascinating to observe how a film can take its own path. As soon as you look into the blandly serene expression on the face of Norman Bates (Anthony Perkins) you're sure that all bloody hell is going to be let loose before long; and because of that inevitability, tied to the ketchup quota of stab-and-scream films, the picture's attempt to play footsie with audience expectations is nearly ludicrous.

The original *Psycho* (along with Michael Powell's *Peeping Tom*) initiated the whole genre, of course, and the joke Hitchcock enjoyed was that it was a film completely cleared of humour. *Psycho II* has no choice but to play it frequently for laughs. When asked for a bread knife to slice up a loaf by a visitor to his kitchen, Norman can only stammer—"I'm afraid there's no *cuuurrhh—cuurrtlery*"—and the viewer can only guffaw.

Tom Holland's script is able enough, given the basically silly idea of sequelling the first entry. Bates is pronounced sane, returns to his motel (beautifully reproduced—it's an excellently designed film) and is horrified to discover it being run by a small-time drug dealer! Granted a job in the kitchen of a local diner, it seems that every opportunity to thrust a knife into his hand is grasped; and every phone call seems to have his mother's disembodied voice at the end of the line.

No wonder Anthony Perkins registers seven shades of suffering in his face. As inane as much of the dialogue is, with the hapless Norman being alternately mollycoddled and despised by his castmates, Perkins plays it as nervelessly straight as he did the first time around, and there's something a little moving about his quiet dedication. Although he's become skinnily weatherbeaten the ghost of a youthful naif still lingers in his eyes. The others handle nothing parts with competence, but Perkins is exceptional.

It's a pity that the film he graces is so relentlessly dumb. Franklin finds a jolt or two for the murders, and he manages to fill the absurd climax with a faintly disturbing exhilaration, but the tone is ridiculously awry. Because it's never clear how seriously to take it *Psycho II* shuffles its own sweet way—a slasher with a respectable name.

Richard Cook

Depardieu prepares to get a short back and shoulders.

Danton

DIRECTOR: Andrzej Wajda
STARRING: Gerard Depardieu, Wojciech Pszoniak, Patrice Chereau, Roger Planchon
(Artificial Eye)

WAJDA'S FILM is a tone colour for a failed revolution. A piercing look at *Danton* reduces its splendid dress to a state of *deshabillée*, and it's hard to evade the doubt that this is history reluctantly pressed to a modern moral.

The point, inevitable and suspiciously obvious, is that this is Wajda spinning out yet another analogue for his home country: one of the key struggles of the French Revolution, between the flamboyant and raffish Danton and the frosty ascetic Robespierre, set up as a tableau-cum-mirror for contemporary Polish affairs. The director has already assured that we needn't call Jaruzelski and Walesa to mind here, but when he has the Dantonists all played by Frenchmen and the opposing clan by Polish actors an ideological stripe runs down the picture like a rat through a sewer.

As usual, Wajda's ironic passion for his subject translates as a cool precision: if the images speak for themselves they are always scrupulously organised. The film starts with the return of people's hero Danton to a starving Paris of 1794, keeps pace with his whirlwind diplomacy against The Terror and The Committees and follows him to the guillotine, unrepentant and confident of Robespierre's own downfall.

The outer edges of the Revolution are left in shadow. Most of the film takes place indoors, in the draughty halls of The Convention, private rooms of debate and the sawdusted floor of a courthouse. Outside there are unbroken grey skies and rainstorms bursting over a filthy Paris full of food queues and frightened artisans; but the picture chooses to detail the claustrophobia of power politics, Danton and Desmoulins in a tag match with Robespierre and Saint-Just.

Danton isn't as indigestible as some of Wajda's recent films because he appears content to pictorialise rather than animate any dialectic. There is a kind of dowdy magnificence about the costuming and sets: robes and cloaks of hundredweight grandeur stained by the dirt of a rat-riddled city, dank rooms shot in a light that gives them the quality of paintings ruined by years of neglect.

For all this patient observation the film possesses little substance. Somehow it is only a procession from the streets to the executioner's platform: the political argument is confined to Danton's crowd-winning rhetoric. Depardieu enjoys the limelight enormously and opens the heart of a loveable rogue: he is led hoarse to his death.

In a long film, small episodes hang in the mind. A bad-tempered Robespierre being shaved for his morning's work. A feast being thrown to the floor amid virtual famine. A child babbling principles to a man who's betrayed them all. Perhaps the calculated naivety of the film is its intention: it is that simple, that there is no democracy.

Richard Cook

WHY IS THIS MAN NOT LAUGHING?

The Toy

DIRECTOR: Richard Donner
STARRING: Richard Pryor, Jackie Gleason, Wilfred Hyde White (Columbia)

CONSIDER, FOR a moment, the dilemma of Richard Pryor. A moment is all you'll get, because Pryor's erratic dimmerswitch of a career turns in and out of focus too rapidly to stand leisurely analysis.

He is a clown of careless virtuosity. He has the speed of the unsentimental Chaplin, the surreal determination of a Tati, the rubbery marionette body of a Jerry Lewis and Hope's repeatermouth instinct of self-preservation. He's a smart black American. Why isn't he a genius?

The answer is as hard to unscramble as it is easy to count Pryor's gifts. But a viewing of *The Toy*, a dismal piece of Hollywood muesli-mix comedy, only confirms how wastefully Pryor is being used in the movies. Like Sellers' later *Panther* films, everyone seems to want to laugh so hard at Pryor's indiscriminate energy that all the genuine humour in the picture dissolves around a pointless freak figure. *The Toy* is an insult to Pryor's talent.

It might have been charitable to call the plot 'screwball' 40 years ago. Pryor is lumbered at the start with a remaindered stereotype—a fundamental lazy writer who can't get work—and has to walk like a clockwork mouse into a situation where he more or less becomes just that, a living toy to a billionaire's spoiled son in exchange for his mortgage repayments. Novel debt clearance to be sure—and you can wager that Pryor will reform both junior and his goldplate hamburger of a dad (Jackie Gleason in average form) before the last reel's run through.

He does, and the cost is nothing less than most of the laughs in the film. Pryor is made to operate at so many levels of character—whinnying coward, jive-talk improviser and doorstep sage, to name three—that he has no time to make anything personal of his role. Richard *Superman* Donner confuses the tempo so disastrously that the picture coughs from scene to scene. He makes the prime mistake of treating an obvious idiot premise as if it had an undercarriage of sanity, and the stabs at realism, infantile social politics and treacly philosophising collide fatally with Pryor's slapstick.

A recourse to farce that constantly backfires, in fact. I hate quoting from press notes, but listen to this: "Directing Richard Pryor was like playing four-wall handball when you're blindfolded. I never realised the sort of off-the-wal genius that will come out of him."

Where then is the 'genius' in this lacklustre film? Pryor walks into a room where Gleason is casually examining a shotgun. Gleason turns to see who it is. Pryor, his limbs juddering as if

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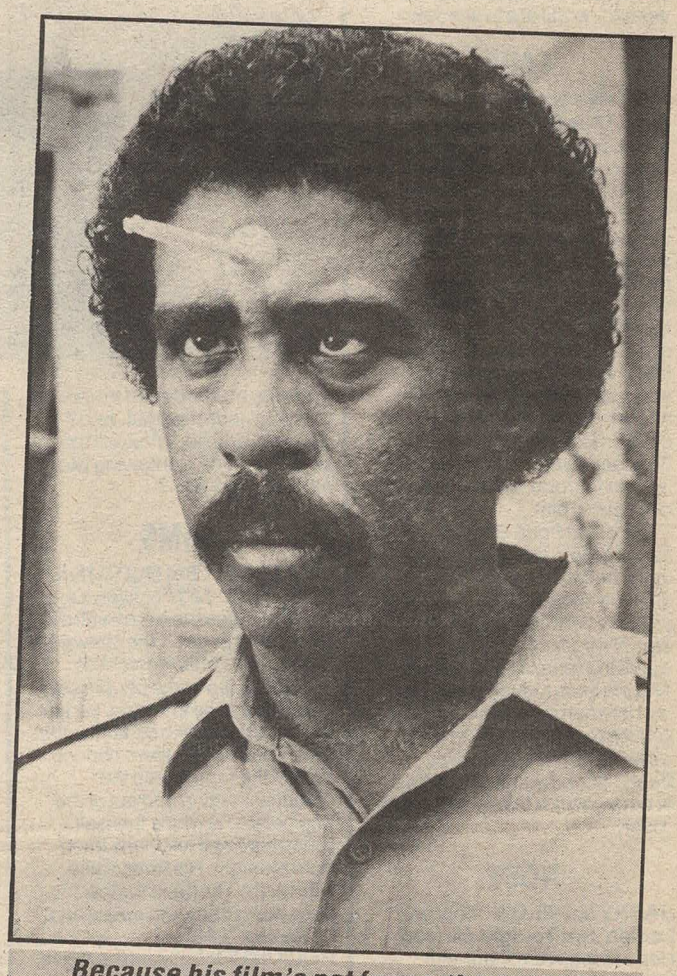


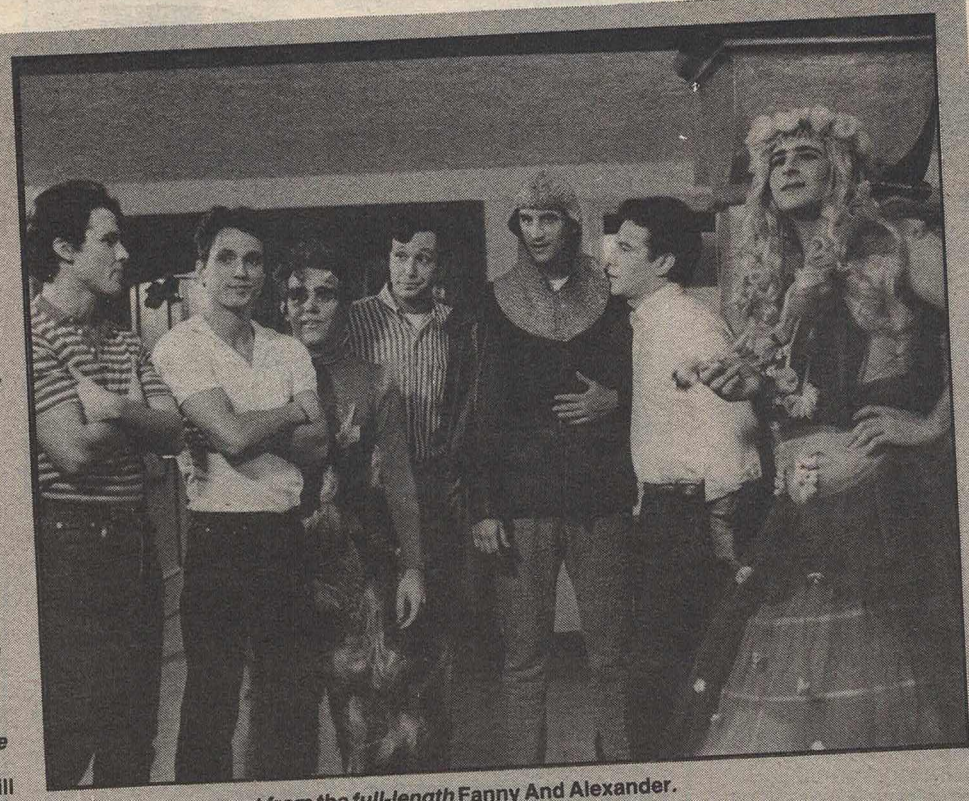
Because his film's not funny, that's why. RICHARD COOK ponders the strange case of Richard Pryor.

DIFFICULT THOUGH it may be to introduce value-judgments into a genre as determinedly dumb as the American High School Comedy, it has to be said that Bob Clark's Porky's 2 – The Next Day is an infinitely superior film to its predecessor in nearly every department. Although, with the additional funds at his disposal (the original Porky's ended up as one of the biggest grossing films of last year, with the accent firmly on gross), it'd be difficult for Clark to make a movie more bereft of both laughter and quality than his previous effort.

Part of the follow-up's success – such as it is – lies in its avoidance of the Loss Of Virginity theme central to the genre, Pee Wee (Dan Monahan) having consummated that particular nebulous plot-fibre at the close of Porky's. Instead, Clark opts for an all-purpose anti-bigot romp centring on a school production of scenes from Shakespeare which the local born-again brigade wants to ban for obscenity (a timely mirror to the absurd deep south Darwinism debate). Though the standard of gags isn't much higher than (several) references to Oberon as King of the Fairies, the general climactic humiliation of corrupt politicians, religious loonies and Ku Klux Klan – the latter shaved bald by a ritual circumcision implement – at least shows the film's heart is in the right place, and aggressively so.

With enough vomit, innuendo and blatant full-frontals to fuel a dozen rugby clubs, Porky's 2 is one of the most valuable additions yet to Oafish Cinema. In 20 years' time, French film critics will be dissecting and re-assessing it as a classic of its kind. Beat 'em to it – pass up that Bergman you were going to see and check this one out, culture lovers! (20th Century Fox)

Andy Gill



One of the scenes cut from the full-length Fanny And Alexander.

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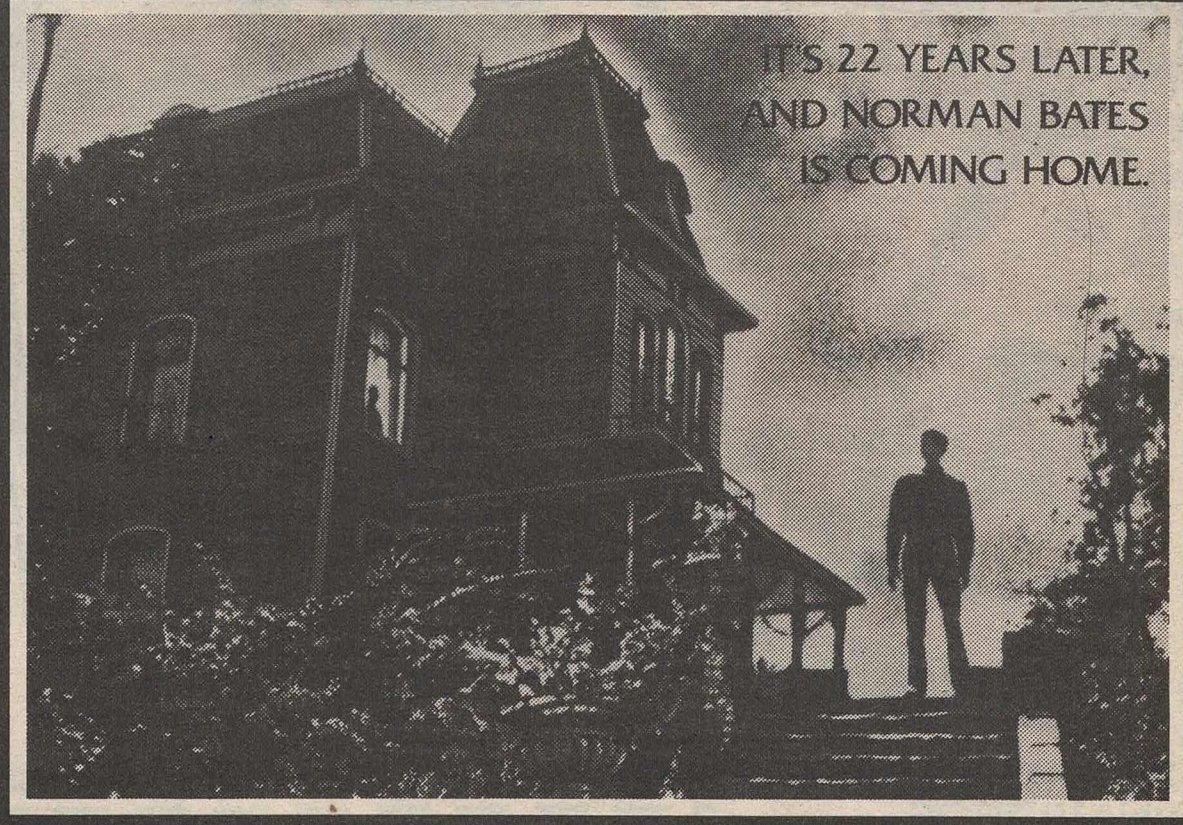
Return Engagement covers eight days during which '60s drug guru Timothy Leary and Watergate wrong-doer Gordon Liddy 'meet again' to parade their notoriety for purposes of mutual financial gain. The same motivates director Alan (*Welcome to LA*) Rudolph, whose career has lagged since he was Robert Altman's protegee.

The title refers to the only previous connection between Liddy and Leary: 16 years ago, Liddy was responsible for busting Mr-Tune-In-Turn-On-Drop-Out. The worst thing about this project – which simply exudes greed – is that any audience it gets may take seriously the claims of these bozos about why they 'mattered'. This is where Rudolph certainly falters; the post-'60s viewer is given no historical info with which to measure what he sees. Bleary Leary is allowed to babble away about videogames as The Future while Liddy pomps on, steamrolling over the marital complaints of his wife.

Neither mentions one experience it's interesting they've shared: morphine. "I took morphine at a US Army hospital," Liddy confessed to London News Editor Duncan Campbell last week in the UK. "My nurse had a face that looked like a tank had rolled over it. But after a few days on morphine, she was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. So I had myself cut off it." "You were having too good a time?" prompted Campbell. "No," replied the starchy chap. "I didn't want to take that risk." The makers of *Return Engagement* obviously feel the same.

Cynthia Rose

ANTHONY PERKINS IN
PSYCHO II 15



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Director of Photography DEAN CUNDEY Executive Producer BERNARD SCHWARTZ Produced By HILTON A. GREEN Directed By RICHARD FRANKLIN A BERNARD SCHWARTZ PRODUCTION
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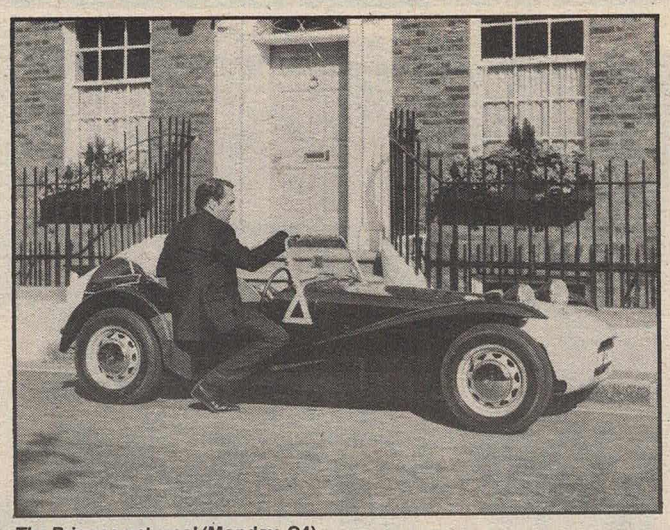
By **ANDY GILL** & **CHRIS BOHN**



***The Prisoner* returns! (Monday, C4)**

THURSDAY SEPT 15

Nothing much to say about **Star Wars (Directed by George Lucas 1977)** except that it's on and you've already seen it and probably grown out of it by now. (ITV 7.30–9.40). Of far more interest on the same channel is the start of a series of **Sweeney** repeats (10.40) followed by 'tec antics of a different tenor in the second part of a **Barney Miller** two-parter (11.40): those summer nights just ain't been the same without the weekly wisecracks of Harris and Dietrich! Best bet on Channel 4 is **The Addams Family** (6.00), in which the wonderfully saturnine Lurch (a role model for the '80s?) becomes a teen idol thanks to his "singing". Sounds reasonable enough to me . . .

. . . certainly more reasonable than Men At Work becoming multi-mega-platinum stars of rocky stage and screen; those who disagree will probably want to watch **Late Night In Concert** (BBC1). Fans of wild and woolly allegory, however, will want to catch the first episode (of five) of **The Old Men At The Zoo** (BBC2), a dramatisation of the Angus Wilson story in which the "National Zoo" survives political manipulation, nuclear war and fascism through the adept boardroom juggling of the old men of the title. Public school, anyone?

FRIDAY SEPT 16

BBC2's Bunuel season continues with **Belle De Jour (1967),** in which a rich bag (Catherine Deneuve) turns to tarting to get her jollies. But enough of this highbrow intellectual criticism – let's get down to the films that really matter, like **The Face Of Fu Manchu (Don Sharp 1965)**, in which the redoubtable Chris Lee mutates into a large shoulder of ham (BBC1), or **On The Beach (Stanley Kramer 1959)**, in which the world does likewise (BBC1).

Abbott And Costello can usually be relied on to provide more laffs per minute than most other half-hour comedies, probably because their humour's not tied to one specific "situation", but to carefully-sculpted character interplay and a high proportion of both gags and sadistic knockabout; their routines are rarely routine (C4, 5.30). Later on on the same channel, there's a few good giggles in **The Public Enemy** (11.45) as James Cagney squashes a grapefruit in Mae Clarke's face – light relief in a film noted mainly for its "cold nihilism" and brutality.

SATURDAY SEPT 17

GAME FOR A LAUGH? Don't come looking for any tonight. BBCsI and 2 and have gone gaga on Disney-level survivalism, first of all pitting **Tender Warrior (Stewart Raffill 1970)** – a young boy and his chimp – against grizzly trappers in an effort to free trapped grizzlies or whatever it is that gets stuck in Georgia swamps (BBC1); and BBC2 treats you to Richard Harris as **Man In The Wilderness (Richard C. Sarafian 1971)**, who comes out of a bearhug feeling bad in 19th century North America.

Meanwhile, John Thaw and Dennis Waterman complete passable imitations of bears with thorns in their craw as gut kicking crime fighters of **Sweeney Two (1978).**

And before leaving sourpusses altogether let's not forget the smuggest of all — Clive James — whose **On Television** sneers at television from around the world without managing to posit itself as a viable alternative. Adam Faith's **Video Video** magazine is equally inept at dealing with its chosen medium (6pm, C4). At least he's a nice guy – if ever that's enough, huh Gary? As in Cooper, who won an oscar nomination for Being Gary Cooper in **Pride Of The Yankees (Sam Wood 1942)**, a bio weepie of a baseball star struck down with multiple sclerosis. (11.05pm C4).

Al Pacino plays the only clean cop in New York in Sidney Lumet's **Serpico (1973)** on BBC1. Tonight's **The Twilight Zone** revival features Ed Wynn and Murray Hamilton in a *Seventh Seal* soundalike episode about a Death figure langing on Earth to claim his victim. (BBC2).

Pink Floyd At Pompeii? Profiles In Rock . . . The Who? Not BBC2 rock night, but something that feels equally as long on LWT.

SUNDAY SEPT 18

A second chance to catch a glimpse of Barney Hoskyns dropping his jaw along with the Barnet housewives before **Barry (Manilow) At Blenheim** (BBC2). Have a copy of **The Story Of The Eye** at hand, accost him and claim you five pounds. Don't blink or else you'll miss him. Flip over to BBC1 for the other week's highlight: **The Big Sleep (Howard Hawks 1946)**, starring Bogart as Marlowe. Before Elliot Gould completely reinvented Chandler's soured knight as a shambling and bemused bum (in Altman's excellent **The Long Goodbye** last week) who is wrested out of the moneyed ennui of contemporary LA when he is forced to play the fall guy once too often, Bogart's detective seemed to be the definitive Chandler interpretation. Now his version can only be viewed as "classic", great but not inviolate and somehow tinged with antiquity, further tainted by the TV audience's thirst for nostalgia. From the West Coast to Greene-land for **The Human Factor (1979 and directed by a very tired Otto Preminger)**, featuring gung-ho Richard Attenborough and Nicol Williamson betraying land and selves, as English gentlemen are wont to do. Noel Coward's mildly salacious salon comedy **Design For Living** is relocated by a cracking Ben Hecht script in a film directed by Ernst Lubitsch and starring Gary Cooper and Frederic March sharing the love of Miriam Hopkins (10.20 pm on C4). Earlier, C4 caters for minority sports fans with **Gaelic Football – The All Ireland Final** (3pm) and **American Football** (6.15 pm). This week has Chris Dean's ideologically vigorous **Redskins** undermining Spencer's New England **Patriots**, with new English patriots such as Temple, MacInnes (deceased) and Weller on the bench. We usurp American football, the Americans usurp WW2 – **The Winds of War** blow on and on and on whenever Robert Mitchum's not in the picture (7.45 pm on LWT).

MONDAY SEPT 19

Botany or lobotomy – the choice is yours. **Bellamy's New World** highlights the bog pools of the Queen Charlotte Islands on BBC1, while on BBC2 **Riverside** – the toilet of last season's youth programming – looks like it might be continuing improvements with tonight's line-up of Numan in the air, Tom Robinson, King Kurt and Eric Bogosian on the air and **Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence** on the screen. **Here's Lucy** of the cold flush or pretty blush – in an episode entitled . . . *And The Gold Rush* is C4's early evening rejoinder (6pm), later followed by **Australian Rules Football** (8pm) – going by the other week's exploratory look – featuring as many pricks as kicks. Never seen **The Prisoner** (10pm C4) so Richard Cook writes: "How will a full scale repeat of this most revered and over analysed of television legends hold up in the '80s?" Dunno, Richard, but pray continue: "Eminently repeatable if only to watch Patrick McGoohan's amazing revision of his *Danger Man* persona. Less certain is how the post-Cold War flavourings of surveillance and psychological manipulation will hold up. What's it all about? Who knows?" Who cares? Well, you certainly sold me that one, Richard, might even peer over my copy of Kafka and take a peek. Certainly sounds better than the highly unpromising *Hollywood Superstars* season beginning on BBC1 with Burt Reynolds and David Niven in a diamond caper **Rough Cut (Don Siegel 1980** – must've been half cut to accept this one). Jerry Lewis goes gimpy in **The Nutty Professor** (BBC1).

TUESDAY SEPT 20

The 50s: The Americans got the Beats and we got The Angry Young Men. The Beat vision was cheap rosé, the AUM's was solid redbrick; sullen sonsa-middle class bitches educated enough to know what a raw deal they were getting. Kingsley Amis was angry for at least five minutes, his biliousness seemed to last right up until he sold the film rights to his first novel **Lucky Jim** to the Boulting Brothers, who converted his mild jab at the university life that spawned him into a less spiteful farce filled with British character actors, like Ian Carmichael, Terry Thomas, Hugh Griffith and Kenneth Griffith. Made in 1957 it is shown on C4 at 9 pm. **Loose Talk**, (g)hosted by Steve Taylor, completes a thoroughly dispiriting evening of urbane, yet unsophisticated British entertainment on C4 with what'll probably turn out to be a wasted interview with future Christ figure Jonathan Pryce and music from the defiantly hopeless Paul Young. (10.50 pm). Some mystery over on BBC2: what on earth is Fernando Rey doing getting involved in the silly intrigue of Mats Arehn's 1977 thriller **The Assignment,** set in one of those mythical Latin American states (war torn, of course)? The expanded version of Frankie Howard's **Up Pompeii (Bob Kellett 1971)** figures on BBC1. **Taxi** (also BBC1) showed danger signs of turning maudlin cute on itself in the first episode of its return, but I believe we can trust Louie to curdle the custard in his new role as stockbroker in this, the second of two parts. Russell Harty, the gormless girl's Steve Taylor, transfers to BBC1 and scores a possible exclusive with a John Travolta interview. The subject of discussion is Travolta's new movie **Stayin' Alive.**

***Public Enemy* (Friday, C4)**

WEDNESDAY SEPT 21

Harty on BBC1 again, this time with Peter Cook reviving his dirty mac and EL Wisty persona on a regular basis, while James Garner guest chats and Paul Young continues to hack his name into the annals of soul. We Germanophiles will doubtless be tuned into **James Last in Berlin**, while C4 features **Ailey Celebrates Ellington** (9 pm) in which the Duke's finest tunes are forced to serve modern dance. Later **Visions: Cinema** looks at Europe's fastest growing empire, the Gaumont (10 pm) and finishes on a strong note and the pungent smell of **Murder In A Mist**, a superbly executed parody short of hardboiled detective fiction, featuring Joyce Hazzard as smart dickless' tec Meg Hammer (10.50 pm).

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RICHARD PRYOR

FROM PAGE 20

this routine before?

Or try this. Donner films Pryor cycling to work. With a cartoonish zeal the actor causes half a dozen pile-ups or accidents *en route* while remaining oblivious to all of them. It's almost unpleasant to think of the sniggering direction of this sort of comedy, which goes back to the eyeball-roll stupidity of Amos'n' Andy.

There is no comic genius, improvised or otherwise, at work in this film. As a comic actor Richard Pryor is squeezed callously into the skin of *The Toy* – as he was in *Stir Crazy* and *Bustin' Loose*. Perhaps Hollywood smelt danger when they saw his first, tremendous *In Concert* movie, because ever since it has canned him like so much cheap, rehearsed laughter (and if John Landis' feeble *Trading Places* is anyhing to go by, it may do the same to Eddie Murphy). Even his turn in *Superman III* patronises his gifts – conventional amusements.

The only solution may be to let Pryor direct himself, although it may already be too late. Perhaps he doesn't care: as soft as he's become, his name is bigger than ever before.

Richard Cook

PRINT

ABSOLUTE McINNES

COLIN McINNES was virtually the only writer who documented the twilight areas of 1950s Britain; teenagers, immigrants, bohemians and prostitution

PAOLO HEWITT reviews a new biography of the man.

INSIDE OUTSIDER: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF COLIN MacINNES
by Tony Gould (Chatto & Windus, £12.95 • hardback)

IT'S AN apt phrase for him, 'inside outsider', and appropriate that he should pen it himself for Colin MacInnes was a man of contradictions. Here was an anarchist who believed that anarchy could never succeed because of the movement's mistaken belief in the 'innate goodness of man'; an author who would write long encouraging letters to first time novelists and on meeting them, act brusquely and belligerently; a person who saw his father walk out on him in his early years and yet in his twenties seek him out in Canada, despite the fact that as his life progressed he deliberately tore himself away from all family links. And a man who at the age of 45 had published *Absolute Beginners*, the most astute novel yet about teenage years. As the nameless hero of *Beginners* might remark, "a cool sordid indeed!"

Born at the start of the first world war, Colin MacInnes' background was a mess. His father, a 'professional' singer, was a drunkard and a womaniser who boasted, between the arguments, to his wife of seducing/raping the chambermaid. Exit father; Colin was three years old.

His mother was a cold, emotionless Victorian woman who left Colin and his brother Graham to the charge of a nanny and, as was the wont of a person clinging to the last vestiges of Victorian culture, exhibited Colin like "a trophy".

Colin himself remembered being ushered into the family drawing room to announce the signing of the armistice. "Tremuously, my four-year-old lips uttered the words I had been taught outside. "Austria-Hungary has surrendered", I said to the assembly, half afraid I'd got it wrong, with no notion of my meaning, yet hopeful the adults, in their mysterious way, would applaud my borrowed infant sagacity. This they did: they beamed, they cooed, huge scented furs suffocatingly embraced me, and I was given some milk in a saucer (all the tea-cups being in use) like a cherished cat."

On remarrying, the family moved to Australia, where Colin spent a happy childhood. Gould's extremely well researched book has all kinds of family anecdotes but none more pertinent than MacInnes' own description of his seduction by an aborigine boy.

"He stood proudly before me in the rising moonlight, flashed his teeth grinning, then advanced, pulled me to my feet, and led me to the water. Then he anointed me fondly with the slime, told me to lie down, and traced similar patterns on both sides of my body. While he did this, he examined me minutely, his hands wandering promiscuously, familiarly, but without violation. As I lay next to this boy-man by the river, I felt an exhaltation – he was promising me that the strength he possessed would soon be mine as well. I reached up and kissed his muddy face, but he laughed, rose briskly to his feet, dived in the stream and disappeared towards the further shore."

It's no coincidence that when MacInnes should write about encounters with women, his writing lacked the sensitivity and awe of the above passage. By the time he had settled in Soho, after a brief career as a businessman, an art student, and an army boy, he was, in Tony Gould's words, growing to "resemble his father in both his alcoholism and his homosexuality."

MacInnes was attracted, heavily, by the wave of black immigrants who had begun to settle in London, both sexually and politically. He bedded mainly black boys and when the first Notting Hill Gate riots occurred in 1958 he was a founder member of the short lived Stars For The Campaign Of Interracial Friendship (which also included jazz critic Max Jones).

Indeed, his first London novel, *City Of Spades* is set around the adventures of a young black boy, Johnny Fortune, who arrives in London. Although biographer Tony Gould considers it MacInnes's finest novel, the accusations levelled at MacInnes that he was patronising towards the black population certainly gain substance here. His hero Johnny Fortune is too contrived to be believable whilst the rest of the black characters all conform neatly to stereotypes. One acquaintance recalls MacInnes walking round Soho, stopping black male lovers and remarking, "Hasn't he got wonderful eyes!"

In his defence we should note that MacInnes was one of the first white authors to write with sympathy and knowledge about the newly arrived immigrants. He was also one of the first to keenly note the difference between Africans and West Indians and itinerant black American GIs, whilst those around him preferred the blanket usage of 'blacks' to describe *anyone* with dark skin.

What drew MacInnes towards the black population was the "disruption they brought to our cautious lives". As an anarchist sympathiser, it was exactly this spirit that MacInnes sought to capture in *City Of Spades*, but his technique leaves a lot to be desired; his hero achieves more in the first few pages than most characters achieve in a whole book's lifetime.

WITH *Absolute Beginners*, his second London novel, (there were two books previous to these London books, one of which bombed disastrously because of its minor homosexual theme), MacInnes, through his teenage hero, captures perfectly that youthful elusive spirit of disorder. As Gould notes, he was the first to understand that the Teenager was the creation of the newly imported rock'n'roll; that from this source all youth's accessories, clothes, attitudes and lifestyle sprang.

At a time when everyone else was up in arms about the music and its young followers, his pungent, clear observations about rock'n'roll and its effect make MacInnes a brilliant observer of his time. Before it had even got properly underway, MacInnes was already noting the crushing wheels of finance moving in, and at the outset of *Beginners* we find our hero in conversation with his close friend The Wizard bitterly remarking on the cash-in by both the 'absolute beginners' and the 'sordid' capitalists on youth music.

"'They buy us younger every year,' I cried. 'Why, Little Mr L.'s voice hasn't even dropped yet, so who will those tax payers try to kidnap next?'" In MacInnes' world, the Teenager is a breed apart, contemptuous of 'squares' and 'sordids', a rule unto himself and more than ripe for exploitation. Instead of masquerading this new breed as a passing fad, MacInnes realised that the Teenager was here to stay. Subsequently, he took the subject seriously, going on to remark in an essay that when British performers stopped cloning their American counterparts and actually sang in their own accent, then we would hear, "for the first time since the decline of the music halls, songs that tell us of our own world."

It's astonishing that a man of 45 should so instinctively grasp the essence (birth of the cool for Brits, no less!) and corruption of the teenage scene. But what sets *Absolute Beginners* apart – and what remains the only disappointment of Gould's otherwise excellent biography – is MacInnes' literary style here, which Gould tends to ignore.

It's a style that initially springs from Joyce and his stream of consciousness technique, popularised by the American writer Damon Runyon. Set in the first person, the main character will start off with one idea and then, like human thought, cover all kinds of disparate subjects before returning to his initial idea and conclusion. Because of the authenticity of *Beginners*' hero, the technique works brilliantly as MacInnes delves into the teenage mind and conveys numerous morals, explanations and philosophies through the hip language MacInnes [illegible]

Words such as 'sordids', 'dig', 'cat', 'young saps', and [illegible] boys' all derive either from MacInnes himself or the jazz clubs he frequented throughout his stay in Soho. MacInnes picked up on this vocabulary and created his own mark with it, hip enough to know what to do with it too. Like playwright Joe Orton, MacInnes rightly rejected society's morals, and it was this life alienated from security (MacInnes moved like a nomad and kept few possessions) that allowed him to infiltrate the teenagers' space so successfully. MacInnes understood the strengths of youth (he also detected the "crypto-fascist element" in Teddy Boys), the joy and exhiliration of it, because he had nothing to lose by plugging into it; as a gay alcoholic it might well have been his only chance

His third London novel, *Mr. Love And Justice* is a solid follow up, a well constructed parable on the relationship between ponce and copper. But he was never to match *Absolute Beginners*, probably because he had defined and analysed (the one fault of *Beginners*; youth is far too busy being youth to even *contemplate* thinking about itself consciously) the Teenager so perfectly.

Not that MacInnes was any shining light himself. By all accounts he was a scrounger, perpetually living off advances he'd wangled out of publishers for books that were never produced. He moved in on friends, caused havoc in their houses, drunk them dry and then left them before they could retaliate. He was thrown off a lecture tour of South Africa for his increasing obnoxiousness, he cast aside his family and upset a lot of genuine friends by his rude behaviour.

Alternatively, friends recall him as generous to those in need. Tony Gould brings all this out in his biography, unflinchingly portraying MacInnes as he was and not as we would like him to be. This is good. The fashion of late to excuse mediocre rubbish because the person in question is 'a good bloke' is both dishonest and tiresome.

Colin MacInnes was not 'a good bloke' but in his writing displayed a spirit and an insight that only true 'outsiders', nonchalant towards authority's dictates, can achieve. In my ideal of a Popular Culture, writers such as MacInnes would be afforded the same respect that today's pop charlatans so ungratefully and luckily receive.

I should be so lucky, but if further proof is needed, check this bit of wizardry from the cool that is *Absolute Beginners*:

"As for the boys and girls, the dear young absolute beginners, I sometimes feel that if only they *knew* this fact this very simple fact, namely how powerful they really are, then they could rise up overnight and enslave the old tax-payers, the whole damn lot of them – toupees and falsies and rejuvenators and all – even though they number millions and sit in the seats of strength. And I guess it was the fact that only little Wizard realised this, and not all the other two million teenagers they say exist throughout our country, that makes him so sour, like a general with lazy troops he can't lead into battle."

Dig? Butterflies.

McInnes (above) in 1948, in his mid thirties. He didn't establish his reputation for another ten years, when he offered rare insights into the new teenage world. Right: Tommy Steele wows a crowd of 1957 capuccino kids in a downtown coffee bar.

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BARNEY HOSKY
the biggest star on t

Illustration by CH

I'VE BEEN feeling strange about Michael Jackson since I was 11 years old. I remember lying in bed with a tranny the size of a large matchbox pressed to my ear, entranced and slightly embarrassed by the choirboy purity of 'I'll Be There'. I remember thinking, gosh, he's only six months older than me; I wonder what he'd be like if he came over, you know, watched TV and played football. Now I can guess.

I loved the Jackson Five records but I never teenybopped to them. I was too busy watching Michael jump around the stage while Jackie and Tito loomed over him like giants, their Afros apparently growing bigger by the minute. The cover version of Sly's 'Stand' said it all: "*there's a midget standing tall, and the giant beside him about to fall.*" I was green with envy.

It was when I bought 'I Want You Back' that the Motown sound first knocked me sideways. Like John Lennon when he first heard the booming organ lead-in to 'Stop! In The Name Of Love', I couldn't believe how loud it was. From the piano cascade into the crashing cymbal and guitar, through the bass tearing the bottom out of my speakers, I was literally thrown back from the turntable. Berry Gordy could call it soul-bubblegum for all I cared, I hadn't heard such *crazed* music in my life. In the treble register it was anarchy – frantic strings, rippling guitars, hi-hats, tambourines – but through it came this tiny tantrum, a kindergarten whirlwind, belting and swaggering out of swaddling clothes. It had all the power and determination of a miniature James Brown.

And it was all I neeeeeed (ed).

Thirteen years on and *still* I wanna be startin' something. Michael Jackson is singing "*you're a vegetable*", only it sounds like "*nashty boy*" or "*nashty girl*".

He's charging these words with the bitterest twists, bending and dragging them, winding vowels round his throat, spitting syllables like darts of poison. The drum machine's programmed for eternity; like a piston, it goes on hissing and revolving, turning and driving, too high to get over, too low to get under. You're carried, you can't escape, you're ripped by the voice's current. And it won't stop till you've got enough.

How does Michael cut so deep? Why does he do me that way?

SOMETIMES I WONDER how great Michael Jackson really is, and how much of his "magic" derives purely from the spell of fame. He is, after all, the biggest star on earth. There's no-one who can command his fee, precious few who can pay it. The promoters of this year's US festival offered over $1 million. The response was simple: "You're not even close."

His fame fascinates because it is total. Seemingly withdrawn from it, in fact it cocoons him. Like Howard Hughes, he doesn't have a public relationship with fame but abstractly embodies it. So when he starts saying things that sound completely mad, like "if I could, I would sleep onstage", he is simply stating a logical implication.

When one says that Michael lives in fantasy, one is not just referring to the fact that he thought ET was a real living creature, or that his favourite movie is *Captains Courageous* (would you believe one of its characters is a fisherman called *Disko Troop*?), or that he confides more in his pet llama and his mannequin collection than he does in his own family. One is saying that up on the stage, deep in the dark womb of the studio, Michael's voice is a vehicle of fantasy, an instrument ceaselessly running circles round itself, tripping itself up, playing make-believe.

He can take the human voice as far out as Diamanda Galas. On the 'Jacksons Live' album, there's an extraordinary half-minute between 'I'll Be There' and 'Rock With You' which perhaps conveys more of Michael Jackson than anything he's ever done. Breaking free of accompaniment with the playful virtuosity of a saxophonist, he winds up 'I'll Be There' with a series of piercingly sustained shrieks, cutting up each cry with a tiny ripple of chuckles. The audience goes predictably ape: reflex gratification. But for Michael, every breath, every laugh, every "hick!" is a link, a phrase, a segment of the flow. So engrossed is he by himself that his own responses to his voice are incorporated into the performance. "*BE THEYAAARE! HICK! CAN YER FEEEEL EEEEAAART! YIP!*" Going up two octaves: "*HEEEAH HEE HEE HEE! HEEEAH HEE HEE!*" Down again. "*AH DEE DADA DADA DADA DUNKA DUNKA DEE DADA DUNKA . . . I THINK I WANNA ROCK!*"

It's a voice which starts into every split spare second, stretching like rubber, filling cracks like water. It's not warm or sensual or "black" but sharp, a squeezing of the throat's aperture, a voice of pure technique. Detaching itself, it gets lost in free flight. Its narcissism is almost not human.

For two months, while preparing in Los Angeles for an interview that never happened, I couldn't hear this voice without feeling that it was all there was to know about Michael Jackson, that in it he released everything which is otherwise denied him, all that must stay quiet. At a point of masturbatory orgasm, it can all but shut out the world. To try to engage it in conversation seemed absurd, dangerous.

THERE WAS A time when I wrote The Jacksons off. As for Michael, I felt sure that this puckish dynamo, part Frankie Lymon, part James Brown (with something, too, of former 12-year old genius little Stevie), would, like all child stars, crack, go mad or end, like Frankie himself, a penniless drug addict. Isn't that how all pop's fairy tales conclude?

But no, Michael fasted, stretched into an unnaturally elongated superfreak, a balletic stick insect, looked into the business, and when The Jacksons left Motown for Columbia in 1975, was lined up to star in a CBS biopic called – you guessed it – *The Life Of Frankie Lymon*.

In all fairness, before 1978 there was little evidence of any production or songwriting talent. Trapped at Tamla for six years, where the hacks of the self-styled "Corporation" became ever more predictable in their selection and treatment of the group's material, they left Gordy's fold in a blaze of controversy, stripped of their name, only to be cossetted for a further two non-albums by the hacks of Gamble and Huff in Philadelphia. Yet one song on 'The Jacksons' (1976) bore a second listen. Tucked away at the end of side one, 'Blues Away' had a pleasant shape and substance that the rest of the record lacked hopelessly. The credit said Michael Jackson.

After 'Goin' Places' (1977), The Jacksons looked beat. The doo-woppy strains of 'Heaven Knows I Love You, Girl' were quite unsuited to them. Motown had tried them on The Delfonics' 'Ready Or Not (Here I Come)' back in 1970, but as Nelson George dryly remarked, "no-one ever accused them of being a great close harmony group". From 'I Want You Back' through 'Mama's Pearl' to 'Doctor My Eyes', the Five have always been at their best with bubblegum. Popcorn love, you dig? (New Edition certainly do.) Philly just wasn't their style. As for the orchestral disco funk of 'Enjoy Yourself', 'Keep On Dancing', et al. – a muted continuation from their last Motown album, 'Movin' Violation' – I'd say they were lucky to get hits from this period at all.

When the proof of talent finally came, you wondered why they'd bothered with anyone else, particularly producers as stylistically bankrupt as Gamble and Huff. 'Destiny' (1978) wasn't a great album but it had a sprinkling of great moments which one can re-view now as sketches towards the superb 'Triumph' (1980). The ballads, for example, anticipate 'Girlfriend' and 'Time Waits For No One'. 'Things I Do For You' points crudely to 'Get On The Floor' and 'Everybody'. Singles-wise, 'Blame It On The Boogie' was flatulent pulp but 'Shake Your Body' prefigured everything that would so gloriously burst open in 'Lovely One', 'Don't Stop', and 'Walk Right Now'. Its Wonderous flavour is due to the presence of ex-Wonderlovers Nathan Watts (bass), Mike 'Maniac' Sembello (guitar), and Greg Phillinganes (keyboards), who has featured on Jackson output right up to 'Thriller'. These guys do so much more than the half-asleep MFSB of the Philly albums.

On 'Destiny', best is saved for last: 'That's What You Get (For Being Polite)' was the first evidence that The Jacksons – in this case Michael and the (I suspect) very talented Randy – could write a great soul

ael

oy who would fly

NS assesses the life and works of MICHAEL JACKSON, he planet.

RIS CHAISTY.

toon. Moreover, it seemed uncannily close to a self-portrait of Michael. The song is about a character called Jack (the 'son' castrated?):

Jack still sits alone
He lives in the world that is his own
He's lost in thoughts of who to be
I wish to God that he would see
Just love, give him love . . .

The song ends: "*Don't you know he often cries about you, he cries about me, he cries about you, about me, about you . . . don't you know he's scared? Don't you know don't you know don't you know . . .?*"

That's what you get for being Michael Jackson.

IN THE WIZ (1978), Michael played the scarecrow who is looking for a brain, an irony not worth labouring here. The film's musical director was none other than Quincy Jones, and a single from the soundtrack, the inoffensive 'You Can't Win', was Michael's first solo release since leaving Motown.

Obviously more important was the resulting partnership on 'Off The Wall', a record whose landmark stature need hardly be mentioned. By now it must have been purchased by every pop fan on earth and even as I write is probably being secretly exported to other galaxies. Of course, as an album it's not great, but if the first time you heard 'Don't Stop ('Til You Get Enough)' doesn't rate as almost the greatest moment of your life, you're obviously some kind of vegetable.

'Off The Wall' is an oddly mixed bag – Carole Bayer-Sager here, Earth, Wind, & Fire there – yet it's possible to see it both as culmination (in Gavin Martin's words "the final summation of the great disco party") and as the inauguration of a new, softer funk for the '80s. Like EWF's 'Boogie Wonderland', 'Don't Stop' takes "disco" into the outer cosmos, while the sublime Rod Temperton songs – 'Rock With You', 'Off The Wall' – look forward to the less frenzied black pop of today. Nothing has topped them. Born out of Heatwave (Temperton-written) and The Brothers Johnson (Jones-produced), the initial trio of singles took the world completely by storm. Nobody had heard such draped, sweeping choruses before, nor been pummelled by brass like Jerry Hey's Seawind Horns; never had a pop voice stretched so far. 'Off The Wall' contains the most intricately timed, fully textured, glossily sensual dance music ever made. It's still a giant thrill.

IF PEOPLE HADN'T been so busy awaiting 'Off The Wall''s successor, the next Jacksons album, 'Triumph' (1980), might be more often lauded as the magnificent record it is. Rivalled in the exalted sphere of Superdisco by only Earth Wind & Fire's 'I Am' – by which it is more than a little influenced – 'Triumph' is genius almost from start to finish: *almost* because as it happens its only weak points are the pompous opener 'Can You Feel It' and the closing so-so, Jermaine-ish 'Wondering Who'. Everything else either melts or stings. The scope of the production, the authority of the arrangements, the sheer *strength* of sound, all are dazzling.

Above all, it's the supposed "fillers" which really consolidate it as a complete album. 'Your Ways' and 'Give It Up' show how effortlessly The Jacksons can do their own EWF, their own Isleys, even their own Temperton. Of course Michael learnt a great deal from Quincy, but here he goes one step beyond. While nothing matches 'Don't Stop' or 'Rock With You' (what could?), 'Triumph' is finally, simply, a better record than 'Off The Wall'.

Check Out This Feeling! 'Everybody' is a dramatic reconstruction of 'Get On The Floor', 'Lovely One' is a radically exciting dance cut, while Randy's and Jackie's 'Time Waits For No One' is possibly the most affecting ballad Michael's ever been given. Finally, 'Billie Jean' Mark One 'Heartbreak Hotel' takes Maurice White on at his own game and knocks him out of the ring. Michael's no Philip Bailey, but Bailey couldn't *reach* this pain.

WHICH FINALLY brings us round to 'Thriller'. May I ask what all the fuss was about? If Tavares release a duff platter, do people suddenly start preaching about "blandness", "complacency", and all the other cardinal Californian sins? Gimme a break.

Besides, is 'Thriller' a bad record? Hardly. I'll grant you that 'Wanna Be Startin'' was a tame successor to 'Don't Stop' and yeah, 'Baby Be Mine' wasn't such a hot 'Rock With You'. Oh alright, 'Beat It' stank, it was stupid and clumsy and every time the drums came on the radio I prayed it was 'Let It Whip'. But heavens, 'Off The Wall' had 'Get On The Floor' and 'Falling In Love', and to be honest I never reckoned too much on 'Working Day And Night', so what did you expect, perfection?

What did we get? First, anything that brings Eddie Van Halen and 'Soul Makossa' under one roof is in my book pretty cool. More seriously, 'Billie Jean' was great. I know you all heard it at least 3,482 times, but really, that hissing electro hi-hat, that *beat*, the bass, Jerry Hey's mad string arrangement . . . I mean, do we have a fantasmatically supreme record here or do we have a fantasmatically supreme record? *Alright!*

Beyond that? Well, there's my own fave, the beautiful Toto creation 'Human Nature' – and anyone who knocks Toto in my prescence may politely F. off; I suggest they examine 'Crush On You' or 'I'd Rather Be Gone' from Finis Henderson's album for corroboration of Toto's discrete brilliance. Apropos of which, the group is co-producing the next Jacksons album, due in the spring. (One of the songs is apparently called 'The Hurt'.) I'm also quite partial to 'P.Y.T.' due to its extravagantly thick moog bass. This leaves the only disappointment, which is Rod Temperton, who signally fails to deliver a killer. Even the title cut, despite its 'Boogie Nights' riff and blazing brass, is as hacked out as 'Turn On The Action' on Quincy's 'The Dude'.

This is not, however, enough to stop 'Thriller' standing up as one of the strongest albums of the last ten months.

SOME PEOPLE SEEM to think that because he's not big, butch, and badass, Michael Jackson is some kind of saint, a child lost in time. Perhaps it's true. Certainly his peculiar appeal has something to do with his raceless and asexual physique. The epicene translucence of his face is almost otherworldly. It reminds me of only one other black artist, the young Miles Davis.

Michael goes so far as to compare himself to a haemophiliac, betraying an instant paradox; for if he is a haemophiliac, he's one who only feels safe surrounded by sharp edges. In other words, he feels strange around people but not in front of crowds. As Vince Aletti put it, he has "a compulsion to entertain". It is only before crowds that he can "lose himself", touch that innocence where magic reigns.

Sometimes the articulacy of this shy, paranoid, toungue-tied idol is positively unnerving. He hates to describe himself as an actor because "it should be more than that. It should be more like a believer . . . Sometimes you get to a note, and that note will touch the whole audience. What they're throwing out at you, you're grabbing. You hold it, you touch it, and you whip it back – it's like a Frisbee."

Michael is alone amongst superstars in consistently hinting at misery – at the absence inside. How can he live in himself when he is everywhere outside, when at the age of 12 he was watching *cartoons* of himself on TV? The world is plastered with him, he is a thousand billboards. And the tragic truth seems ancient, that only onstage can he get back inside.

All this is rather wonderfully illuminated by the German author Kleist in his 1810 essay *On The Marionette Theatre*. In the essay, a dancer has become fascinated by marionettes, or puppets. He believes that because they are not conscious, and are thus free of affectation, they are more graceful than we are – they have "a more natural arrangement of the centres of gravity". Scorning the vanity of modern dancers, whose souls often appear to reside on their elbows, he says:

"Misconceptions like this are unavoidable, now that we've eaten of the Tree of Knowledge. But Paradise is locked and bolted, and the cherubim stands behind us. We have

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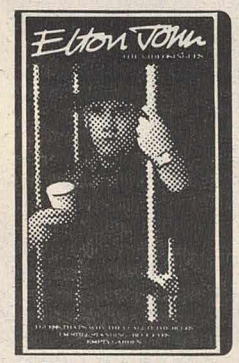

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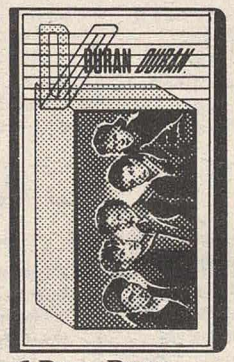

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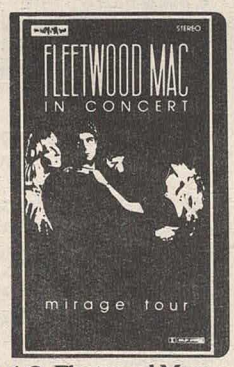

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LPs

LONG PLAYERS

NUMAN—OLD HAT...

GARY NUMAN

Warriors (*Beggars Banquet*)

ON EARTH man wears himself out with intellectual adventures as though seeking to take wing and fly to infinity. Gary Numan simply took a short cut and taught himself to fly.

His choice of action above earthbound intellectual pursuits shouldn't be sneered at: who knows what spirit has driven him skywards, what thirst was so overpowering as to overcome any initial queasy fears and help him persevere throughi a series of mishaps and near misses that would've permanently grounded more timid mortals?

Perhaps only after *kissing goodbye to the earth and the everyday* can Gary Numan experience genuine conjunction of physical adventure and soaring intellect. That he has chosen music to subsidise his flying is OK with me, but not until he finds a way of infusing his art with the force of character that inspires his other endeavours will he make a record that fully justifies the complexities of his assumed warrior status.

Being one of the few real doers in pop, he doesn't need to sink to the dull attitudinising of the likes of Spandau Ballet, Wham! et al. Why dress up in *Mad Max* drag, when lurking somewhere in his soul is a more indigenous and better suited myth? As the Road Warrior he isn't anywhere near so interesting as his earliest incarnation as paranoid worrier.

Nor as a warrior does Numan make a great pillager. Nevertheless he has always been a seasoned scavenger, here picking through pop's entrails, no to predict a gloomy future like some superstitious soothsayer, but to scratch out the lumpy leftover bits of the past three years: '81 funk guitar (courtesy Bill Nelson), '82 fretless bass Japan style, '83 female vocal foil filched from Boy George or Heaven 17. (Not forgetting the '84 he himself dwelled in as Tubeway Army.) The unifying figures are synths and Dick Morrisey's sax, which furnish him with an unbecoming musicianly gloss.

Still, one shouldn't deny that 'Warriors' is the most negatively attractive electronic pop muzak since Eno's influential 'Another Green World'. It disappoints only because Numan's will to action suggests he is capable of something far more than remaining motionless behind his keyboards. Surely all those felt experiences from flying must burst through into his art soon.

So long as he keeps on flying we can keep on listening in hope.

Chris Bohn

RAGING BULLSHIT

JOBOXERS

Like Gangbusters *(RCA)*

WHEN TIMES get tough, growing up gets tougher, *literally*, and eternal irresponsible childhood starts to look positively tempting.

The tearaway who is still tucked in by his mother is becoming a commonplace: pop stars have started living at home until they marry, an amazing phenomenon – Wham! in their 20s, must face parental wrath if they stay out beyond the end of *Blue Peter*, The Stray Cats are still bunking off from double maths ("mature student" is putting it kindly) and now there's a group of professional musicians who will only be photographed if they are done up in full Dead End Kid drag, roles which they surely outgrew half a decade ago.

Of course everyone loves dressing up for the video that will follow the single as sure as night follows day (O Mighty *TOTP*! O Mighty *MTV*!), but that's not all of it . . . pop singers are dressing up as sailors and spivs, pirates and peddlers, in the same way that they are clinging to the familial roost and pretending to be gangs – encouraged by the hard times outside and the video boom within, pop singers today tend to be big posturing babies bent on playing their own individual games of let's pretend until someone gets bored and takes their ball home in a royal sulk – the rate of quickfire crack-ups by bands is another good reflector of this new infantile state.

The music business has never looked so much like a playpen.

The JoBoxers have been bitten by the Brat Bug in a big way, but there is definitely hope for them. You won't find many records on which excruciating garbage lays down with breathtaking talent so regularly and so blatantly, or which can make you feel embarrassed and impressed within the space of a minute.

What they *have* is Mr Dig Wayne's voice, almost impossibly insouciantly rich, and the knack of writing the skeletons of potentially totally unforgettable tunes. What they'd be better off not having is their silly image, and the melodramatic, Mickey Mouse lyrics they are forced into writing by this stilted stance. At the moment one gets the impression that their cosh-boy worldview has an appeal limited to passive homosexuals who dream of being manhandled and inarticulate 13-year-old boys whose ambition is to one day say BOO! to a goose.

"A bunch of hairdressers who haven't got over *Raging Bull* yet," I said when I first saw them – they're not, but you really could be forgiven for thinking that on appearances alone.

Both 'Boxerbeat'—20th century Slade—and 'Just Got Lucky'—wildly attractive, about as Northern soul, which is to say as GREAT, as non-Northern-soul gets—are here as well as the current single, the turkey 'Johnny Friendly'. Trouble comes when the JoBoxers try to get above or below themselves. First off, the most unsexy thing in the world is a song with SEX in the title ('From Russia With Sex'—'I Feel Sex'—'Sex Is The Drug'—loses something in the translation, doesn't it?) Those who do not learn from history ('Sexy And 17' and porcine Paul Young's ridiculous monstrosity on the subject) are doomed to repeat it.

Thus 'She's Got Sex' is as absurd as a Tom Jones dance step, though 'Fully Booked', their other Sex song, is even worse – Aug Darn's kid brother lying through his teeth. The other time that the JoBoxers fall on their carefully dirtied-down faces is when they slip into the role of psychoanalyst – they have an unfortunate tendency to write little character studies like the aforementioned turkey 'Johnny Friendly' and 'Curious George', another long-necked gobbling fowl for all its enigmatic urgency.

For all the JoBoxers rough rhinestone shtick, in between the swinging singles and turkey album stuffers, the Dead End careerists drop their guard and lead with tunes that remind me of the last long-playing record I bought, Donald Fagen's 'Nightfly': popular music about as sophisticated as it gets, an over-achieving looselimbed backbeat in a cynical clinch with some acute object of desire. 'Crosstown Walk Up', 'Not My Night', 'Hide Nor Hair', 'Crime Of Passion' – tense, prehensile urban jungle music.

See The JoBoxers pose, on stoops, on steps, in derelict buildings: I would like them more if they *knew* that derelict buildings aren't just there to have your picture taken in, they're there for thousands of this country to live in, and that lowlife poverty isn't lusciously lurid when there's no record company car to ferry you away from a day's trip into publicity shot territory.

The JoBoxers: for the very young, who need to feel old, and for the very old, who need to feel young. But not for me.

Julie Burchill

JoBoxer illustration by Ian Wright.

DREAD DREAD WHINE...

UB 40

Labour Of Love (*DEP International*)

YES – DANCING music. Zero-sway lovers' rock or a jigger of torso shank, 'Labour Of Love' is a concoction of movement from open to close. No high-velocity rug-cutting, something alien to any reggae percolation – just a sugared, rather melancholic pitter (with the occasional patter as topping).

I think the Campbells' memories might be deceiving them. The music of the era they recall was always ruder and tougher and far more percussive than their honey-smooth treatments imply. If you compare the rubberlip rasp of Tiger's original 'Guilty' with their version you wonder if they dreamed up the association: Astro's voicing of a lugubrious tale is about as impassioned as a reading of a paint chart.

Nor are the best-known tunes given friendly handshakes. 'Johnny Too Bad' did better being ripped by John Martyn: UB 40 give it a mechanical clipping, replete with a message to the law – so much for the apolitical shuffle. 'Many Rivers To Cross' is a farrago. Cliff's song has to be delivered naked, at a tempo not much above stop-frame, and this knees-up is a travesty of the haunted prototype.

But the rest is gentle, sometimes caressing, a shallow groove far preferable to the morose intensity of the group's usual tug at the lapels. Ali Campbell's unemotional whine is well cut to the threadbare melody of 'Red Red Wine', a number one sold entirely on an unusual voice, and he turns the same trick on a song by Winston Groovey (not a name to mention with impugnity) called 'Please Don't Make Me Cry'.

Everything blurs perfectly there, the rippling draught of the rhythm, the stewed warmth of the saxophone, all melting around the dry edge of the vocal. Sometimes UB hit the spot of rock-reggae with absolute accuracy, and its power to turn ears is far superior to the weight of their customary glum pamphleteering.

I doubt if they see it that way. They almost disown the record — black pop without politics, kids' music. Perhaps it works best on personal memories – it reminded me of Eugene Paul's 'Farewell My Darling', U Roy's 'Hat Trick', BB Seaton's 'I Want Justice', Delroy Wilson's 'Here Come The Heataches' . . .

Richard Cook

ARE THERE MUSHROOMS IN YOUR GARAGE?

CHOCOLATE WATCHBAND
The Best Of *(Rhino)*

MOVING SIDEWALKS
99th Floor *(Eva, French import)*

MUSIC MACHINE
Turn On The Music Machine *(Big Beat)*

VARIOUS
Endless Journey Phase I *(Psycho)*

VARIOUS
Ear-Splitting Punk *(Trash, import)*

BETWEEN THE British beat invasion and the dawn of acid rock, a vast quantity of primal punk rock was created in the garages of America. Inspired by the Stones (Chocolate Watchband a prime example), The Who (e.g. The Knickerbockers' 'Lies'), and Them (everyone but everybody covered 'Gloria'), numerous neighbourhood combos were formed to play white R&B. Many of the best remain hopelessly obscure.

With the advent of hallucinogens, the sound took on a weird edge before finally collapsing into the jams of West Coast be-ins. It was Lenny Kaye's 'Nuggets' which finally opened the sluicegates to these subterranean treasures — now all kinds of ghouls and spectres are crawling from the woodpile.

The Watchband started life as Stones copyists playing local dancehalls. Wasted puppets of Ed Cobb, who produced The Standells and wrote 'Tainted Love', they were no dippy psych bubblegum but seminal punkoids. To give the world an opportunity to hear how the Stones would have covered The Kinks' 'I'm Not Like Everybody Else' was no mean feat, and it's worth every penny of the import price. 'Expo 2000' is a superb instrumental, reminiscent of Love's 'The Castle' or mystical John Barry (if John Barry was ever mystical). 'Sweet Young Thing' is TOTALLY Stones: 'thang', 'dow', for door, even the sitar twang from 'Mother's Little Helper'. More folky, flowery things like 'Misty Lane' and 'She Weaves A Tender Trap' indicate Cobb's frustrated attempts to commercialise the group.

The Watchband was always too wiped out on drugs to have hits, which is probably why they've been forgotten quicker than the likes of The Seeds or Count Five. Their name, though, has always hung in the perfumed air, and many of the new psyche-punk bands have already paid tributes, e.g. Chesterfield Kings' and The Barracudas' versions of 'I Ain't No Miracle Worker'. In memoriam, there's the usual bizarre postscript — vocalist Dave Aguilar is now professor of astronomy at Colorado University — but let us go by the 1980 words of Ed Cobb: "It was sloppy with intensity. The Chocolate Watchband was very extreme."

The Music Machine's kink was that each one of them wore a leather glove on the hand of choice. Whatever, 'Talk Talk' is unquestionably one of the definitive masterworks of garage. Crossing Love's 'Little Red Book' with 'My Generation', it is purely about the control of frenzy. They also did groovy versions of 'Cherry Cherry' and 'Taxman', and a real *slow* 'Hey Joe', but other originals like 'Wrong' and 'Masculine Intuition' show their skewered adolescent pride at its most sneering.

In the dusty trail of the ZZ Top bandwagon and the blazing wheels of 'Gimme All Your Lovin'', an appropriate flashback is the Moving Sidewalks compilation from France (where they *really* appreciate these things). Billy Gibbons was leader and guitarist of this superb Texan quartet, and the 2' 12" of '99th Floor' is probably the single most perfect example of psychedelic garage rock in existence, with an ultra-punky chord sequence and an archetypal needling guitar solo after the second chorus.

Matter o' fact, when Sidewalks supported the Hendrix Experience in 1967, Jimi himself announced that young Gibbons was the most promising guitarist in America. Perhaps this in turn inspired the very Hendrix-like metal massacre of 'I Wanna Hold Your Hand'. Anyways, 'Gimme All Your Lovin'' proves quite unsatisfactorily that Billy did indeed mature into one of America's greats.

The collection is uneven but then the group only recorded one album. Most of it is trippily phazed: backward feedback, chinese whisper chambers, acidic plinking pianos, cut-up false starts, impressive Claptonesque blues picking on the long-winded 'Joe Blues', organist Tom Moore's lovely mellow blues of 'You Don't Know The Life', but the prototypal metal drumming of Don Mitchell holds it all together.

The cover of 'Endless Journey' features a giant syringe drifting luminously through space but the music is basically trashy Texan versions of all your favourite R&B classics: The Rising Storm's 'Baby Please Don't Go', The Outcasts' 'Smokstack Lightning', The Finchley Boys' out-of-control 'Not Like Everybody Else'. Most of this is like Them on STP. Nothing is on the level of 'Liar Liar' or 'You're Gonna Miss Me' but it's all admirably undernourished, headcase stuff. Clique's glisteningly poppy 'Splash 1' contains the incomparable lines *"the neon of your eyes is splashing in your mind/It's so familiar in a way I can't define"*, while Unsettled Society's 'Diamond Studded Cadillacs' is a mottled old relic that conjures images of The Doors freaking out on 'Hey Joe' or 'Morning Dew'.

'Ear-Splitting Punk is similarly adorned by a delightfully irrelevant cover, in this case an el cheapo portrait of some androgynous Darby/Vicious/Jett composite, bracelet safety-pinned to its mouth like a feeding tube. Reputedly this record hails from the Greg Shaw/Bomp school of refuse, and it's as good as Greg's taste would lead one to hope. Sparkles' 'No Friend Of Mine' is a magnificent piece of junk, as good as anything by Roky or The Shadows Of Knight and dense with crappy instruments, especially the drone organ that hammers the song into the ground.

Keith Kessler's 'Don't Crowd Me' is a punk 'Tainted Love'-ish classic with whiplash billy guitar, Mystic Tide's 'Running Thru The Night' is like The Shadows on mushrooms but, for its title alone, Dean Carters 'Rebel Woman' must take today's top prize. It's as though Buddy Holly had been lobotomised then told to compose a song for Corman's *Sorority Girl*. Carter also applauds the album with a frighteningly dislocated version of 'Jailhouse Rock'. *"Rebel Woman/So untamed! I need you!"* Enough said.

Other; 'Endless Journey Vol. II' (Psycho)
Electric Toilet — 'In The Hands Of Karma' (Psycho)
The Sonics — 'Here Are The Sonics' (Etiquette)
'Fire And Ice' (First American)
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Barney Hoskyns

(Next week: Richard Cook considers the long-awaited Nazz reissues)

KALEIDOSCOPE

Bacon From Mars *(Edsel)*

Kaleidoscope – groovy, man.

BARNEY HOSKYNS puts on his kaftan and keeps tabs on a harvest of rediscovered psychedelia

THE FLOOD of psychedelic reissues continues unabated. After giving us The Action, The Merseybeats, and Screamin' Jay Hawkins, Edsel join the party. Kaleidoscope are one of the few remaining legends of the '60s.

Only one of their albums – apparently the worst – was ever released in this country, and according to the press note "several of their singles are rare almost to the point of non-existence". More important, Kaleidoscope were always supposed to be different, a little further out, and it was never clear why. Until now, it looked rather as if the "gypsy caravan train on acid" would remain a myth.

The roots of Kaleidoscope's originality lie way back in the bluegrass and folky "old time" movement of the very early '60s. David Lindley's Mad Mountain Ramblers and Chris Darrow's Dry City Re-Organised Players merged somewhere around early '63 into The Dry City Scat Band, just as the more widespread folk revival was blossoming. With the addition of Solomon Feldthouse (sic), they boasted three virtuosos who could alternate amongst a bizarre variety of instruments – fiddles, guitars, mandolins, banjos, dobros, autoharps. You name it, they had it.

Aside from possessing an absurd, grizzly baritone, Feldthouse was experimenting with Turkish instruments like the Caz and the Oud; and when, in the summer of '66, Lindley began putting the pieces of Kaleidoscope together – with John Vidican on drums – the loose ensemble was prepared to try almost any combination of sounds in its humorous pursuit of total eclecticism.

By now of course Dylan had gone electric and the folk revival was on the wane, so Darrow was roped back in to advise on amps and p.a.'s. With the abundance of hallucinogenics, the only thing missing was one Charles Chester Crill, aka Fenrus Epp, Max Buddha, Templeton Parceley, on fiddle, harp and keyboards. The end product was 'Side Trips', from which this record's first seven songs are taken.

For the most part they don't, in 1983, sound *that* extraordinary. The first, 'Egyptian Gardens', is the most startling, a whirling salad of cajun, bluegrass, flamenco and bouzouki with a nomadic / Arabian wall of a vocal to boot. If this is a trip it spans the globe. 'Please' and 'If The Night' are simpler, more Byrdsy excursions, while 'Keep Your Mind Open' is like acoustic 'Piper At The Gates', sung in that precise anglo-acidic manner of the time. What engages the ear is the criss-cross play of strings plucked and bowed, the way each instrument winds and picks out its own delicate track through the melody. The songs aren't strong but the experiments are dazzling, sometimes beautiful. 'Pulsating Dream''s fuzzy static suggests a less accomplished 'Fifth Dimension' or an over-exotic John Phillips; 'Oh Death' is Lee Hazlewood through the gruff cowpoke larynx of Feldthouse.

Despite continued Eastern bluegrass and bluegrass frills, the second album 'Beacon From Mars' is more rock-oriented, as one of its two songs here, 'I Found Out', makes clear. Riding an organ, it's a much straighter psychedelic sound. The neatly picked mandolins and McGuinnish harmonies of 'Life Will Pass You By' recall Byrds and even the Dead of 'Friend Of The Devil'.

Third album 'The Incredible Kaleidoscope' is generally rated the most consistent and best-produced of the four, though 'Lie To Me' is ordinary hard electric R&B, 'Petite Fleur' is an irrestibly slow cajun two-step, with delirious fiddles feeding into a last-minute hillbilly jig, and 'Banjo' is a multi-echoed shower of – amazing isn't it – banjos that sound like the zithers of the *Third Man* theme. 'Cuckoo' is rather duff Cream, sung in a folk-apocalyptic tone like that of Barry McGuire. The rare 'Nobody' features Larry Williams and Johnny Guitar Watson, with Lindley's dobro played almost like a sitar. The hippy funkadelia of this song was deemed too weird by white and black stations alike. Finally, 'Hello Trouble' is an old country toon played safe 'n' sweet.

To be honest, 'Bacon From Mars' shows Kaleidoscope to have been not much more than inspired dilettantes, extremely skilled as musicians but rather weak as writers. No matter, they always claimed there was an underlying, implicit humour in everything they did, and the few group portraits we have of them makes them look more like The Bonzo Dog Band than anything else. Their live shows were anarchic affairs featuring troupes of flamenco and belly dancers, and this absurd side was one of the things that led to an eventual split, as Chris Darrow couldn't see what large breasts had to do with their music.

'Bacon From Mars' seldom touches the heights of psychedelic masterworks like 'Electric Music For The Mind And Body' but will remain an amusing diversion from the norms of druggy regurgitation. Sol Feldthouse is said to be residing currently in Santa Cruz with, yes, a belly dancer.

Barney Hoskyns

BORN TO GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS

NILS LOFGREN

Wonderland *(Backstreet/MCA)*

THIS LP — Lofgren's first since '81 — sails off on a gritty, catchy duet with Edgar Winter, then slides into a loner ballad ('Into The Night': *"Don't give me answers if you don't feel the questions"*). And the sailing is smooth enough to cloak the awfulness of the clichés standing in for lyrics. But with track three — a killer licks thump-and-thrust cover of 'All Over Now' — the lyrics take on an awful unintended irony. And Lofgren sounds snide and distant, a stance which rears its head again and again on 'Wonderland'.

Track four brings the paranoia (half of what sounds like paranoid schizophrenia) clearly into view: it's proto E Street Band territory. A slower, slimmer shimmer of the exact E Street sound but — in complete contrast to that outfit — one with no rationale beyond the *sha-la-las* in the refrain.

Like I said, Lofgren sounds like he's bottled up his resentments but only his personal psychiatrist should be saddled with the real meaning behind such a perfect, purposeless imitation. As side one's closer ('Daddy Dream', a song about untroubled sleep) indicates, it's not because Lofgren *has* anything to say that anyone is denying him the chance to broadcast.

Side two starts off very prettily though, with Louise Goffin lending a lilt to a muscular little boardwalk shuffle about utopia that is the title track. Its sparkle offers a dimmed recollection of this paled prodigy's onetime flush of insightful pop flash, circa the mid-'70s. But another track ('Room Without Love', a further ballad) in and this LP really hits the skids. 'Confident Girl' displays the same talents for shaping up a pop melody which has got Lofgren — along with his guitar wizardry, only the spirit of which has failed — so many second chances. What's it about? Why, this great girl who just licks Lofgren's socks no matter WHAT he does, how baaaaad he is, how much he sleeps around. It makes Rod Stewart look like the Sensitive Person's pop star.

All from that failed romantic who made it big at 17 and was co-writing with no less than Lou Reed around the time of 'The Bells'. It sounds like Lofgren has finally re-spelt 'cult' as 'hack'. But this record is a great gift for everybody who has had to defend Bruce Springsteen from charges of writing 'only' about girls, motion and night. I mean: here's a whole side of epically-inclined sounds which really DO boil down to nothing more than Girls, Speed and Night. Worse, they don't even manage coherent *connections* between the three.

"Hmm, hope there's a guarantee with this thing." ***Nils Lofgren pic: Pennie Smith***

And now that Danny Bramson's Backstreet subsidiary has folded right into parent MCA, this sad showing could stand as Lofgren's last testament for some while. *He just shouldn'ta given those answers if he didn't feel the questions.*

Cynthia Rose

DANCE OF THE MARXIST POLICEWOMEN!

GRAHAM LOCK gets arrested by Les Amazones De Guinee and other hot new sounds

"MILITANTS, FIGHTERS, the *tigresses* of African music!" That's how the excited MC introduces *Les Amazones De Guinee* on their live **'Au Coeur De Paris'** LP (Enimas); and, indeed, Les Amazones are not your average African pop band, but a swinging 14-piece orchestra of Marxist policewomen!

Now 21 years old, Les Amazones began as L'Orchestre Feminin de la Gendarmerie Nationale. A new band in a newly-independent Socialist state, their aims included "art without hierarchy" and, of course, "equality between the sexes". Over the years, they changed their name, went electric, and became one of Africa's most popular bands (their live shows reputedly excel even Fela Kuti's for spectacle and sheer visceral excitement); but their radical vision has remained gloriously undimmed — so we get a song like 'PDG', dedicated to the heroes of the revolution, yet delivered with a slinky salsa backbeat that reaffirms this is strictly *dancefloor* politics.

Les Amazones may be the most right-on band south of The Redskins, but also they *really* score where it matters most — *a la musique*! 'Au Coeur De Paris' is a *melange* of marvellous tunes given a bright, sensuous sting by guitars and horns and topped by strong, soulful singing. It doesn't matter that it's African, this is simply the best *pop* music I've heard all year. From the declamatory power of 'Samba' to the heartbreak finale of 'Sona' (what a deliciously sorrowful grain to that voice!), Les Amazones mix up an intoxicating amalgam of salsa, funk and highlife, laced with lilting saxes and sublimely lyrical guitar solos. This is a music that goes straight to your head, your hips, your heart! As the sleevenote says, *"La manne sonore"!*

More pop alchemy from Marxist Africa can be found, in a very different format, on **'Viva! Zimbabwe'**, an exhilarating compilation of post-liberation dance music from the new Earthworks label. No horns, no funk or salsa here, but a wonderful array of guitars, nimble and eloquent, to provide a glittering embroidery on these lightweight and instantly likeable pop tunes.

Based on the traditional Shona music, this indigenous pop sprang up during the liberation struggle, and is now at the forefront of Zimbabwean dance sounds. It's a fast, airy and attractive music, distinguished by those babbling guitars and a conversational tang to lyrics that touch on love, alcohol, poverty. And it ranges, within these stylistic borders, from the boisterous pop of *Super Sounds* to the ancient blues feel of 'Ndamutswa Nengoma' ('Drums Have Awoken Me') by *Thomas Mapfumo*, formerly the leading underground pop singer.

As with Les Amazones, the chief purpose of these Zimbabwean songs is to make people dance. The politics are secondary because they are ubiquitous — the struggle has been won, liberation is an everyday fact, so the crucial point of these records is to provide a good time. By way of contrast, **'Liberation'** (Safco) is a collection of South African freedom songs whose purpose is to exhort and expound revolution — a burden which the music can hardly bear.

Despite piano from *Abdullah Ibrahim* (who also co-produces), and some fine gospel-ish singing, 'Liberation' is weighed down by its earnestness and unremitting solemnity. It's not just that this isn't dance music, but that all vivacity has been squeezed out of it; everything sacrificed to sombre reflections on oppression and a grim determination to overcome it. There are two national anthems on the LP, and the sad thing is they both sound exactly like national anthems. The cause is worthy, the most important there is; but to sing of revolution with so little desire and no good bass lines is pretty much a waste of time.

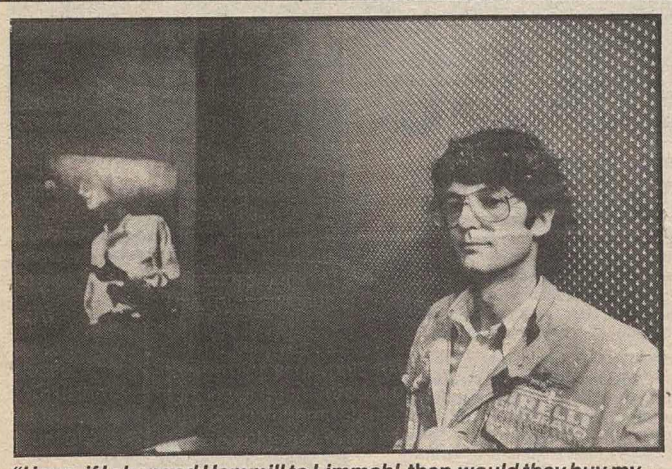
On a lighter note, *Sunny Ade's* **'Bobby'** (SAR) is the latest Nigerian release from the King of Juju music. It's well worth buying for the title-track, which takes up all of side two and is apparently dedicated to guitarist Olabinjo (Bobby) Benson. The track is taken at a slower pace than most of Ade's recent work, and brings out the plaintive quality of his voice as well as highlighting the plangent nature of those lovely steel guitars.

To close, a quick recommendation for **'Panorama Du Senegal'** (French MCA), a compilation of leading Senegalese musicians like *Youssou Ndour, Baobab Gouye Guy, Number One* and *Etoile 2000*. Senegalese music is unlike anything else I've heard — a dramatic, demented, Spanish-tinged *sprawl* of whirling rhythms, wailing vocals, clattery percussion, scratchy horns and occasionally amazing fuzz guitar. Despite a scarcity of aforesaid fuzz, and despite Number One's oddly reggaefied 'Guantanamera' which isn't representative of them at all, 'Panorama' is what it says — a good overview of some of Africa's strangest and most distinctive music.

In fact, Africa, the old heart of darkness, is fast becoming the new heart of light entertainment. And with LPs like the above no longer a Londoner's privilege but easily available throughout the UK, as are others by the likes of *Ebenezer Obey, Pablo Porthos, Les Ambassadeurs, Franco, Kanda Bongo Man, Nybomo*, etc etc etc, we're beginning to see the light.

Graham Lock

(All the above records are distributed by, or available by mail order from, Earthworks, 162 Oxford Gardens, London W10. Tel 01-969 5145.)



"Hmm, if I changed Hammill to Limmahl, **then** *would they buy my records? Pete pic: Anton Corbijn*

PLACARDS FOR ONE

PETER HAMMILL

Patience *(Naive)*

AFTER ALL this time, it appears that the one quality Peter Hammill is left with is patience. He is now resigned to indulging us in our ignorance and being patient with our lack of recognition of his burning genius. From the front cover of this, his 21st album, he stares benignly at we, the foolish public, who will, he just knows, fail to recognise the pain that runs through its grooves.

"You don't remember," he begins in tones of silken smugness, *"All the things I've done/You never catch/The careful words I chose/Your present will not admit my patient efforts/It's a labour of love I offer to you."* And yet all I can find here is bombast, oozing through a set of sad pretensions that grope their eye-strained way through the same dark shadows — tedium itself. What an insensitive soul Peter Hammill must think I am.

Whatever his one-time worth, and John Lydon and Marc Almond would be amongst those who'd argue that this man has been valuable in his time, Peter Hammill is now one of the most redundant men alive. This collection only goes to prove that if adolescent *angst* has its (very) occasional appeal, then its progression to the threshold of middle age is a painful process to observe. Nowadays only the inexcusable Marillion will offer a protective wing to Hammill and his threadbare tapestries.

"The corridor retains its shadows," Hamill continues, *"Its secrets compartmentalised/ Damping down an ambience/ Clamp the teeth and grind/ Shouting down the passage of time."* Meanwhile down the passage of Watson Mansions echo the sounds of several more insensitive souls, reacting to the sound of this album by raising a sarcastic chorus of 'Happy Days Are Here Again'.

A labour of love, eh Peter? Thanks but no thanks.

Don Watson

TOP OF THE POP WEEKLIES

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VIDEO
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PLUS! in this week's issue

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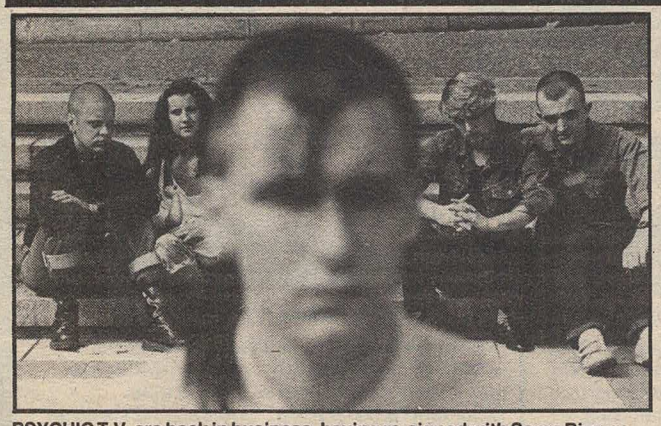
RECORD NEWS



PSYCHIC T.V. are back in business, having re-signed with Some Bizzare, and the first result is the release of their new album 'Dreams Less Sweet' through CBS on 21 October. To celebrate the occasion, they've had a new picture taken, though it's a pity someone got in the way (or is he just being psychic?).

E.L.O. follow their recent hit 'Rock 'N Roll Is King' with a new single issued this week, also available in picture disc form. It's a specially edited version of the title track from their equally successful album 'Secret Messages', coupled with a previously unreleased track called 'Buildings Have Eyes'.

JUDIE TZUKE's new album, issued by Chrysalis on 23 September to coincide with the opening of her UK tour, is called 'Ritmo' – which happens to be the Spanish for "rhythm". It apparently marks a distinct change in style and emphasis by her.

BARRY MANILOW's second "best of" set is released by Arista this weekend, titled 'A Touch More Magic' — containing his last eight chart singles, a couple of classics and two new tracks. It ties in with the TV screening of his recent Blenheim Palace concert, the second part of which is on BBC-2 this Sunday (18).

CHRISTOPHER CROSS has a double A-sided single issued by Warners this weekend, as a prelude to his upcoming British concerts. It couples 'All Right' (from his 'Another Page' album) with one of his earlier successes 'Ride Like The Wind'.

ONE THE JUGGLER have a new single issued by Regard Records this weekend, coinciding with Big Country's current UK tour, on which they are special guests. With Mel Collins guesting on sax, it is 'Django's Coming'/'Rip The Cat'. There's also a five-track 12-inch format, on which one of the extra tracks is an instrumental version of the A-side.

10CC precede their autumn tour with a new album titled 'Windows In The Jungle', produced by Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman, and released by Phonogram on 30 September. The eight new tracks include the seven-minute '24 Hours', and among backing musicians are Steve Gadd and Simon Phillipson (drums), Rick Fenn (guitar) and Mel Collins (sax).

DEPECHE MODE release a new single next Monday (19) on Mute Records, a remixed version of a song from their current hit album 'Construction Time Again', titled 'Love In Itself'. The B-side is the previously unissued 'Fools', and the 12-incher has the bonus of a totally re-recorded version of the main title.

Left to right: DEE HARRIS, LIMAHL, TIM PALMER

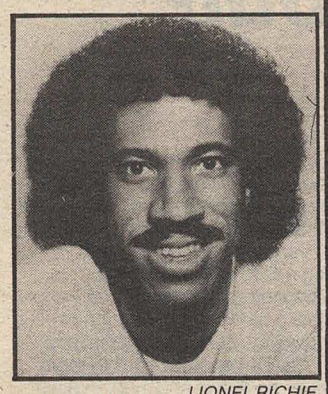
LIMAHL is back in business in the recording studio, where he's working on his first single, due for early October release by EMI. The A-side is 'Only For Love' and it's coupled with 'Over The Top', a barber-shop number which he performed with KajaGooGoo on their last tour. Producers are Dee Harris (ex-Fashion) and Tim Palmer.

J. J. CALE releases his eighth album through Phonogram this weekend, bearing the apt title of 'No. 8'. It contains ten new songs, and Britain's Richard Thompson is featured on a number of them. It's understood that Cale may be touring in the UK before Christmas, though confirmation is still awaited.

MOTOWN'S SEPTEMBER SONG

MOTOWN's September bonanza includes a batch of new albums, among them 'Cold Blooded' by *Rick James*, which was recently the highest new entry in the US LP charts. *Lionel Richie*, whose debut solo album has now sold over five million copies, now releases the follow-up 'Positive Space' – preceded by a new single 'All Night (Long)'/'Wandering Stranger'. *The Commodores* celebrate their 15th anniversary with the release of "13", their first album without Richie – and they also have a new single, 'Only You'/'Cebu'. There's also a debut LP from *Michael Lovesmith* titled 'I Can Make It Happen'.

New singles include 'Ladies Choice' by *The Stone City Band* (Rick James' backing group), from their upcoming album, issued this weekend – and 'Boys' by *The Mary Jane Girls*, from their recent LP, released at the same time. *Smokey Robinson's* latest 'Blame It On Love', out on 30 September, is a duet with *Barbara Mitchell* of High Inergy. And a new *Stevie Wonder* single 'People Move, Human Plays' will be rushed out as soon as tapes are received. The company is also releasing three all-star two-tape superpacks, specially designed for car cassettes.



LIONEL RICHIE

● This week sees the launch of a new label called Zap! International, with offices in London and Yorkshire. It's run by former New York music agent Chris Kingsley and his partner **Dale Hargreaves**, and the latter's new single 'The Eastern Side' is the label's first release. Also signed are Munich electro-pop duo **Ronnie & Yuri** and Scottish five-piece **The Flamingoids.**

● **Stiffy Dread's** single 'Jah Dreadful', recorded at Montego Bay, is one of three releases to emerge from the Twinkle label this week. The others are 'Control Them'/'Take Us Home' by **Philip Parkinson** and 'Space Age Niger'/'Sniffer's Dub' by former Twinkle Brothers lead guitarist **Cookie**. All three singles are 12-inchers.

GARY NUMAN, whose single 'Warriors' has already hit the charts, now releases his album of the same name — it's out on Beggars Banquet this weekend. The nine new tracks were all written and produced by Numan, and among backing musicians are Bill Nelson (guitar and keyboards), John Webb (keyboards and percussion), Cedric Sharpley (drums), Russell Bell (guitars), Joe Hubbard (bass) and Dick Morrissey (sax).

GEORGE BENSON's new single, issued by WEA on 23 September, is the third to be culled from his hit album 'In Your Eyes' — and this time it's the title track. It's coupled with 'Being With You' from the same LP, and the bonus item on the 12-inch format is the title track from his 'Weekend In LA' album.

FREEEZ, whose recent hit 'I.O.U.' is so far the top single of 1983 in terms of chart consistency, have their follow-up released by Beggars Banquet on 23 September. Titled 'Pop Goes My Love', it stems from the same New York sessions as 'I.O.U.', and is coupled with the instrumental 'Scratch Goes My Dub' — with the 12-inch format featuring a megamix of the A-side and the bonus track 'No Need For Greed'. An LP of new Freeez material follows in October.

DAVID JAY, bassist with the recently deceased Bauhaus, releases his first solo single on Situation 2 this weekend — it is 'Joe Orton's Wedding'/'The Gospel According To Fear', and the two extra tracks on the 12-incher are 'Requiem For Joe' and 'Point Of Departure'. From the same label comes the single 'Lest We Forget'/'Drown Inside' by South London band Under Two Flags.

HERBIE HANCOCK releases the follow-up to his smash hit 'Rock It' on 23 September, a track from his current 'Future Shock' album titled 'Autodrive'. The B-side is 'The Bomb', and the 12-incher also contains a specially remixed version of his first venture into funk ten years ago, the classic 'Chameleon'.

MURRAY HEAD precedes his 7 October concert at London Dominion with a new Virgin single, released next Monday. It's the second to be taken from his recent album 'Shades', and the A-side is '(All We Need To Do Is) Hold On', penned by Crusaders keyboards man Joe Sample. The coupling is Head's own composition 'Not Your Problem'.

KNOX, Vibrators front-man as well as lead guitarist with Urban Dogs, has his debut solo album 'Plutonium Express' released this weekend by new London label Razor Records (distributed by IDS). He wrote all ten tracks and is featured on lead vocals, guitars and keyboards. A short series of solo gigs is planned for the autumn, depending upon The Vibrators' commitments.

CHICAGO have a live concert album, featuring many of their best-known items, issued next month. Titled 'Beginnings', it's the first release on a new label called Meteor being launched by the Magnum Music Group, and it will retail at a special budget price.

TOUR NEWS

Thunders storms in

JOHNNY THUNDERS interrupts a European tour to fly into London for a one-off headliner at the Lyceum Ballroom in The Strand on Sunday, October 9, together with his current Cosa Nostra Band – comprising ex-Heartbreaker Billy Rath (bass), Billy Rogers (drums) and Michael Themraen (guitar). Tickets are on sale now at the box-office and usual agents, priced £3.50, and the support act is Lost Loved Ones.

Earlier this year, Thunders was the subject of widespread death rumours, and dozens of readers (and even the BBC) phoned *NME* to ask if it was true that he had died. If anyone is still in doubt, his London gig should provide the answer! After his Euro-tour, he starts work on a major film being shot in Paris.

ROD & ELTON TEAMING AT WEMBLEY IN 1984?

ROD STEWART and ELTON JOHN are likely to co-headline a major world tour, starting early next year, according to the London mouthpiece for both artists. Although the project is still in its initial stages, a spokesperson said that Britain would "almost certainly" be included in the agenda, if it materialises. She added: "Obviously, such a monster attraction would rule out a string of dates on the traditional theatre circuit and – as far as the UK is concerned – we're probably talking about one massive outdoor show, at somewhere like Wembley Stadium".

This would be one of the first ventures to be correlated by Stewart's new manager, the successor to Billy Gaff, named this week as Arnold Stiefel. He's leaving his post as vice-president of the huge William Morris Agency, specially to form a personal management organisation, which will also represent several cinematic luminaries. He would be directly involved in any link with the Elton John office, with whom he already has a close relationship.

NEW VARIETY SEASONS

GLC GRANT BOOSTS CAST

CAST PRESENTATIONS, who have built up a deserved reputation for their promotion of New Variety, have received a GLC grant of £82,000 to enable them to develop and expand their circuit. A new season begins next week and will play at seven regular London venues throughout the autumn. Starting on 22 September, each bill will play at Stratford The Swan (Thursday), Deptford Engineers Social Club (Friday), Tooting Horse & Groom (Saturday) and Hounslow Civic Centre (Sunday) – then the following week at Brixton Old White Horse (Friday), The Cricklewood Hotel (Saturday) and Wood Green Brabant Road Centre (Sunday).

Acts booked so far are The Newtown Neurotics, The Wild Girls, Pauline Melville and The Barneys (22 September-2 October); Captain J. J. Waller, Pat Condell and Akimbo (29 September-9 October); Some Like It Hot and The Joeys (6-16 October); Attila The Stockbroker, The Amazing Mendezies and The Exocets (13-23 October); Joolz, Lip Service, Otiz Cannelloni and Denmark's Super Kala (20-30 October); America's Janice Perry, Mark Miwurdz, Spare Tyre and See You In Vegas (27 October-6 November); and Jenny Lecoat, Christine Ellebeck and Simon Fanshawe (3-13 November). Further names have to be added to several of these bills, and December will see the introduction of a New Variety pantommime. Admission is £2.50, or just £1 for concessions (UB40, OAP and NUS).

LEEDS FRINGE FESTIVAL

LEEDS FRINGE FESTIVAL returns later this month after an absence of several years, presenting a wide range of rock and variety acts at a number of different venues. The event is non-profit making and, besides the better-known names, also provides a welcome showcase for many local musicians. The full schedule is very lengthy, and further details may be obtained from Leeds 462121, but some of the highlights are;

Seething Wells at Adelphi Hotel (30 September); Billy Bragg and Alternative Cabaret 3 at City Varieties (1 October); Billy Bragg at Grove Hotel (2); Indiscriminate Hoax Fund and The Lost Pandas at City Varieties (2); The Mekons and They Must Be Russians at Ritzy Central Park (3); Jazzawaki and Llamas In Pyjamas at the Bier Keller (3); MRA and Household Name at Ritzy Central Park (4); Zoot & The Roots and Jam Jah at the Bier Keller (4); Phoenix Rising and Assassin at the Bier Keller (5); Climate at City Varieties (7); Persian Version, The Mighty Clifton Brothers and If, But & Why at Tiffany's (7); Skeletal Family and Flowers For Agatha at Central Station (8); and Orchestre Jazira, Party Day and Product of Reason at Tiffany's (9).

CASIOPEA, the top Japanese jazz-funk outfit with ten albums already to their credit, play their first UK concert at London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion on Thursday, 29 September – tickets are on sale now priced £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50. The four-piece band are in London to record a new LP with producer Richard Manwaring.

GEORGE MELLY, newly returned from a Scottish tour, continues doing the rounds at London Royal Festival Hall with Acker Bilk (this Saturday), Birmingham Top Rank (20 September), Garstang Sullom End (23), Nottingham Polytechnic (24), Chelmsford Civic Centre (25), Reading Hexagon (27) and Porthcawl Grand Pavilion (30).

SPARTACUS R, Abacush and Red Cloud are among seven Brixton bands appearing at London Lambeth Town Hall on 23 September in a blend of reggae, highlife and funk. The groups are promoting the show themselves, with the ultimate objective of launching their own Brixton agency.

CHRIS FARLOWE, The Nashville Teens, Dave Berry, The Swinging Blue Jeans and Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich get together in a five-act package called 'The Sound Of The Sixties', which plays six nights at Watford Bailey's from 3 October. Further dates may follow.

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL, whose Situation 2 single 'Bruises' shot into the indie charts last week, play Wakefield Hellfire Club (29 September), Colne Francs (1 October), Coventry General Wolfe (13), Canterbury Kent University (18), Kingston Polytechnic (20) and Coventry Polytechnic (29). Further gigs are being slotted in.

● **Dalek I Love You** this week release their second single for Korova Records, 'Ambition'/'(I Am) Hot Person', with a bonus track titled 'Would You Still Love Me' on the 12-inch version. It's the prelude to their second album, with their name as its title, due out in mid-October. The group — who previously recorded for the Back Door Label — now comprise founder member Alan Gill plus Kenny Peers and Gordon 'Worm' Hon.

● Yorkshire band **Kudos** make their vinyl debut this week with the single 'I Need You'/'When Ten Bells Toll' on their own Peninsula Records label (through IDS). They are a new white funk band whose line-up includes a former Wilsation.

● **Lisa Boray** is the girl who provided guest vocals on the recent Forrest chart hits, and she's also worked with the likes of Diana Ross, Randy Newman and Billy Preson. Now comes her first UK solo single 'Tonight', released this weekend on Albion Records.

● The duo **Private Lives** comprise John Adams (who's already had a couple of disco hits under his own name) and Morris Michael. Their debut single for EMI is 'Break The Chains'/'You've Got To Win', issued on 19 September in both 7-inch and 12-inch formats.

● Brixton kingpins **King Kurt** have signed a deal with Stiff Records, and have their first single 'Destination Zulu Land'/'She's As Hairy (As A Girl Can Be)' (produced by Dave Edmunds) issued on 23 September, also available as an extended 12-inch. Their first album will be out in October, and they'll be going on tour to coincide.

● West London band **Furniture** have their six-track mini-album 'When The Boom Was On' out this week. It's the first release on the new Premonition Records label, with distribution through Pinnacle and The Cartel.

● Survival Records release a new single from **Play**, the group fronted by singer and composer Wayne Kennedy. It features 'You Don't Look The Same' and 'Erase The Memory', and it's also available in 12-inch form with the bonus of a de-mix of the A-side. Distribution is by Pinnacle.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

A POPULAR HISTORY OF SIGNS, who'll be making their presence felt in this weekend's Futurama event in Leeds, simultaneously release their first 12-inch single. The three tracks featured are 'If She Was A Car', 'Stigma' and 'Guernica'. It appears on the Jungle label, in association with the group's own Melodia Records, with distribution through The Cartel.

● Recently signed by Phonogram, new band **The Escape** release their first single this week. It is 'Amsterdam'/'Girl In The Phone Box', and there's an extra track called 'Garden Of Eden' on the 12-incher. It was produced by ex-Associate Alan Rankine.

● **Pulp**, the Sheffield group whose mini-LP 'It' was well received earlier this year, release their second single this week. Titled 'Everybody's Problem', it's on Red Rhino, distributed by The Cartel.

● **Jane & Barton** follow their 'It's A Fine Day' with a new single titled 'I Want To Be With You', featuring members of A Certain Ratio and released this week by Cherry Red. From the same label comes 'Un Homme Et Une Femme', a rare single by ex-Mott The Hoople keyboardist **Morgan Fisher**.

● **Phil Jones**, former lead singer with Liverpool group Afraid Of Mice who disbanded late last year, releases his second solo single next Monday (19). Titled 'What About Me', it was produced by Nick Tauber and is on the Virgin label.

● **The Stunt Kites** from Sheffield have their double A-sided single 'Hail To The Roots'/'Leonora' reissued by Criminal Damage Records this weekend "due to popular demand". It's distributed by The Cartel, Stage One and Jungle.

KISS AND MAKE UP!

Seven shows set for next month

KISS, the paragons of glam-rock, return to the UK next month for a seven-concert tour. Dates are Leeds Queens Hall (21 October), Stafford Bingley Hall (22), London Wembley Arena (23), Poole Arts Centre (25), Glasgow Apollo (27), Edinburgh Playhouse (28) and Newcastle City Hall (29). Promoters are MCP and Kennedy Street Enterprises by arrangement with ITB.

As a prelude to their visit, the band's new album 'Lick It Up' is set for 30 September release by Phonogram. A single will be culled from the LP in mid-October, though titles haven't yet been decided.

Tickets for the final four dates are available now from the theatre box-offices, priced £5.50 (Poole) and £6 and £5 (Glasgow, Edinburgh and Newcastle). Booking arrangements for the first three shows are rather more complicated, as follows:

LEEDS: Price £6 by post from Kiss Concerts, P.O. Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire – make cheques and POs payable to "Kennedy Street Enterprises" and enclose SAE. Or in person (plus booking fee) from Barkers and HMV (Leeds), Bostocks and HMV (Bradford), Piccadilly Rrecords (Manchester), Virgin (Sheffield), Gough & Davy (Hull), Sound Effects (York), Ashley Adams (Doncaster), Bradley (Halifax) and Jat (Wakefield).

STAFFORD: Price £6 by post, same details as for Leeds. Or in person (plus booking fee) from Cyclops and Odeon Theatre (Birmingham), Piccadilly Records (Manchester), Mike Lloyd Records (Hanley and Newcastle-under-Lyme), Goulds (Wolverhampton), Lotus (Stafford), Way Ahead (Nottingham and Derby), Penny Lane (Chester), TLCA (Liverpool), Spillers (Cardiff), Virgin (Bristol), Apollo Theatre (Coventry), De Montfort Hall (Leicester), Music City (Worcester) and Derricks (Swansea).

WEMBLEY: By post at £6.80 or £5.80 (including booking fee) from Kiss Concerts, P.O. Box 77, London SW4 9LH — cheques and POs to "Kennedy Street Enterprises", and enclose SAE. Or in person at £6.50 from the Wembley box-office, and (plus booking fee) from Premier Box Office, Keith Prowse, London Theatre Bookings and Albemarle.

BEAST WITH NO HEAD!

BEAST, the band formed and fronted by ex-Cramps guitarist Bryan Gregory, are continuing their previously reported UK tour — but without Gregory! It seems he quit the band the day before they were due to leave for Britain, for reasons that remain a mystery, and with a similar abruptness to his departure from The Cramps three years ago. He's now been replaced in the line-up by 18-year-old guitarist Quinn, who joins James Christ (bass), Jinx (drums), Adrella (vocals) and Walravin (keyboards and sax). The group appear in the Leeds Futurama event this weekend, and have headlining dates through until the beginning of October. *See Gig Guide for picture of the new line-up.*

● Unconfirmed reports from New York indicate that Gregory's replacement in The Cramps, Kid Congo, has now left the band.

THE HEAVYSIDE LAYER

Y&T AND DIO ON THE ROAD

Y&T, the San Francisco hard rockers originally known as Yesterday & Today, will be touring Britain in the late autumn in company with London all-female band Rock Goddess. The opening date is in Cardiff on 20 November, though the venue hasn't yet been confirmed, and the other gigs are at Birmingham Odeon (21), London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion (22), Nottingham Rock City (23), Newcastle Mayfair (25), Middlesbrough Town Hall (26), Glasgow Apollo (27), Edinburgh Playhouse (28), Sheffield City Hall (29), Leicester De Montfort Hall (1 December), Bristol Colston Hall (2), Oxford Apollo (3) and Manchester Apollo (4). The band's new album 'Mean Streak' had just been issued by A&M, who will also be releasing the second Rock Goddess LP during October.

DIO, who made their live debut at the Castle Donington open-air event last month, have now been lined up for their first major tour. Dates are Manchester Apollo (30 October), Bristol Colston Hall (31), Hanley Victoria Hall (1 November), Cardiff St. David's Hall (3), London Hammersmith Odeon (5), Southampton Gaumont (7), Leicester De Montfort Hall (8), Sheffield City Hall (9), Newcastle City Hall (11), Glasgow Apollo (12) and Liverpool Royal Court (13). Tickets are £4, £3.75 and £3.50, on sale now from box-offices and usual agents, except at Bristol where the opening date is 30 September. Fronted by Ronnie James Dio, the band's debut album 'High Diver' recently reached No. 11 in the *NME* Chart – and they'll have a new single released to coincide with the tour, including live tracks recorded at Donington.

PETE'S WAYSTED AWAY

WAYSTED is the new band formed by ex-UFO bassist Pete Way, and – having already signed to Chrysalis, with their debut single set for immediate release – they are now being lined up for a major UK tour, details to follow shortly. After leaving UFO just over a year ago. Way spent some time with Eddie Clarke creating Fastway, but subsequently decided to let Clarke take the band off in his own direction. He then concentrated on his Waysted project, and has put together a line-up of keyboardist/guitarist Paul Raymond (also ex-UFO), lead guitarist Ronnie Keyfield (from the States where he's worked with The Heartbreakers), drummer Frank Noon (from the original Def Leppard, also ex-Bernie Torme) and new vocalist Fin from Glasgow.

AMAZULU ON WARPATH

AMAZULU, who've finally settled their on-going problems in Finland, are now getting back to the serious business of making music by way of a series of October headliners – including three major London dates. With more being finalised, those confirmed so far are at London City Polytechnic (1 October), Leeds University (3), Birmingham Hummingbird Club (4), London Camden Dingwalls (5), Basildon Raquels (6), London Central Polytechnic (7) and Bristol University (8). The group's hassles in Finland, where they were arrested in June allegedly for assaulting a group of burly ferrymen, have now been resolved – with two members being given hefty fines, while the other four were bound over to keep the peace for three months.

MELANIE FOR ALBERT HALL

MELANIE, who returned to the UK after a lengthy absence to play the midsummer Glastonbury CND Festival, is coming back again – this time to headline at London's Royal Albert Hall on Sunday, 30 October (tickets priced £7.50, £6.50, £5.50 and £2.50). As a prelude to this show, her current single 'Every Breath Of The Way' is being made available in two additional forms – as a 12-incher (with an extra track titled 'Put A Hat On Your Head' on the B-side) and as a picture disc.

Wakeman's Chinese cracker

RICK WAKEMAN swings back into live action next month in grand style, playing a major concert in Peking – it's set for late October as a worldwide telecast, the first time a rock musician has televised from the Chinese capital. Currently completing work on the soundtrack to *She*, an up-dated version of the old Rider Haggard classic which opens later this year, Wakeman's next project after Peking will be a rock ballet called *Triumph Of Death* which he's written and produced – it opens on Broadway next March, with the likelihood of London to follow. Meanwhile, his first album under the new Virgin/Charisma deal is released next Monday, titled 'Cost Of Living' – it includes a guest appearance by actor Robert Powell, narrating Wakeman's interpretation of Gray's *Elegy In a Country Churchyard.*

THE COMSAT ANGELS, whose debut Jive album 'Land' is released on 30 September, are going on tour to aid its promotion. Confirmed dates are at London Trent Park Middlesex Poytechnic (5 October), Coventry Polytechnic (6), Kingston Polytechnic (7), Birmingham Tin Can Club (8), Liverpool The System (11), Leicester University (13), Rayleigh Crocs (14), Canterbury Kent University (15) and London Camden Electric Ballroom (27), with more to be announced next week.

THE RESPOND 'Love The Reason Live' tour – with The Questions, A Craze, Tracie & The Soul Squad and The Main T Possee with Vaughn Toulouse – has added Manchester Weatherfield Graffiti Club (October 10) to its upcoming schedule, announced last week. Latest singing to Paul Weller's Respond label in Big Sound Authority, a seven-piece band featuring a three-man brass section, and they've been added to five dates on the package tour – at Southampton Top Rank (30 September), Brighton Coasters (2 October), London Phoenix Theatre (15), Dunstable Queensway Hall (16) and Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (17).

ANY TROUBLE have a string of dates at Bristol Polytechnic (27 September), North Staffs Polytechnic (30), Canterbury Kent University (6 October), Birmingham Polytechnic (7), Newcastle University (8), London Victoria The Venue (18) and London Hampstead Westfield College (20), with more being set. The group, who signed to EMI America earlier this year, will have their new single 'I'll Be Your Man' issued next week in both 7" and 12" forms. The basic line-up of Clive Gregson (lead vocals and guitar), Phil Barnes (bass), Steve Gurl (keyboards) and Andy Ebsworth (drums) will be augmented on the road by former member Martin Hughes (percussion) and Fos Patterson (keyboards).

PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES hit the road this weekend in support of their new single 'Jinx', which happens also to be the billing for the tour. Confirmed dates are at Bridgwater Arts Centre (this Saturday), Cardiff Ocean Club (Sunday), Sheffield Leadmill with Chelsea (20 September), Glasgow Penthouse (21), Newcastle Shelley's (22), Norwich Gala Ballroom (23), Birmingham Tin Can Club (24), Manchester Jilly's (25), Leeds Bierkeller (27) and Brighton Top Rank (30). Further dates, including a London showcase, are currently being finalised.

FAD GADGET, whose new single 'I Discover Love' has just been released, has been named as special guest in Siouxsie & The Banshees' concerts at London Royal Albert Hall on 30 September and 1 October.

SKY undertake a UK mini-tour next month with dates at Ipswich Gaumont (16 and 17 October), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (19 and 20), Cardiff St. David's Hall (21), Bristol Hippodrome (23) and Southampton Gaumont (24 and 25). Tickets are on sale now at box-offices and usual agents, priced £7, £6 and £5.

CHELSEA are playing a series of dates prior to going into the studio to record a new single – at Sheffield Leadmill (20 September), Manchester Fagin's (21), Leeds Brannigans (22), Portsmouth Granny's (23), Brighton Top Rank (30) and London Marquee Club (7 and 8 October). Support on most gigs will be The Playn Jayn.

PLAY DEAD follow their Futurama appearance this weekend by headlining a number of gigs next month – including Swansea Marina (6 October), Bristol Trinity Hall (7), Leeds Dortmund Dungeons (11), Manchester Jilly's (12), London Hammersmith Klub Foot (13), Birmingham venue to be set (14), Coventry Polytechnic (15) and Brighton Polytechnic (16). Their new single 'Shine'/'Promise' is issued by Situation 2 this weekend, with the extra track 'Gaze' on the 12-inch version.

NEW WORLD tour the London circuit in support of their debut single 'I Talk To My Car', for October 1 release on Slipped Discs. They play Hackney Chats Palace (23 September), Croydon Cartoon (24), Kensington Ad Lib (27), West Hampstead Moonlight (1 October), Fulham Golden Lion (5), Greenwich Mitre (20), Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (21), Islington Radnor Arms (22) and Croydon Star (27). A Scottish tour follows in November.

BRYAN ADAMS – the Canadian singer, musician and composer who enjoys an immense following across the Atlantic – flies into the UK next month to headline three concerts at Manchester Ashton Metro (9 October), Nottingham Rock City (10) and London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion (11). His visit follows the release this weekend of his new A&M single 'Cuts Like A Knife', the title track from his latest album which reached Top Ten status in the US charts.

THE COMMODORES have made a slight change to their UK tour schedule, starting this weekend. They will now be playing only one night at London Hammersmith Odeon on 28 September. Their show on 27 September, originally planned as the other Hammersmith date, will now be at Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (instead of 26).

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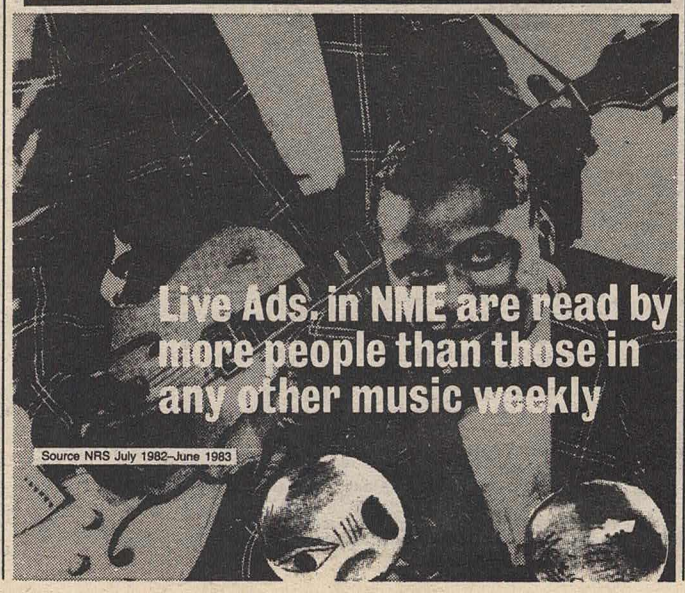

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Hectic autumn season on the circuit starts this week

JAZ glowers at the killing joke of co-topping with the Bay City Rollers

FUTURAMA: LOOKING TO SECURE THE YEARS AHEAD

FUTURAMA is an enterprising and well-conceived event, which reverts to its original home at Leeds Queens Hall for its fifth manifestation. Unfortunately, it could also be the last if it's not a financial success, so your support is urgently needed — and there's an unusually lengthy line-up of worth-while acts for your titillation.

Some may feel that the inclusion of The Bay City Rollers causes the show to lose a degree of credibility, in the light of its stated aims. But there's ample compensation to be gained from KILLING JOKE, DEATH CULT, THE ARMOURY SHOW, THE COMSAT ANGELS, CLOCK DVA, JAYNE COUNTY, THE SMITHS, BEAST, THE BOX, LIGOTAGE, POISON GIRLS and nearly three dozen others. See under Saturday and Sunday for more details.

Another major happening takes place on Tuesday and Wednesday in the form of a brace of charity concerts at London's Albert Hall when ERIC CLAPTON, JIMMY PAGE and JEFF BECK are joined on stage by a star-studded array including STEVE WINWOOD and various ROLLING STONES. Also in the capital, SPEAR OF DESTINY parade their new-look line-up at the Electric Ballroom (Thursday) and THE STRAY CATS play their first London date for two years (Lyceum, Sunday). And prior to Futurama, DEATH CULT headline at Brixton Ace on Saturday.

TOURS BY SHAKATAK, TRUTH, COMMODORES, NUMAN

THE AUTUMN bonanza moves into top gear this week, as six more major tours set out on the road. First off the starting blocks on Thursday is GLORIA GAYNOR, while the following day sees SHAKATAK kicking off an extensive two-month schedule and THE TRUTH beginning their most important schedule to date. THE COMMODORES open their concert series on Saturday, with the added bonus of ace rapper GARY BYRD as special guest. GARY NUMAN launches his 'Warriors' comeback tour on Tuesday — and MEATLOAF, fresh from a couple of open-air specials, reverts to orthodox theatre shows from Wednesday.

With several other major tours already in action — including KID CREOLE, BIG COUNTRY, DEPECHE MODE, RAINBOW, PETER GABRIEL and LEVEL 42 — the circuit is rapidly returning to peak action. And there's little doubt that the coming three months will ensure a positive glut of big-name tours and events.

BEAST are at Futurama, but without Bryan Gregory – see story, page 31

THURSDAY 15th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Duma Express: **The Man Upstairs**
Birmingham Odeon: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Birmingham Peacocks: **The Copy**
Birmingham The Mitre: **Stikky Dix**
Blackburn The Gum Club: **Flet**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Buckingham The Mitre: **Eamonn Mallon Band**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **On The Rocks**
Chatham Central Hall: **Gloria Gaynor**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Colchester St. Mary's Art Centre: **The Without/ Cracked Actor/Once Upon A Time**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Depeche Mode**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The City Shakers**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Major Setback Band**
Deal Swan Hotel: **Watch**
Dewsbury Black Tulip: **Legion/Screaming Red**
Dunfermline Roadhouse: **The Meteors**
Ferryhill King's Head: **State Of Emergency**
Folkestone The Peter Piper: **King**
Glasgow Henry Afrika's: **Time U.K.**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Specimen/Flesh For Lulu**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **Warm Snorkel**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Assyne**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Syntax**
Largs Viking Festival: **Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band**
Leicester Palace: **Tredegar**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Igor's Night Off/Our Heroes**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Derek Bailey/ Mike Johns**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Farenji Warriors**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Spear Of Destiny/Pleasure & The Beast**
London Camden The Palace: **Sense**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Porch Party**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **Willie Garnett/Ian Stewart Band**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Fran Jeffries (until 23 September, except 18)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Rhythm Method/Mixed Blood**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Nancy Boys/ Foreign Flags**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Breakfast Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Red Brick Houses/The First Third**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Graham Read's Futuristic Rhythm**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Ramblers**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Root Jackson & G.B. Blues Co**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington Sunset Club: **London Cowboys**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Phil Miller/ Elton Dean/Pip Pyle etc.**
London Marquee Club: **I.Q./Gothique**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Safe In Bed**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Mystery Girls**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Casey Quintet**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Victoria The Venus: **The Smiths**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.1 (Wardour St) The Wag Club: **Jah Wobble**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Springheel Jacks**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Art Farmer**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Mike Harding**
Newcastle City Hall: **Peter Gabriel**
Nottingham Ad Lib: **The Ex/Alerta/Three Johns**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Seducer**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Portsmouth Rock Garden Pavilion: **Radical Dance Faction**
Poyton Folk Centre: **The Chevin Ramblers/ Tom Travis Band**
Preston Guildhall: **Battle Of The Bands International Final with Taxi Girl/Mecano/ The Days/Sugar Ray Five/Broadcast/The Nits**
Rayleigh Croc's: **Tame**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Scarborough Taboo Club: **Nine Play Hendrix**
Sheffield City Hall: **Big Country**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Death Cult**
Sheffield The Marples: **Party Day**
Stalybridge Buckton Castle: **Thirteenth Candle**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Rules Of Croquet/Friendly Society**
Tunbridge Wells Trinity Arts Centre: **The Shanghai Syncopated Orchestra**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Solstice**
Whitehaven Whitehouse Disco: **Quasar**
Wokingham Cantley House Hotel: **Sam Mitchell Band**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

FRIDAY 16th

Batn Moles Cub: **The Smiths**
Birmingham Bony Moroneys: **Dale Hargreaves**
Birmingham Odeon: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Birmingham Tin Can Club: **Alien Sex Fiend**
Brighton Alhambra: **Exit-Stance**
Brighton The Kensington: **Icon/In From The Light**
Brighton Top Rank: **Delroy Wilson**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Bamboo**
Cheriton White Lion Hotel: **D-Talk**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Deal Swan Hotel: **Watch**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Requiem**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Specimen/Flesh For Lulu**
Feltham Football Club: **Dead Mans Shadow**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Blood Robots/ Reality Control**
Glasgow Henry Afrika's: **Xpertz**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Meteors**
Great Yarmouth ABC Theatre: **Shakatak**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Samurai**
Herne Bay Pier Hotel: **Stax**
Inverness Ice Rink: **Quasar**
Leeds Warehouse: **Brilliant**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Ah Leu Cha/Compulsion**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Ruthless Blues**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Europeans/ Cane Administration**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chalk Farm The Enterprise: **Graham Larkbey**
London Farringdon Metropolitan: **Allan Dallas Smith Trio**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Frankie & The Flames/The Downbeats**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **T34/Xtrax**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Hank Wangford Band/Billy Bragg**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Vamoose/ Gallery**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Kensington Commonwealth Institute: **Jimmy Katumba & The Ebonies**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Dill Jones/George Melly/John Chilton**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Gloria Gaynor**
London Marquee Club: **Man**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Masquerade**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ian Stewart Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Steve Gibbons Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Durham Quintet**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban/Al Maclean**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **The Reactors**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Break/Praxis**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dave Kelly Band**
Lybster Community Centre: **Rocky Sharpe & The Replays**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Level 42**
Newcastle New Tyne Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tredgar**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Doctor & The Medics**
Sheffield City Hall: **Depeche Mode**
Southend Blue Boar: **Panama Blues Band**
Sunderland Berni Inn: **The Nashville Teens**
Telford Dawley Town Hall: **Ion Age**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **River City Jazzmen**
Wokingham Cantley House Hotel: **New Empire**
Wolverhampton Arches: **Tobruk**

SATURDAY 17th

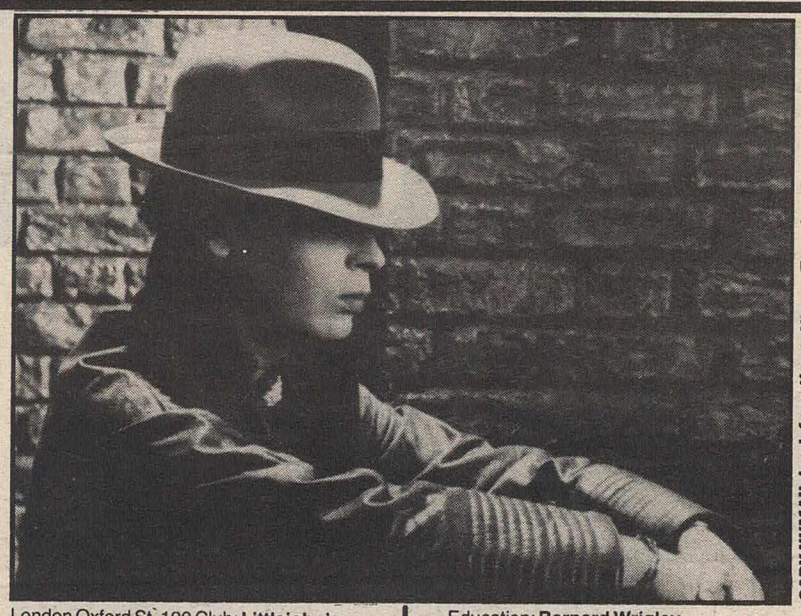
Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Big Country**
Aldershot Prince of Wales: **The Service**
Barnsley Civic Hall: **Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band**
Belfast Queen's University: **The Truth**
Birmingham Tin Can Club: **The Meteors**
Bridgwater Arts Centre: **The Man Upstairs**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Defectors**
Bristol Adelphi: **Dale Hargreaves**
Bristol Granary: **Tredegar**
Bristol Trinity College: **The Smiths**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Float X21**
Carmarthen Club Royal: **Picture Frame Seduction**
Carshalton Cottage Of Content: **Ashtray Flash**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **I**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Little Sister**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Ruby Turner Band**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Tobruk**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Larry Miller**
Henley-on-Thames Jolly Waterman: **Warm Snorkel**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Long Street**
Hertford Woolpack Club: **Gothique**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **John Otway**
Hull Spring Street Theatre: **Nine Play Hendrix**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Shakatak**
Leeds Queens Hall: **Futurama with Bay City Rollers/The Comsat Angels/Clock DVA/ The Smiths/John Cooper Clarke/Gina X/ Danielle Dax/The Chevalier Brothers/A Popular History Of Signs/The**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Level 42**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Dirty Strangers/We Are Only Human**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Ace: **Death Cult**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Klaxon 5**
London Camden Dingwalls: **K.K. Khan Band/ The D.T.'s**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle (lunchtime): **Wolfie Witcher Band**
London Finsbury Park Michael Sobell Centre: **Rainbow**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Chevalier Brothers/Miklos Galla**
London Fulham King's Head: **Here And Now**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Boys From Brazil/Radio Radio**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel; **The Milkshakes/X-Men**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Gymslips**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Ruby Turner Band**
London Kings Cross Union Tavern: **Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Dill Jones/Valerie Masters/Alan Clare**
London Leicester-Square The Jive Dive (at The Subway): **The Rhythm Men**
London Lewisham Riverdale Centre: **Delroy Wilson**
London Marquee Club: **Man**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **The Breakfast Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Avon Cities Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Strawbs**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Robin & Barry Dransfield**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Casey/Dave Shepherd Quintet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Ian Ballantyne & Kenny Shaw**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Woolwich Kidbrooke House: **The Remarkable Family/Dancette**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Sexagisma/The Playn Jayn**
London W.C.1 (Conway St.) Adams Arms: **Three Johns/The Ex/Alerta**
Lybster Community Centre: **Rocky Sharpe & The Replays**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Peter Gabriel**
Newcastle New Tyne Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Truffle**
Plymouth Main Event: **Roman Holiday**
Redditch The Valley: **And Also The Trees**
Retford Whitehouse Inn (afternoon open-air) and Sutton Church Hall (evening): **Passion Killers/Instant Automatons/Victims Of Romance**
Romford (Harold Hill) Red House Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Southport Theatre: **Gloria Gaynor**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Commodores/Gary Byrd**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Jim Eldon**
Wellingborough Stanwick W.M.C.: **Energy**

CONTINUES OVER

Wingham Well & Bells: **Masterstroke**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wishaw Heathery Bar: **Quasar**
Wokingham Cantley House Hotel: **Ground Zero**

SUNDAY 18th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Depeche Mode**
Ashford The Crusader: **The Sandmen**
Birmingham Erdington Posers: **Animation**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Buckhurst Hill The Roebuck: **Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre (lunchtime): **JSC Band**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **The Commodores/ Gary Byrd**
Chelmsford Chelmer Institute Of Higher Education: **Dr Maldon & The Mud Stompers**
Cheriton White Lion: **Maroondogs**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Hollywood (lunchtime)/The West (evening)**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **D-Talk**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Travelling Riverside Blues Band**
Durham Wheatley Hill Club: **Caffrey**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Big Country**
Glasgow Locarno: **Level 42**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Alligators**
Hull Spring Street Theatre: **The Meteors**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Queens Hall: **Futurama with Killing Joke/Death Cult/The Armoury Show/ Jayne County/Beast/Beki Bondage's Ligotage/Poison Girls/The Mekons/The Box/Flesh for Lulu/Pleasure & The Beast/ Ekome etc.**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Peter Gabriel**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys (lunchtime)/ Jimmy Katumba & The Ebonies (evening)**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Blueberries**
London Finchley Torrington: **Little Sister**
London Finsbury Park Michael Sobell Centre: **Rainbow/Lita Ford**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dave Kelly's Blues Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Outboys/Double Agent**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Legendary Luton Kippers**
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **Spirit Level**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Jazz Sviners**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Shillelagh Sisters/Crazed**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Deadbeats**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Breakfast Band**
London Marquee Club: **Man**
London New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern: **Mel Wright's Quaggy Delta Blues Band**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**



GARY NUMAN: back from the gutter on Tuesday

London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Littlejohn's Jazzers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Valerie Masters/ Alan Clare**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Stray Cats/King Kurt/Sex Beat**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Bruce Boardman Quintet**
Margate First & Last: **Dave Corsby Band**
Newcastle The Playhouse (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Derngate Centre: **Gloria Gaynor**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Newhouse: **Normal Bias**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Energy**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Care For A Waltz**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Shep Woolley/Abalon**
Saltburn Philmore Country Club: **State Of Emergency**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Nine Play Hendrix**
Southampton Compton Arms: **Prowler**
Surbiton The Ritz: **The Yardbirds**
Wick Rosebank Hotel: **Rocky Sharpe & The Replays**
Wokingham Cantley House Hotel: **Geisha Girls**

MONDAY 19th

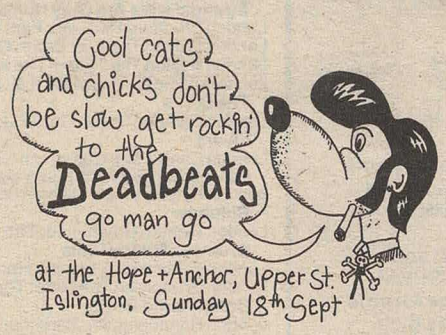
Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Level 42**
Altrincham Unicorn: **Thirteenth Candle**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Commodores/Gary Byrd**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Longstreet**
Chelmsford Chelmer Institute Of Higher Education: **Bernard Wrigley**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Deliverance**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Depeche Mode**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Big Country**
Hastings White Rock Pavilion: **Shakatak**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Liverpool Venue Club: **The Truth**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Aunt May/Capricorn**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Group/The Recognition/The Team**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Prima Voice**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Scene/The Way Out**
London Fulham King's Head: **Futz**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Remarkable Family/Pulse**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **African Spice**
London Kings Cross Pindar Of Wakefield: **Suppose I Laugh**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Bill Le Sage & Guests (until Saturday)**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Inna Manna**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Art Farmer & His Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Reactors**
London Victoria The Venue: **Poison Girls/ Frank Chickens/Mark Midwurdz/The Nightingales**
London W.1 (Bond St.) Embassy Club: **Broadcast**
London W.1 (Greek St.) Le Beat Route: **Igor's Night Off**
London W.1 (Maddox St.) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Lybster Community Centre: **Rocky Sharpe & The Replays**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Gloria Gaynor**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Newport (I.O.W.) Medina Theatre: **Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band**
Northampton The Slipper: **Energy**
Runcorn Cherry Tree: **Quasar**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Rainbow/Lita Ford**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Thatcham Silks: **Larry Miller**
Watford Bailey's: **Freddie Starr (until Saturday)**

TUESDAY 20th

Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **The Beat Section**
Cardiff New Theatre: **Gloria Gaynor**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Naked City**
Croydon (Wallington) Digbys Club: **Accent**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Tobruk**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Gothique**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Rainbow/Lita Ford**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Gary Numan**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Depeche Mode**
Leeds Parker's Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **Roman Holliday**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Shazam/The Baseball Boys**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Beast/Sex Beat**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Balham Alligators**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chuck Farley/ Spain**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Rent Boys/ Ghost**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Fabulous Platters**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Plexus/ Edgware**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Heartbeats**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Chinchilla/Size Paranoia/Peacock Parade**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Eric Clapton/Jeff Beck/Jimmy Page/Steve Winwood/ Charlie Watts/Bill Wyman/Kenny Jones etc. (also Wednesday)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Hollywood Killers**
London W.1 (Jermyn St.) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
Manchester Adam & Eve: **The Truth**
Newcastle City Hall: **Big Country**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne-Sid Warren Quintet**
Northampton Derngate Centre: **Chas & Dave**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **Energy**
Preston Clouds: **Dagaband**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Take Two/Sons & Lovers/Aku-Ake/Take 4**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **The Breakfast Band**
St. Margaret's (Dover) Red Lion: **Maroondogs**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **A Witness**
Warrington Lion Club: **Quasar**
Whitley Bay Churchill's: **Caffrey**
Wraysbury Village Hall: **Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band**

WEDNESDAY 21st

Aberdeen Valhalla: **Radical Dance Faction**
Barnstaple Queen's Hall: **Gloria Gaynor**
Birmingham Odeon: **Meatloaf**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **If, But & Why**
Burslem Bowler Hat: **Thirteenth Candle**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Red Beans & Rice**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Level 42**
Chelmsford Chelmer Institute Of Higher Education: **Zucker**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Hotshots**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Mike Harding (until Friday)**
Dudley Sugar Hill Night Club: **The Nose Flutes**
Dunstable The Wheatsheaf: **Energy**
Eastleigh Concorde Club: **Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band**
Leeds Brannigans: **The Exploited/Disease/ Ultra-Violent**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Framed/ Honour Among Thieves**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Time U.K.**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Steve Waller Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Easy**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Freehand/The Helicopters**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Guana Bats**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Kings Cross Pindar Of Wakefield: **The Out Of Shape Ensemble**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.1 The Radnor Arms: **Marcus Hadley**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Tilt**
London Oxford St. Studio 21: **Killer Koala**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ken Colyer Band**
London Royal Albert Hall: ***See under Tuesday***
London Soho Pizza Express: **Jimmy Skidmore-Johnny Richardson Quartet**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Disorder/Lost Cherees**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Dance Hall Style**
Newcastle City Hall: **Depeche Mode**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Maroondogs**
Nottingham Rock City: **The Truth**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **Chas & Dave (until Saturday)**
Rochdale Tiffany's: **Elegy**
Skegness Embassy Centre: **Shakatak**
South Woodford Railway Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**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Friday 16th September
"DR. AND THE MEDICS"
+ Support
8.00p.m.–2.00a.m. + DJ
Thursday 22nd September
Heavy Rock Night
"TRETEGAR"
8.00p.m.–1.00a.m. + rock DJ

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BROADCAST
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SAT SEPT 24th
GREYHOUND
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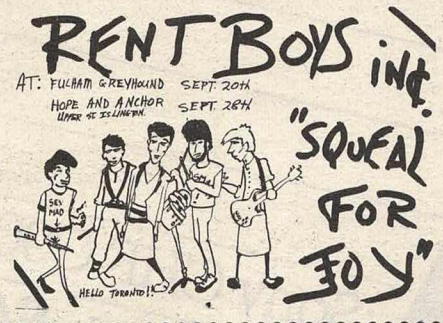
LIVE ADS



TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

SEPTEMBER
15 Spear Of Destiny
17 Rainbow
18 Stray Cats
19,20 Kid Creole & The Coconuts
20,21 Eric Clapton Charity
22,23 Everly Brothers
24 Meatloaf
24 Culture Club
25 Gang Of Four
26–29 Tom Jones
27,28 Peter Tosh
28 The Commodores
30 Siouxsie & The Banshees
30 Big Country

OCTOBER
1 Siouxsie & The Banshees
2,3 Christopher Cross
4 Odyssey
5 Diamond Head
6–8 Depeche Mode
7 Murray Head
7,8 Eek A Mouse
9 Johnny Thunder
11 Judie Tzuke
11 Brian Adams
12,13 Sun Ra
13,15 Gary Numan
15 Tracy & The Questions
15 Ravi Shankar
17 The Animals
17 Paul Young
17 10cc
18 The Alarm & Fleshtones
18 Waylon Jennings
19,20 Smokey Robinson
21 Shakatak
21 Johnny Foxx
22 Andy Williams
22,23 Michael Schenker Group
23 Kiss
24 Elvis Costello
24 X-Mal Deutchland
24,25 UB40
27 Chick Corea + Gary Burton
29 Wham
30 Lindisfarne
30 Melanie
31 Lords of the New Church

NOVEMBER
3,4 Philip Glass
9 Wham
12 Johnny Cash
12 The Enid
19,21 The Eurythmics
20,21 Shakin Stevens
29 Ozzy Osborne

DECEMBER
9,10 Imagination
16,17 Judas Priest
18,19 Simple Minds

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OUTBOYS + Double Agent
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THE SCENE + The Way Out
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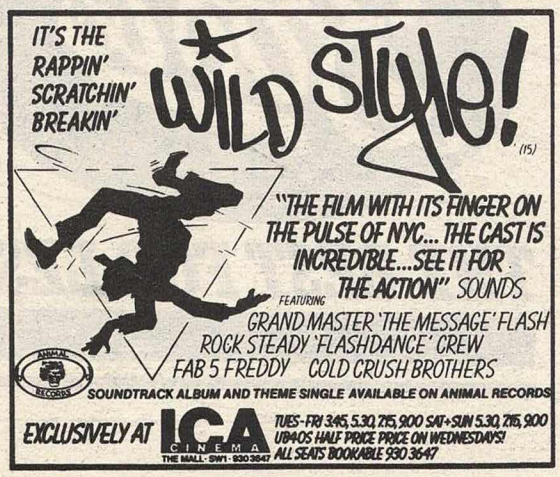
CINEMAS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STEVE GIBBONS BAND
Saturday 17th September
GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES
Sunday 18th September
THE STRAWBS
Monday 19th September
ROY HARPER IN CONCERT
Tuesday 20th September
MORRISSEY MULLEN BAND
Wednesday 21st September
BUDDY DE FRANCO
Thursday 22nd September
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Friday 23rd September
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Michael prepares for take-off

MICHAEL THE FLYING JACKSON

FROM PAGE 25

to go on and make the journey round the world, to see if it is perhaps open at the back."

Hinging on the third chapter of *Genesis*, in which Adam and Eve eat from the Tree and become conscious of their nudity and their difference, the essay makes clear that we cannot simply forget our fall and regain innocence. If life is the graceless search for grace, knowledge must "go through an infinity" to arrive back at the simplicity and harmony of the marionettes – and, for Michael Jackson, at the innocence of children and animals. They don't wear masks.

Of his mannequins, Michael says, "I guess I want to bring them to life . . . I think I'm accompanying myself with friends I never had." This is the boy that wants to fly; on a stage he soars into the unreal. "Grace appears most purely in that human which either has no consciousness or an infinite consciousness. That is, in the puppet or in the god."

It is the finest irony that at the very moment when Michael Jackson is seen as a god, when he is lost in voice and dance, he is in fact the most graceful of puppets.

world's starving. But the food is there. There is a solution.

"The thing is, the people in power don't care about someone with a low wage, they only care about their own power. But I think people *should* care about other people, y'know, cos from the moment we're born we're put into competition with everybody else.

"I really don't understand why people go into politics – what makes someone at 16 or 17 or something decide to go into parliament?"

You don't think parliament can change things?

Martin: "It's got to be people themselves. People's attitudes have got to be changed. Fer'instance, when I wrote *"All we need's universal revolution"*, I didn't mean, like, everyone to take up arms, but more a total change of attitude. That's what's needed. People's attitudes have got to be changed."

"Could take a long time
Working on the pipeline"

– 'Pipeline'

MORE MODE

FROM PAGE 13

tend to treat people as though they're *nothing*. All they're interested in is their business – that's what I really hate about big business, people just don't seem to matter. Just money.

"You see all the women over there 'n' they're all prostitutes – that's the only way they can make any money. 'Course, the businessmen love it."

In 'Shame' you wrote *"Hope alone won't remove all the stains"*. What will?

Martin: "Work. It's no good just sitting back and hoping things'll change, you've got to actually work together. The material's there; it's like, there's enough food in the world to feed everybody and then half the world's eating three quarters of it and the rest of the

DEPECHE MODE are a curious balance of forces – Fletch's christian guilt, Al's slightly precious West Hampstead liberalism and Martin's socialism. It's hard to tell which way the balance will fall.

After one staggering album inner sleeve and an inconsistent gig, I'm not sure about Depeche Mode. But I am won to Martin – he has winning inspiration. Depeche Mode's next album may possibly run shy back to flitty pop, but in the end Martin Gore will pull through. No question.

"You've got to look at the *world* to change things," he said at the end of the interview. "Attitudes in the *world*, poverty in the *world*. The thing is when we talk about socialism, we don't mean 'English Socialism' we mean 'International Socialism'." He has too firm a hold on the world to let it slip.

Depeche Mode have taken the first step – to challenge, in a climate which bawls 'Accept!' As Adrienne, one of the school leavers, shouted outside the hotel in the street of a city cowed once again by the Catholic church. "Fuck the Amendment!"
Phew!

"Let's take a map of the world
Tear it into pieces
All of the boys and the girls
Will see how easy it is"

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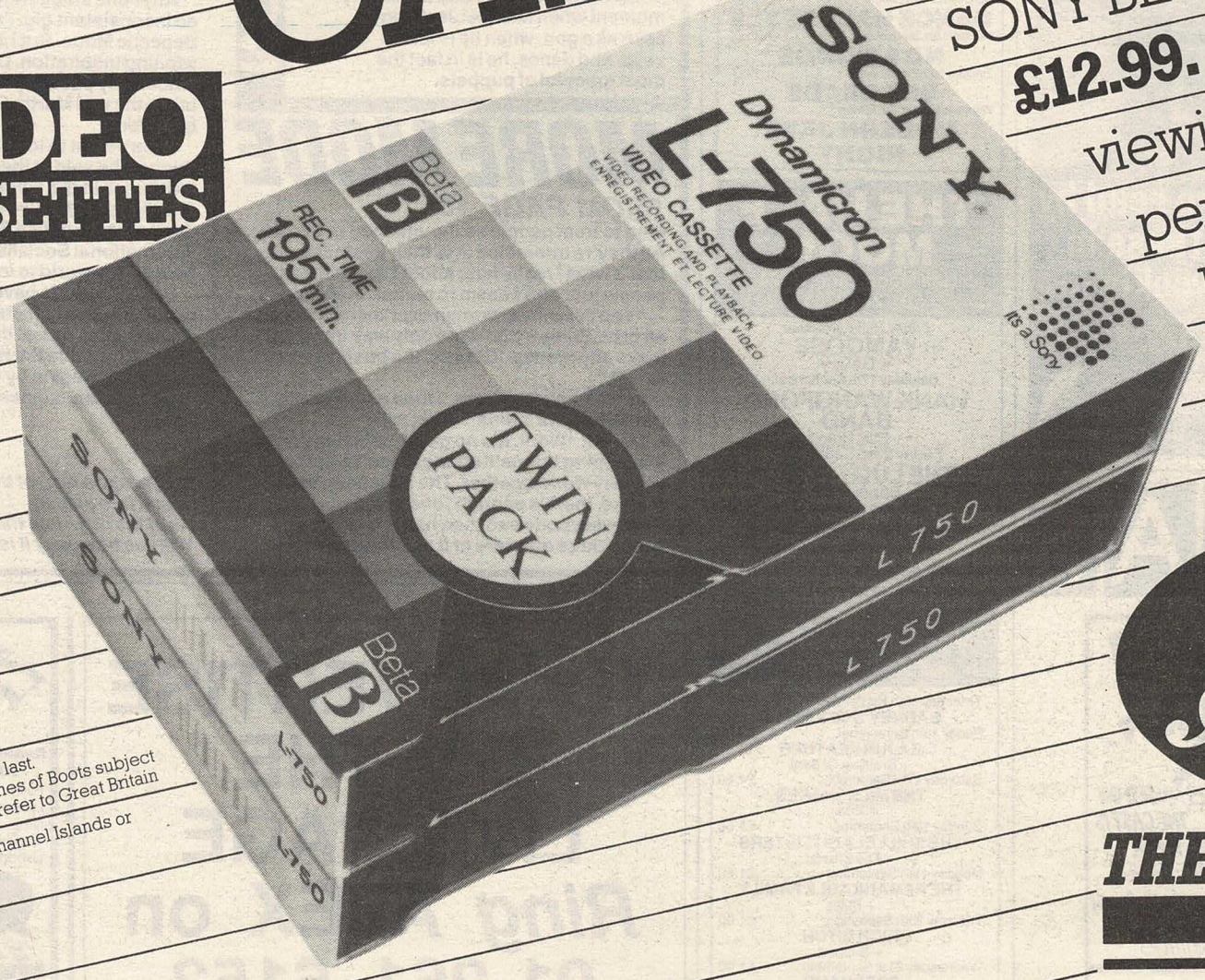

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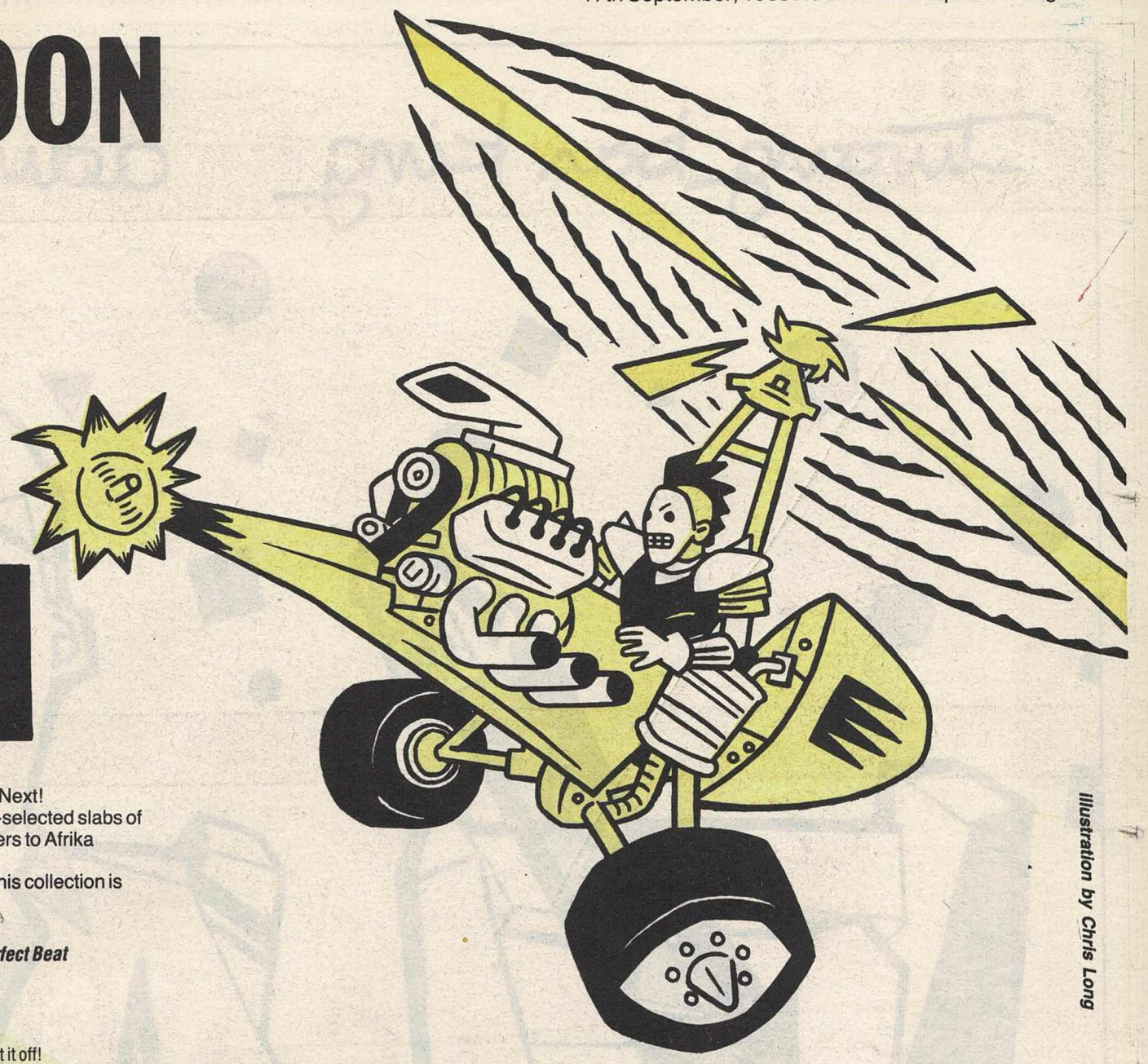

Illustration by Chris Long

YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED . . .

What happened to Mad Mix I? On no account ask about Mad Mix I. Next!

What is this Mad Mix II, then? Nothing lessthan 22 (?) scientifically-selected slabs of '83 music, thrown together in one wild aural adventure – from JoBoxers to Afrika Bambaata, and all points in between, below, above and besides.

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1. AFRIKA BAMBAATA & THE SONICSOLD FORCE – Looking For The Perfect Beat
Supercharged cut-up electro funk from the Zulu tribe of the Bronx.

2. BONSAI FOREST – The Great Escape
Madness maestro Mike Bedford's proteges with a muscular Mad Mix exclusive.

3. JAMES BROWN – Bring It On . . . Bring It On
Soul Brother Number One with what most funkateers insist is his best in an age. Count it off!

4. THE EURYTHMICS – Satellite Of Love
The best ever cover of a Lou Reed song proclaims Lou Reed. Who are we to argue? A Mad Mix exclusive of The Eurythmics' show stopper.

5. FRANK CHICKENS – Shellfish Bamboo
The acclaimed femal Japanese pop duo make their recording debut with electro evocations of Nipponese street trading. Sounds fishy. Another Mad Mix exclusive.

6. J.B.'s ALL STARS – One Minute Every Hour
Special AKA sticksman Brad with a flash of nouveau Northern Soul.

7. JoBOXERS – Crime Of Passion
Whodunnit? Go Lower East Side with The Bashstreet Boxers and find out for yourself.

8. THE KANE GANG – Small Town Creed
A cheeky commentary on this year's trends from the Tyneside funk force. A Mad Mix exclusive.

9. KAS PRODUCT – Pussy X
Purring Parisiennes; Kas cats get carnal over slinky synths.

10. BILLY MACKENZIE – Aggression And Ninety Pounds
An exclusive Mad Mix peek into the album that got away – the Billy MacKenzie solo set still to be released.

11. MONYAKA – Go Deh Yaka (Go To The Top)
Sprinting up the charts even as you read this; funky pumpee inna Brooklyn stylee.

12. THE NEW BLACK MONTANA – Magumede
Revolutionary dance music from Zimbabwe, bubbling with a thousand darting guitars.

13. PLANET PATROL – Cheap Thrills
More dancefloor hip hop from the mighty Tommy Boy label.

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Tweedom come, tweedom go – but there's always room in your heart for off-the-wall pop. More tasteful Kitchenware.

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From one Japan to another: Sylvian gets to sing with the real thing. Discover why The Sunsetz are The Rising Sun's most exciting prospects.

16. THE SPECIAL AKA – Lonely Crowd
Dammers and the Gang in off-beat instrumental mood. John Barry – forget it! Exclusive to Mad Mixers.

17. THE STYLE COUNCIL – Party Chambers
Mick Talbot without his master's voice, letting his keyboards do the talking.

18. U2 – Two Hearts Beat As One
A Mad Mix exclusive US mix from Ireland's finest, caught in exelcis.

19. TOM WAITS – Frank's Wild Years
Black comedy from the last Beat on Sunset Strip. One more for the road bartender.

20. XMAL DEUTSCHLAND – Sehnsucht
Post punk 'yearnings' from the Hamburg fivesome currently spearheading a new German breakthrough. A special Mad Mix re-mix.

21. YELLOWMAN – Who Can Make The Dance Ram?
The latest boast from reggae's number one chanting, singing, strutting phenomenon. Area!

22. YOU'VE GOT FOETUS ON YOUR BREATH – Halo Flamin' Lead
Aesthetic terrorist Foetus (Jim to his mates) throws everything and the kitchen sink into this exclusive Mad Mix clatter.

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10. The Chanters – She Wants To Mambo
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2. Shirley Ellis – The Nitty Gritty
3. The Olympics – Hully Gully
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6. B. B. King – Ain't Nobody's Business
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8. 54–46 Was My Number – Toots & The Maytals (1969)
9. Rivers Of Babylon – The Melodians (1970)
10. Skank In Bed – Scotty & Lorna (1971)
11. Book Of Rules – The Heptones (1972)

SIDE 2
1. King Tubby Meets The Rockers Uptown – Augustus Pablo (1973)
2. Tenement Yard – Jacob Miller (1974)
3. Slavery Days – Burning Spear (1975)
4. Police And Thieves – Junior Murvin (1976)
5. Two Sevens Clash – Culture (1977)
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LIVE

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KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS

Newcastle City Hall

1. LABOURING The Point — What Point?

Kid Creole And The Coconuts are experts at this. From the opening five minutes spent in the darkness listening to jungle animal noises, snatches of favoured refrains, city sound FX through the laborious interchanges between The Kid and his henchmen Coati Mundi and Bongo Eddie, the fact that they stay on for over two hours soon becomes more of a trial than a treat. You get two odd hours of super-drilled choreography, hyperactive gymnastics — everyone has a move to make at a certain time and it's executed with clockwork perfection.

But there's *too much* happening for there to be a focus, too many laborious set pieces — Mundi's stinking solo shot 'Oh That Love Decision' drawn out to inordinate length, the slimy egghead boring everyone with a silly mantra he's been given to cure his lovesick blues, the long get-on-up-and-party raps (Parts 1 *and* 2), and the unwarranted MC curtain call post encore finale which degenerates to a point where the group are just doing endless, meaningless laps of the stage and after five or six laps you ask what on earth have they done to get all this accolade.

2. The Show! The Style! The Spectacle!

It looked impressive — New York Skyline towering over palms, caves, waterfalls, reefs, smoke-bombs, fire crackers and golden rainstorms, and at least four costume changes: as near as possible to Darnell's original dream of matching his music to the Broadway stage. Something to relish in itself? No, we swallow hollow American product too easily, too often. If this was really great American entertainment it would have a story to tell, several heart strings to tug, a thousand ribs to tickle. But it doesn't draw you in. You can stand back and marvel at the precision and the presentation but the effect is cold and clinical.

3. . . And the music?

Good band — crisp muscular rhythm section and a great versatile horn section. But that's technique, the actual paces they were put through were too gnarled (the spunky salsa funk of 'Que Pasa' is kept on hold while the increasingly tiresome Mundi goes through his performing paces) or too sluggish — 'Off The Coast Of Me' was given a damp reading, robbed of its yearning and curling magic. I could have kissed the bass-player when she started that sinew-snapping run on 'Imitation' or when she was urging them on through a succession of dance classics directly after, before that too become a party down free-for-all farce.

4. So what's Entertainment, smarty Marty?

In this context it should be where all the thrills, hopes, fears, desires are poured out through little set pieces and big theatrical flourishes. What has happened with KCC is that the show is all, the master, the end in itself.

Great entertainment? Nah, it only looked that way.

Gavin Martin

OH QUEL CULT!

DEATH CULT

Trinity Hall
Bristol

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT actually meant death to Southern cults – sudden and merciless extinction for the useless, myopic pack mentality with its inherent glorification of macho ideals (the 'soldier' in any cult is held in the highest esteem).

The Southern Death Cult almost achieved what they set out to do – when a particularily foul and violent gang of London 'soldiers' began coming to their gigs the band cut out all dates there until this audience disappeared.

But, the main problem was only half solved – people seriously took their name at face value and associated the group with values that they were trying to wipe out, forcing everyone into a little box where there was hardly room to breath.

"Individuality! Imagination!" was the call. "I follow *blindly!*" became the response. And many people did follow, a new cult rose from the north.

Death to southern cults? Death to all cults! Death Cult . . .

Quegue lights, quegue camera, quegue girls! They're all here, cute 'hip' girls with loose black dresses and Roman sandals (the ones that *everybody* has been wearing this summer); tough girls with bleached jeans and rockabilly quiffs sprouting out from under wooley hats; *and* ordinary girls in non-descript clothes but with adventure in their hearts.

And these are the ones who will destroy the cult; cult groups who are liked by lots of girls do not remain cult groups for long – the pack shies away, frightened to death by girls! But the Cult group doesn't have to turn soppy and pappy for their girls *a la* Adam And The Ants (an extreme example of the process). And on the evidence of this gig they won't.

The music was strong, catchy . . . or rather, clasping, and the images projected were more overtly sensual than of old.

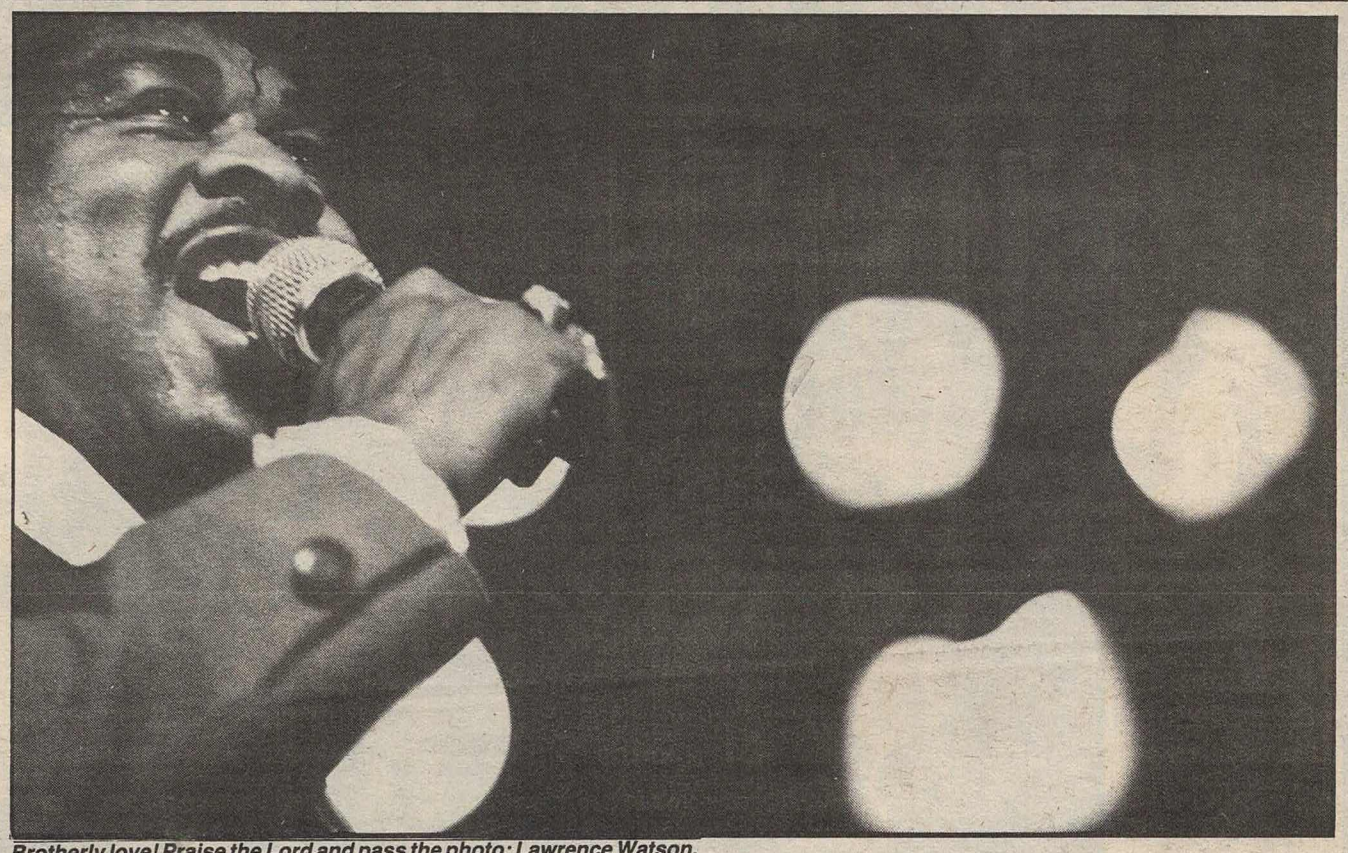
Vocalist Ian's very made-up white face, with its sensitive hooligan good looks, fluttered through the gloom; his body and voice will undulate the Cult to the masses.

This group are perhaps, the natural successors to Bauhaus in that a harder, more prettily 'perverse', and slightly more challenging rock stance will be presented on daytime radio and mid-evening TV.

This gig was an event to be both spellbound and frantically excited by: physically stimulated by the movement and power of the music and entranced by the voice. It's a voice that has an impassioned and impressionable sensibility that's moved to rage, anguish, laughter and despair.

The girls stood and stared, then smiled. Death to cults.

Richard North



Brotherly love! Praise the Lord and pass the photo: Lawrence Watson.

THE MIGHTY CLOUDS OF JOY

London
Dominion Theatre

THEY PUT gospel on the poster and dragged up images from the small screen of smocked preachers and holy water, church aisles and the swelling sound of a thousand voices in unison signalling pure belief; a forceful expression in the mighty hands of faith.

Such pre-conceptions! Rarely do they match . . .

Wating The Mighty Clouds Of Joy was to catch the finest *soul* show in months. It was to hear an act that the once great Motown should have been on their bended knees to sign, an act that equalled Marvin, Smokey, The Tops and anyone else you might care to mention. The Clouds were sharp, snappy and potent. Their clothes were suits with tints of glitter. And their voices were silver.

In Paul Beasley they have *the* undiscovered vocalist outside of gospel circles; a falsetto who defies belief. When he reached the highest note this side of Stevie's harmonica on their own 'Walk Around Heaven All Day' (just the title starts to break me in two . . .) and held it for over a minute, he produced one of those rare moments, a magical minute when the audience held its breath and collective hearts missed several beats in sheer awe and admiration. That was their second number.

After that they could do no wrong. The songs (and they have *hundreds* of those I'm informed) were brilliant examples of sassy soul, all tight beating bass and drums with faultless vocals floating on top.

The message was solely devoted to the good Lord but this was no solemn affair; it was an exuberant, active celebration of belief, the logical conclusion of religion and rejoicing. It didn't matter about your choice. This was music for everyone, music that breaks down barriers rather than erects them, a joyful sound that located itself in the spirit Aretha once went in search of and confirmed the positive with a strength and grace rarely encountered in these sordid times.

On top of this were moments of pure (unintentional??) humour ("we hear there are press here tonight. We'd just like to tell you that we love you very much and hope that you will now write nice things"), along with sobering thoughts amidst this pure party ("a prayer for the victims of the Korean jet . . .")

Balanced against this were the quintet's expressive voices beautifully relaying years and tradition of one of black music's most expressive idioms in a form (perfect pop no less!) that belied the categories tied around them.

When they finally quit the stage we were still shaking our heads in disbelief and joy at the power of their song and dance. I'd gone in as curious observer and emerged radiant.

It's a cliche but if you weren't there you missed something special. And I'm a believer.

Paolo Hewitt

FLASHES

SENSELESS

London ICA

Senseless is sort of how you may feel after leaving the "first full-length opera mounted by an experimental theatre company in this country". The troupe in question is Hilary Westlake and David Gale's Lumiere and Son – who can boast ten years of credentials for forays of similar nature. Westlake (who directed here) also recently helmed Lene Lovich and Les Chappell's most enjoyable *Mata Hari*.

Unlike that outing, however, this one boasts no personality strong enough to put across the surreal estate it posits onstage. It's Peter Whiteman's adaptable, imaginative and appropriately ominous design.

Briefly: *Senseless* shows us a weedy spy gruesomely liquidating two enemy agents on a tropical island (rather tasteless suggestions of El Salvador abound). But back home, it emerges that he deludedly butchered an ordinary couple engaged in a holiday fling. He's despatched to a clinic where – I quote the programme notes – "his submerged convictions surface, transforming his drab surroundings into a distorted Elizabethan court in which his doctors appear as queen and courtiers and he is their invaluable aide".

And here the modus operandi switches communication from conversazione into comic opera. The idea of 'The Q' warbling a libretto with lines like *"The world shall see how I value you: where are my hoochie-cooohiee men?!"* is great. But the reality was the worst you imagine about opera: they're singing *in* English and you can't decipher six words at a time. Plus the singing itself is less than polished.

The project's mixture of *Boys' Own* conceits (protagonist 'Michael Wade' ends up a living Glenn Baxter cartoon) with spy-thriller pulp fiction language and plain old street slang, plus visual goodies that include effective projections mounted by John Stalin, could be heady. But it seems destined to remain a rattling bag of conceits scrambled together with seemingly random casualness, sloppily choreographed and incapable of living up to its superb, coherent design.

Cynthia Rose

MARGO RANDOM

London ICA

HAVING LOST her Space Virgins, excellent and exiled New Yorker Margo Random begins with a fast flight through 'Just One Of Those Things'. Her voice has a spring in its steps through the higher registers, and her little black dress fits well with her chosen persona for these shows. Singing with her body, and clutching her glass of whisky throughout, Margo Random avoids the pits that this sort dilletantish, somewhat under rehearsed stuff can get snarled up in by virtue of a flexible voice, a winking eye, and a selection of material likely to uncover some of the under-exposed works of Ira Gershwin.

Margo could well, with more adventure and ambition, mix her own songs in with her selection of (high) standards, and if she put her face about a bit could yet become a refreshingly superior Pop Star, of sorts.

Mark Cordery

OMEGA TRIBE

Hammersmith Clarendon

OMEGA TRIBE embraced a mixed audience of the curious and the converted. Overcoming initial nerves, the Barnet foursome launched into an exciting and uplifting set, undermining the 'negative' tag attached to their ilk. Fusing punk with protest pop, the Tribe were more Jam than Crass, appearing strong and optimistic, rather than 'pathetically naive'. From the folk ballad of 'My Tears' and the vulnerable, Mob-like 'Pictures' to their inflamed manifestoes, such as 'What The Hell (Are They Fighting for?)'; they seemed youthful, touching and invigorating: as infectious as the early Beatles, as persuasive as the best (early) Clash.

Toby Polonsky

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LIVE

SLIM GAILLARD

London 100 Club

FOR ABOUT the tenth time that evening, Slim Gaillard spotted a camera pointing in his direction and stopped a song mid-way to pose. "Yes, I'm a ham", he grins to the audience, "but I enjoy it. It's fun." At almost seventy years old, Slim is still the Viceroy of Vout, purveyor of his own special brand of nonsense, and the only person around who can get tables full of bearded, big-bellied Serious Jazz Fans singing loud choruses of "*chug chug WHOO WHOO*" in response to nursery rhyme songs.

The man is a very average guitarist, has no voice to speak of, and you never know when to take him seriously, but who cares? He plays piano with the easy contempt of a master – with the backs of his hands, the sides of his fingers, or both – and his warm, easy humour would let him get away with anything.

He *is* a ham – after numerous dedications to promotor 'Honest John' Clare and his record shops, Slim went on to say hi to his good buddies from Cadillac who sell his sound, then launched into a speech on the merits of a paper called *New Musical Express*. Obviously a man who reads his guests lists carefully – last time I saw him, it was a Fleet St. daily that was singled out for praise . . purely coincidental that that their critic happened to be there, of course.

But it's all for a giggle anyway – "So this is the day you were born," ponders Slims after having obligingly played birthday greetings for two of the audience. "Man, that was *some* trip!" After each joke, each tune, he gazes benevolently at the crowd, an old hand condescending to entertain with a few of his tricks, and having a good time himself in the process.

In spite of the laughs, this set was more serious than his appearances at The Canteen last year, when his quips at the expense of the richer diners had us literally in tears. Though he played the classics such as 'Cement Mixer (Puttie Puttie)' Flat Foot Floogie', and 'Matzoh Balls And Gelfillte Fish', the instrumental breaks between the scat were longer, with the other musicians given much more space to stretch in.

"This is a special arrangement" came the announcement at the start of nearly every song; "I'm going to arrange it right now." The looks of trepidation as the three man band worried what would come next showed that this was only half a joke. "This one will be played in the key of whiskey", Slim tells them helpfully, but between the clowning, they were more than competent.

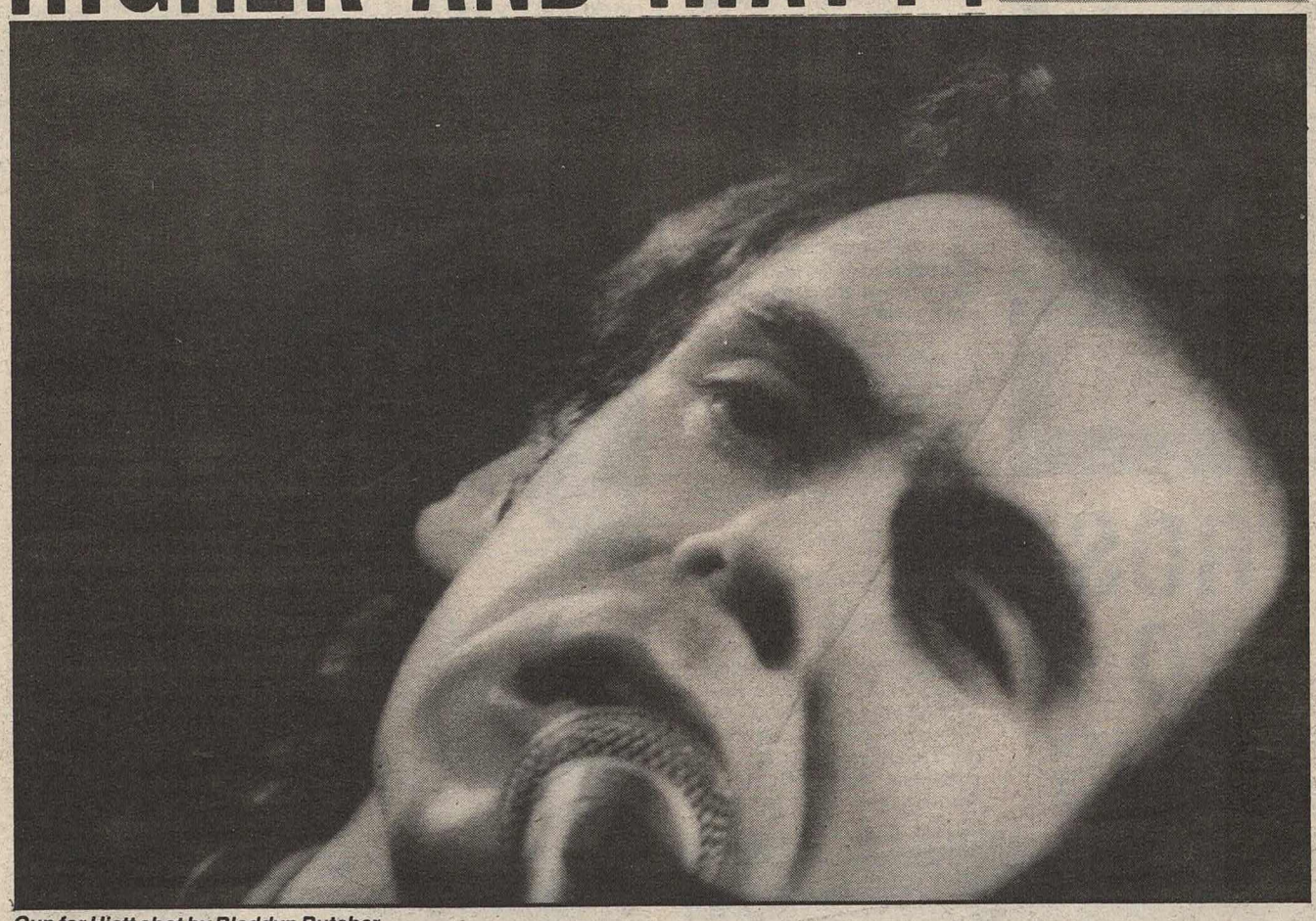
Veteran tenor sax player Big Jay McNeely – in London for a gig of his own the following night – even came on stage to treat us to a few numbers.

The gig closed with 'Chicken Rhythm' where Slim's bird noises took on the sound of a trumpet solo, the comic merging into a tight melody and showing his skills not only as a comedian but as a musician and fine songwriter.

Banned from US radio in the '50's because his songs were "thick with reefer smoke and bedroom innuendo", patronized by the obnoxious Kerouac in *On The Road*, Gaillard has survived not as a museum piece or a novelty, but as one of the slickest, silliest, most *alive* acts around, Vouty o la macarooni . . . laughing in rhythm.

Sheryl Garratt

HIGHER AND HIATT!



Gun for Hiatt shot by Bleddyn Butcher.

JOHN HIATT

Putney Half Moon

FOR THE second time in a matter of weeks this body-choked backroom played host to a mislaid American master. In John Hiatt's territory he has no peers, and the grace and nerve of this performance translated directly into the hopes and illusions of everyone present.

Hiatt squeezes the part of 'American songwriter' like putty, and the role oozes a peculiarly bitter fluid. Songs like 'Doll Hospital' and 'Singing The Blues' skip laconically through a desolation of wrongdoing that exhilarates because it's so energetically fashioned. Every metaphor of retreat and regret is impassioned, not glib or tediously clever. Hiatt spares his songs: he is almost too humane, for he releases his shots at everyday wickedness with something like reluctance.

There is a sense, then, that these things *have* to be done – an air which never falters. But it's in his ballads that Hiatt's absolute control overwhelms, even though a high proportion of his set was unfamiliar (many tunes from the impending 'Riding With The King'). 'Your Love Is Like Blood' and an agonising message to the lonely called 'Lovers Will' convince that Hiatt is practically the only white man with an honest grip on the soul ballad. Assisted merely by his terse acoustic guitar and piano he sang these clear, often achingly simple laments without flinching.

It takes singers like Percy Sledge and Tyrone Davis, men *imprisoned* by their art, to make the flesh of the heart bleed so badly: John Hiatt must be accounted among that select number. His voice is a devastating instrument, lungs like ashtrays one moment and a cruelly sweet falsetto the next.

He ploughs past surface passion to turn over the underfelt of a song's intentions. On a jokey new tale of infidelity he suddenly spat across a brilliant line – *Let's play a little game – Is he bigger than a breadbox or shorter than your maiden name?"* – that froze the laugh in your throat.

His choice of a Conway Twitty song, 'Heavy Tears', cleared up the differences with his usual reference point, Elvis Costello. Hiatt's country is grain and muscle; Costello's is soup and handkerchiefs. Hiatt is never once maudlin, which is one reason why his songs bear endless repetition. You can play his last three records into the ground and still discover surprises.

This delirious performance, delivered by a slight man in a rumpled dark suit to an audience full of bad pullovers and lousy haircuts, returned the favour in spades. *"She doesn't see/She'd be better off with me/She loves the jerk"*. I know exactly what John Hiatt means. Let's hear it for the king of the overnight story.

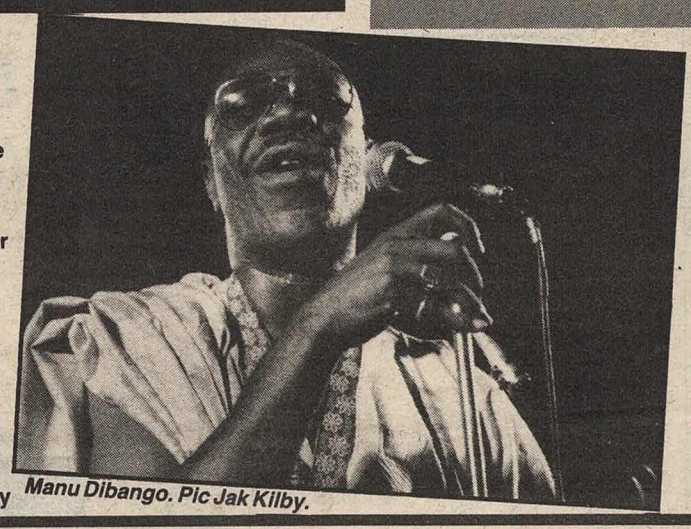
Richard Cook

MANU DIBANGO

Hammersmith Palais

A WEALTH of music flourishing and pouring out of Manu Dibango, who may be the Makossa man but certainly no one tune flash in the pan. His band stretched the African continent out from Madagascar to Martinique with its killer kongas and a guitar so magic that it transformed into a xylophone! African women of sophistication, via Paris, vocalised and moved sumptuously while Manu exhibited such miles of smiles of confidence, not rooted in foolishness but as real as his music.

Jak Kilby



Manu Dibango. Pic Jak Kilby.

LIVING IN TEXAS

Wakefield Hellfire club

NOTHING IF not eclectic, Living In Texas beg, steal and borrow a sound for themselves, robbing and raping the rich old tapestry with a glee verging on exhilaration. Anyway, as they gave their all I made a mental list of striking good reasons to catch, love and/or loathe this group, which is as follows:

1) A glamorous rush and tumble, recalling, of all people, Slaughter And The Dogs – gone, gormless and in some far-flung corner I suppose not forgotten, their collective ghost loomed large here.

2) Near-Olympian feats of power and dexterity from the rhythm/Ringo.

3) An Edwardian high-collar around the neck of the vocals.

4) A song called 'Julia's Baby'.

5) The deployment of the 'Shot By Both Sides' guitar line in a carefully concealed corner.

6) Similarity hidden Bolan Boogie and backward guitar passages that tapped out the morse-message: "PAUL IS DEAD!"

7) A wave in the direction of pom-pom positive.

8) A lot of counting up to four as fast and loud as possible.

9) Artful Dodger cheeky-chappie Chas and Dave-isms.

10) The guitarist's cartoon high-rise hedge of hair (and raising).

11) Sub-metal, animal-eating excesses on a song called 'Kingdom'.

12) The bass player's Feargal Sharkey School of Physique partial-nudism.

13) No waste.

14) No silly John Wayne outfits, spurs, hats, anything like that.

And: 15 Honest injun, JOI DE VIVRE!

Bart Bartle

INCANTATION

London Queen Elizabeth Hall

A DIRT brown smocked usherette eased me into Incantation's revelry with a cheering, "Do try not to make too much noise as you go in, they've already started." Quiet? You could have heard a dead Condor drop.

And inside? A tacky, two bit screen flashing their blue-hued 'Cacharpaya' sleeve motif, two sets of traffic lights and five Shepherd's Bush lads in Levis and Kickers: not a bloody Poncho in sight! Well, call me a naive young turkey and smack me with a Chilean bean pod, but I didn't know Incantation were Gringo musos from W12. I didn't expect anything as half-hearted and strictly non-esoteric as this. I'd imagined all manner of celebratory percussive whoops, reedy flutes, screams of 'Arriba' and screens stacked high with Aztec ceremonies and Peruvian panoramas.

Cutprice Siouxsie in The Beast. Pic Zoe Jones.

But no, Incantation crawled through a series of indistinguishable guitar and pipe tracts with painful sincerity and a reference book full of meticulous explanation as to which old raindance they'd stolen each tune from.

Even Blue Rondo A La Turk used to be more fun than this lot.

Amrik Rai

THE BEAST

Hammersmith Palais

THE BEAST are and tame as toothless a creature as ever curled up and died on the Palais stage. Needless to say, they bare no relation to anything you might expect from ex-Cramp, the late Bryan Gregory, whose excuse for no-show this time was that he'd "flipped out in Noo York".

Titanically Teutonic drumming hammered the frail efforts of the other four beasties into the ground, although of course their real purpose in life is to teeter mincingly round the stage in atavistic memory of The New York Dolls' platform boots. Musically they present a shamateur dramatic performance of '77 Banshees, garnished with shrill Gothic Horror organ and hammily sleazy sax.

Beyond cliche, The Beast are entirely worthless, without an atom of even the most mindless entertainment value, let alone energy or originality. Hype of the year.

Mat Snow

LIVE

PROS AND ANTIS

number.

The chopped rock-steady of the Mad Professor's backing-tape provides the cake for the ASW's ice-cool whinings. Three skinny white scruffs in early Strummer cast-offs attempt the kind of melodic interplay for which caucasian reggae is far from renowned.

Of late we've had Jeremy and Kate's torrid tales of buggery and horseplay packaged in Dickensian Rasta alongside another of Sting's Mogadon stompers. UB40 apart, the vaunted Reggae crossover has been ditched by the pontiffs of cool in favour of a dozen other black goldmines.

The Antis are as yet a sketch of the group they could be with half-ideas and concepts hammered out as much on stage as in rehearsal. They've taken the myth that good music doesn't require technical proficiency and made it a hard reality by cutting out the middle man a la Bananarama (end of comparison).

This of course leaves no room for the activity which attracts most males to the idea of rock performance – that of pretending that the guitar is a penis. It also means that the lyrical content is spotlighted and the dumb "*Wanna-Gonna*" zombie stumble of yer average pop pap is surpassed. The Anti-Social Workers jumped from Poland's failed revolution to abusing the alleged Robert Elms in the time honoured fashion of the Socialist anti-pose.

Meanwhile back in the real world the New Look *TOTP* drags to a close with yet another frenzied exhibition of spontaneous epilepsy from its coconut oiled acne free typical teenagers.

Susan Williams

ANTI-SOCIAL WORKERS

Brighton Polytechnic

IT'S THURSDAY night and whilst piston-pelvised sleek types simulate the sexual act to the soundtrack of this week's chart crap in the comfort of eight million homes, The Anti-Social Workers perform to 15 people in a hall designed to seat at least half that

LATA MANGESHKAR

Wembly Arena

LATA MANGESHKAR has just had three sell out nights at Wembley Arena, drawing an audience entirely from the Indian immigrant community.

She's recorded more songs than anyone else *ever*; her Official Souvenir Programme says over 30,000. She's dominated the Indian music industry since 1948 when her first big hit began her career as the "indisputable and indispensable queen of India's playback singers" – *Time* magazine (an article written in 1959. It's still true). A production rate of over two songs a day.

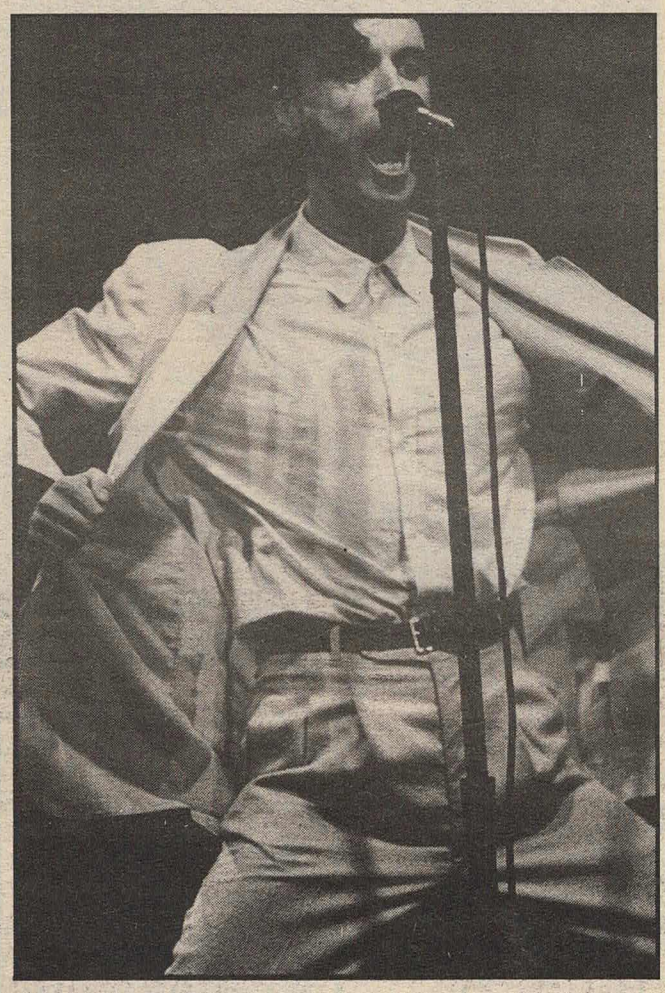
Lata's voice, which is her fortune, (she leaves plastic beauty to the film stars whose voices she provides) is really remarkable, not just for its strength, but for its dynamic range and flexibility. The expression of emotion and the 'personality' of an Indian singer are in the ornament, the twists and graces the melody is put through, so flexibility is prized.

But there is also the delight of hearing her rescue countless tasteless arrangements on record with only the aid of tone and inflection, lifting them out of the absurd (a result of incorporating any number of incompatible styles in the same song) and into the sublime. For her voice, even in the most cheerful of songs, has a keening edge, a hint of lament and deep yearning: the otherworldliness of pop music.

Tonight the orchestra are subtle and responsive: her favourite songs are being played, so there's no danger of inglorious lapse into banality. The music has something of the dignity of Indian classical music, but none of its difficulty or rigour. Rhythms and melodies may be a shade more complex than western ears are used to, but are still essentially straightforward.

Lata Mangeshkar is a small woman with an extraordinary voice. Whole families went to see her and reaffirmed their love.

Mark Sinker



Flash Artist Pic Peter Anderson

LEFT SPEECHLESS

TALKING HEADS

New York Forest Hills Tennis Stadium

THE ESSENTIAL Talking Heads identity has always had David Byrne as its focus, no matter how much he may theorize about creating some sort of communal tribal stomp. The current line-up augments that identity without overwhelming it.

The structure of the show demonstrates the logic of what they've accomplished – it begins with Byrne solo, doing that quintessential loner's song 'Psycho Killer', adds Tina for 'Heaven' and keeps building from there, adding a new player on each song until the band is churning full force: the four Heads plus keyboardist Bernie Worrell, percussionist Steve Scales, an extra guitarist and two singers.

With this rich mass of sound swirling around him, Byrne is left free to develop from the cracked actor he was to the skilled actor he has become. In the flesh Byrne now presents one of the most interesting pop images to be seen. He used to put people off. Now he's turned his frenzy into charisma. His voice is a unique instrument – quirky and strange but captivating. That voice is now wielded with such confidence it could carry the band on its own.

Byrne the actor is learning to really step into his roles. 'This Must Be The Place', which is too slight and polite on the new album, becomes on the stage a shocking and powerful sermon, convincingly delivered from the heart.

Then, incredibly, he tops this by making a mini-morality play out of 'Girlfriend Is Better', donning an oversized greatcoat to become a stiff pontificator, a warped woofer demonstrating a real and contradictory bundle of human confusion and inspired certainty.

Listening to the Talking Heads band was a fine physical pleasure. And watching David Byrne made me feel that American pop culture has finally made room for a new kind of wild and intelligent pop image.

Richard Grabel

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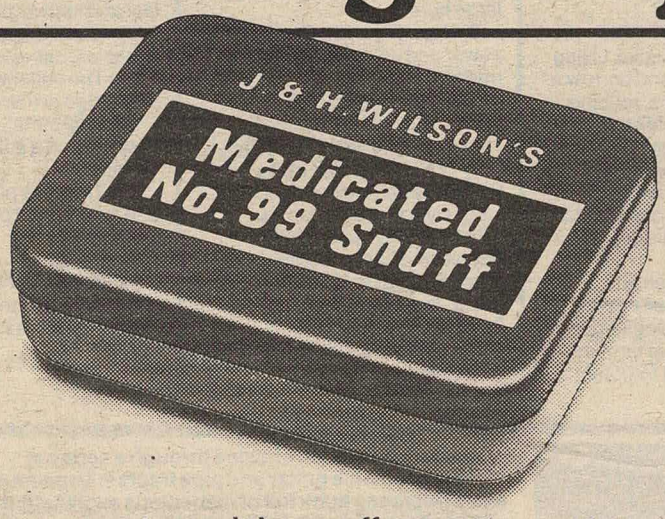

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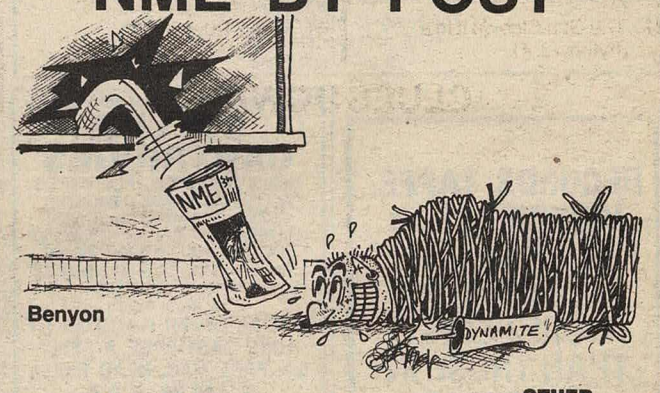

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12. Trevor's prevailing quality according to Ian. (6)
14. The Theatre's first world. (4)
16. Bowie correct as usual. (5)
18. Specific frequency. (1, 1, 1)
19. Talking of odd couples, how about Hollywood and Milton Keynes? (4)
20. The Sun shines out of his . . . (2)
21. The Gun Club do it to a rhythm (3, 4)
23. Tom's little baby, stop it. (3)
24. An old tourist who made good on familiar ground. (5)
25. Freed/Alda/Paul. (4)
27. Joni's was yellow, and now it's on the box. (4)
28. This time Bowie asks you to hang around a while longer. (4)
29. The winding road, the hot summer. (4)
31. A grievous angel indeed, this was his first album and also his initials (1, 1)
34. I sing the Sisters' song, bodily. (8)
37. A bad summer for bananas. (5)
39. Those at work, so to speak. (3)
40. The town neurotics. (3)
41. See 7 Down.

CLUES DOWN

1. See 1 Across.
2. The singing dole cards see it twice and go vintage. (3, 3, 4)
3. Dennis of 'McCloud' and 'Gunsmoke' fame. (6)
4. 'Rider/Five . . . Pieces', both with Jack Nicholson. (4)
5. It burned, Nero fiddled. (4)
6. Did Roger McGuinn inspire Erica Jong? (5)
7. and 41A. In which Crass take Toyah to the cleaners', or should that read shearers'? (5, 7, 2, 3, 9)
11. Mark Perry's Deptford lads, hardly the knights of the future. (1, 1, 1)
13. Goes with Red Beans, like Tim. (4)
15. The heart of Maurice White's elemental band. (5)
17. The Cure finally stretch their legs. (3, 4)
21. In which the ratio is six. (6)
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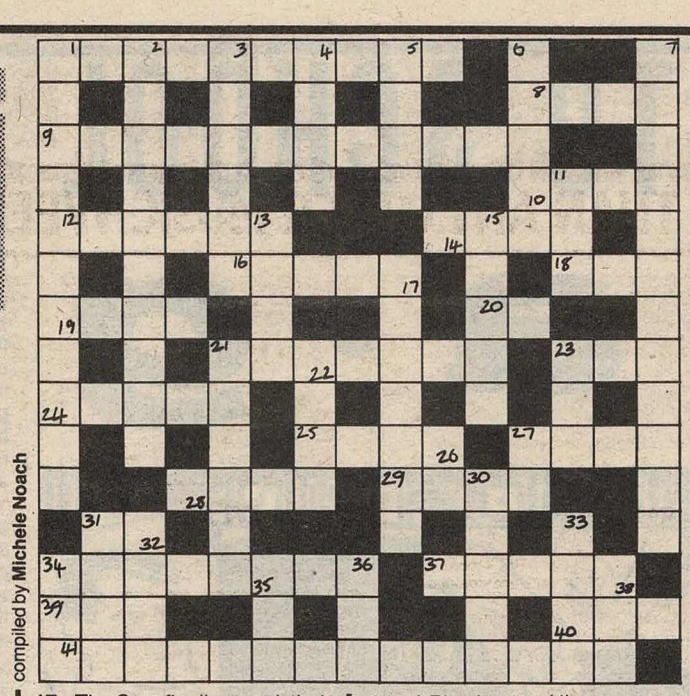
26. Dr. Who? (2)
27. Latterly P.T.V. (1,1)
30. 'Goodbye ----- Jean, though I never knew you at all', Mr John. (5)
31. A Pistol, once. (4)
32. Heaven 17's House, full of emotion. (4)
33. What to do with your ear. (4)
34. A major found in this hemisphere. (1, 1, 1)
35. Not just a Map from 17, but where to find it. (3)
36. As in 'de Sac', an effort from Polanski. (3)
38. Remember the Bay City Rollers, well HIM. (3)



compiled by **Michele Noach**

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 The Sky's Gone Out, 8 Rap, 10 Exploited, 11 Lollipop, 12 Our Day Will Come, 15 Radar, 17 Drop The Pilot, 18 Otway, 20 Fog, 21 Enigma, 23 Still, 24 Amp, 26 If I Had Words, 28 See 40A, 30 Draw, 31 End, 32 Gangsters, 33 Feel Me, 35 Colette, 37 Tin, 38 R'n'R, 39 Rebel, 40+28A Dream A Lie.

DOWN: 1 The Sound Of Silence, 2 Empire Song, 3 Kool And The Gang, 4+9D Sgt Pepper, 5 OMD, 6 Eclection, 7 Tiller Boys, 8 Rope, 9 see 4D, 13 Women In Winter, 14 Lori, 16 Downie, 19 Yellow Pearl, 22 Mark Smith, 24 Ashes And (Diamonds), 25 (Caught Live) Plus Five, 27 In Dulce (Jubilo), 29 see 36D, 34 Lora, 36+29D The Edge.

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- JAM (Farewell Tour)
- JAM (Modern World)
- STYLE COUNCIL (Weller)
- DAMNED (Vampiress)
- PINK FLOYD (The Wall)
- SPANDAU BALLET (True)
- AVENGERS (John & Emma)
- BILKO (Drawing)
- DENNIS THE MENACE
- MARILLION (Jester's Tear)
- ULTRAVOX (Rage In Eden)
- STONES (Spend The Night)
- DEAN (Rebel/Cause)
- U2 (War + Tour Dates)
- BRANDO (Streetcar)
- JAM (Tube Station)
- JAM (Absolute Beginners)
- HENDRIX (Bold As Love)
- MARILYN (Giant Face)
- MARILYN (7 YR Itch)
- CLASH (Bank Robber)
- CLASH (Straight To Hell)
- CLASH (Know Your Rights)
- JAPAN (Sons Of Pioneers)
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BACK TO SCHOOL b·a·g

Illustration by Ed Briant

FIRST CUT

TOTP ended the other week with various pretty people doing a thing called "Scratching" on the dance floor. This is nothing new; when I was at school I did a thing called "scratching" on a desk with an old penknife. It did not get me on television. It got me an hour's detention after school
Paul Gerdes, Ilkley, West Yorkshire.

IS THAT A BANANA YOU'RE EATING . . .

Barry Manilow my life already! Can we expect reviews of sugar refineries next?
Tate Worm, Lisle Street,
Next! – CB.

OR JUST WHAT IS THAT THING UP YOUR NOSE?

Bashing *Deinen Kopf gegen die Wand:* Barney Hoskyns' professional aim can be seen in catastrophic reality in many civic urinals. Every lump of lumpen platitudes explodes plagiaristically in his pig's groin of a brain into verbose rapping for an empty package.

He becomes the object he constructively kicked in the Testicle Dept – *oder hat er keine Eier?* A slave to apocalypse-speak and incrowdism, owlwise by halflight. This psick pseud is a punk Roget on industrial bran flakes – farting dialectical transudation – is the only revolutionary gesture against Friedmannistic monetarism astride our Thatcherite-Orwellian nightmare.

I've not been to Barney to see with my very own pissholes in the cement whether his mental decay is as bad as his verbal cacation, but looking now into the gas caverns of his cliches I know that eight million jews can't be wrong. His destructivism crashes like the Third Reich, as absurdist as Hirsute Suggikimono's Masturbation Of The Nostril. Sincerity about the inanity of junk punk, post Pistols pre natal exploitative cabaret *hinweg!* Let's go plough a field day for Freud.

If reviews are ego-shaped, you face a flight from *NME, Lufthansa, bitte.* His frenzied blurbing, his quasi Trotskyist futurism from the front turns me to a form of savage self mutilation, a renegade for pneumatic aspirins.

Here surely is the greatest slogan slanging ad for Andrex: Not as cuddly as puppies, only half as avant garde, but much more of an artisan to anal entities.

Hoskyns drills the throbs. Push him over the verge.
Neil Allmark, Stoke On Trent, Staffs.
Barney's eggs are intact. Yours appear to be permanently scrambled. Barney has the balls to go places you can only read about. Nevertheless we welcome your intimate knowledge of cubicle wall scrawlings. – CB.

NO MORE HEROES (BRIEF RETURN)

Well dears it's been fun ain't it?

The new PiL single is the very *last!* How else could PiL justify the blatant hypocrisy of releasing a live video and live LP? Anyway, their recent US gigs were pretty bland and as for playing 'Anarchy' – well, nuff said. The sad loss of Keith Levene – always 50 per cent of PiL – placed a pitiful increase of pressure on Lydon to succeed. He can't carry on and he knows it. The inclusion of 'Public Image' on their single is further evidence of their pre-planned demise. If you're still in doubt you only have to listen to Lydon's message: *"Big business is very wise/I'm going over into enterprise . . . I have a new role/I have a new goal where money applies . . . Are you ready to grab a candle?/It had to happen sometime/This is not a love song."*

It's as plain as the nose on your face. See ya John, thanks for the ride.
Hymie Cohen, Bedford.
Lydon's double bluff called, Jones sacked on a dubious Clash principle, did anyone expect '77 to end any other way? – CB.

The toothless, gutless, brainless, bali-less, pusillanimous UB40's Robin and Astro are the embodiment of the modern chart – happy pop star – they remind me of Paul Weller, Politicians and Peanut advertisers – moving with the times, grooving with the dimes rolling in . . . if their "STANCE IS DANCE", then I wish them well as they reflect on their lives and recall that the sum total of their achievement was to allow the human posterior to move 20 degrees in either direction.

DON'T TELL ME, UB40, that you're "bored" with politics. Politics is the bread and butter of existence. Politics is the distance between prosperity and poverty, between liberty and constraint, between justice and inequity. The stuff life is made of. The stuff Revolutions are made of. Music is a vital arm of influence and change – if only more bands had the intelligence and guts of the excellent REDSKINS, then perhaps today's LIMP youth might be dreaming of a Revolution rather than Rio de Janeiro. So UB40 – when you're burning your skins, soul and senses in LA, don't forget to say a prayer or two for a rise in SS benefit.
X Terminator, Solihull.
UB40 can't even stir faint movement in the heart, nothing they've ever done disturbs the mind's slumber, they barely raise a body twitch, and you've harboured dreams of them carrying a torch to be burnt by their recent declarations of non-involvement? – CB.

THINKING MAN'S BEEFCAKE

Sting's Jungian LP title lift is all very well, confirming his undisputed position as the thinking person's number one beefcake. However, what about the undeclared similarity of his 'Tea In The Sahara', which twice mentions *"the sheltering sky"*, to a little known Paul Bowles novel of 1949 entitled *The Sheltering Sky* – Book One: *Tea In The Sahara?*
Patrick Field, Brighton.

THINKING WOMAN'S BEEFCAKE

I am not the archetypal "heavy metal fan" that the media seem to take great delight in portraying as mindless morons. I am in my 30s, married, well-educated, intelligent (I think) and articulate (I hope). I've been a professional musician for 15 years and have seven LPs to my name. My taste in music ranges from Rachmaninov to Bourney, from Barry Manilow to The Police, from Whitesnake to Buck's Fizz. I've also written reviews of concerts and albums for magazines and all my own material for recording purposes.

Recently, I picked up your paper with delight, finding it had a review of Donnington. Frankly, what I read nauseated me. Who on *earth* does Amrik Rai think he is – to write a piece that has neither credibility, any constructive comment to make or even a modicum of journalistic merit? What did he do – take down a copy of Roget's Thesaurus, look up the word 'sex' and attempt to cram in as many of the references as he could in the time allowed? It's a free country and everyone is entitled to their opinion of someone's performance. After 15 years in the business I have learned to take the knocks, ignore the critics and let this kind of thing ride over my head . . . but this is nothing short of a cheap and highly pretentious attack on David Coverdale – whose performance at the Festival was nothing short of stunning.

Where, for God's sake, is the review of the MUSIC? Rai has reduced what must have been one of the best stage performances of all time to a series of pelvic thrusts – and he doesn't appear to have been watching those too closely either . . . Why Coverdale fans should sit back and let him take this kind of abuse I don't know – I, for one, won't.

Whilst writing, can I also say that it's about time that the myth – that Whitesnake appeal mainly to the male side of the population – was exploded? One only had to look around Donnington to see the near orgasmic fervour with which Coverdale was greeted by the women – and if Amrik Rai doesn't think there was any sexual excitement in David's performance he should have been standing where I was . . . he may or may NOT be correct in his speculation of the size of David's 'appendage' (as Bette Midler would put it) – it makes no difference – Coverdale is still the most erotic thing around in rock today. No – I'll correct that – he's the ONLY erotic thing left around in rock music today – but, Thank God, he makes up for all the others.
Rosie Hardman, Sutton Coldfield, West Midlands.

Pete Murphy's given it up. Marc Almond's given it up. Dik Daviss is languishing in hospital and John Taylor isn't doing it until Christmas.

When are we going to see some pretty, leather clad bums on a British stage again?
Bracknell Bitch and Harrow Hussie.

RADIO SILENCE

Let's start a new campaign for DJs: Shut up or else! It makes me really angry the way Radio One DJs talk over records, not only the intros and fades, but also the vocals! Now they're getting into the habit of saying that long records exist for the sake of idle DJs, as if we listen to Radio One for their inane patter and not the music!

No wonder, then, that there is apparently a rebirth of pirate radio. Radio One needs a shot in the arm – or in most cases a shot to the brain.
Timothy J. Mickleburgh, Atherstone, Warwickshire.

All power to pirate rock! The programming on Radio Caroline (319 MW) is a tasty diet of mainly continuous classic rock cuts with minimal jock talk and no ads. Now all we need is VHF stereo transmission with a complementary latest release album cuts station. American visitors are always amazed that we don't have a single equivalent of their 100s of FM rock stations.
Chris Townroe, Pulborough, Sussex.
Some of us are quite pleased British pirates don't follow the American FM model, specially as Warsaw 111 and Radio Budapest provide far better leads. Whole LPs are played without so much as a whisper from the DJ, so Poles and Hungarians can more easily record Western favourites, thus restoring the BPI's "home taping" skull and crossbones to its true place on the pirates' masthead. – CB.

FORKED TONGUE

Barney Hoskyns has obviously tried to open the season on Talking Heads. To my mind he only had a quick listen to 'Speaking In Tongues' and zoomed off to Maryland to give the group the bad write-up he obviously feels is their due.

With his odious line of questioning I'm not surprised Byrne gave him a short interiew. I'm more surprised David didn't slug him.
Schnoz.
It's more a case of the present British malaise, – that is, cowardice on behalf of recording artists – spreading westwards. TH, it appears, have joined that growing list – which includes Spandau Ballet, Heaven 17, Human League – of figures incapable of discussing their work seriously, who would rather just make lists for the teen service magazines to the pop industry. – CB.

PAPAL BULL

"The Pope used our PA when he came to Glasgow," Jim Kerr announced, adding mischievously, "I hope he didnae catch anything," and continuing to chant "The Pope's got herpes." (*NME* September 3, 1983).

Though this is the age of consent may I slip in my non-consent on last week's article about the chronic degenerate and "better sleeping" Jim Kerr. His statement on the Pope was absolutely stupid. I have informed the Spanish Inquisition and he can expect a broken bottle up his arse anyday now.
New Border.
Well, wash Jim's mouth out with soap if he intended such throwaway lines seriously! Aren't we being just a teeny weeny bit sensitive here? – CB.

HEWITT: THE PROS AND CONS

Re: Jane Tusker's vicious anti Paolo propaganda.

Good God, woman, how you can possibly criticise a master craftsman like Hewitt is beyond belief. In the past few months he has firmly established himself as an invaluable member of the team with such articles as Curtis Mayfield, The Coconuts, Herbie Hancock etc, etc. Keep doing your thing Paolo! And thanks for the letter!
Paolo Hewitt Appreciation Society, A.K.A. The Greenford Treacherous Trio.
Leave his prose out of this. Let's get physical! See below. – CB.

I feel I must second that (e)motion concerning Paolo Hewitt. He IS boring, safe and bland. Is he seriously intended as a replacement for the small but perfectly formed Ian Penman?
Alice, Sheffield.
Actually he was hired by *Melody Maker* first as a replacement for me. Is this some kind of hint, Neil? – CB.

MORE MEANS LESS

Just a short note to set the record straight regarding *Fred Fact* (*NME* 20.8.83). Since December '82 Ronco have issued four pop compilations containing a total of 112 tracks. Approximately 90 per cent of these have appeared in their original 7" format unedited and uncut. Our forthcoming release doesn't have any cuts either.

Unfortunately it is a fairly common belief that all TV compilations contain edited material, but hopefully this will only happen on our releases occasionally in the future.

I would be most grateful if you could point out that our tracks are not often edited and remember when we do edit it's only to save the listener the agony of the full four and a half minutes!
Ashley Abram, Repertoire Manager, Ronco Teleproducts UK Ltd, Ellerslie Park, 11 Lyham Road, London SW2 5DZ.

GAG ON THESE

The world is a stage and we all play a part. Don't worry Adrian, it'll be alright on the night.
John Connolly, New Barnet.

Did Neil Spencer hire Andy Gill to prove that there was life after death?
John Connolly, New Barnet.

I've been thinking of changing my name to Private Part. But it's Bollocks to you.
John Connolly, New Barnet.

I think it's really silly the way you put your faith in youth and the working class.
Mucky The Pig.
So do I. – CB.

The main difference between Russian and American aggression is the Americans always smile. That's worse, coz that's sadism.
Harry Halitosis, Bradford.

BLACKED!

I followed with interest the pious meeting of The British Musicians Union in its dealings with the non-racial South African group Juluka during their visit to Britain in July. Apparently dissatisfied with the non-militancy of Juluka's political leanings, this august body demanded that, in order to appear on British TV, the group should donate the proceeds to the

Readers' spitballs dodged by CHRIS BOHN

Propel your ink pellets to *Gasbag, NME*, Third Floor, 5–7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG

anti-apartheid movement, or become political refugees.

Juluka was, of course, willing to comply with the first request but the AAM turned down the offer. The group has since returned to South Africa, where their increasing popularity and artistic vitality will do far more to threaten our beleagured regime than their exile.

On the other hand the *NME* and the Musicians Union showed a disappointing lack of distress at the recent visit to Bophututswana of Rod Stewart. Bophututswana is one of four pseudo-independent black homelands, each of South African government manufacture, where the black majority are permitted to exercise their meagre political rights. These impoverished homelands are ruled by tribal puppet governments and have yet to have their independence recognised internationally. However, because they are technically not part of South Africa, musicians who perform there in front of affluent, mainly white audiences at luxurious South African-owned hotels remain free of the criticism and bannings of the Union, which evidently knows which side its bread is buttered.

Due shortly to perform in Bophututswana is a middle-aged English piano-playing football club owner. Will he be banned from performing in the UK on his return?

Stephen Dee, Johannesburg, South Africa.

If the MU don't get him, Quality Control should. Short of hiring an exterminator *NME*'s voice of censure would hardly be heard or felt by either John or Stewart. Just listen to us yelp if ever Strummer decides to go! – CB.

THE BIG YAWN

Remember last year when *Sounds* Ed. Geoff Barton wote that when the bomb went off he wanted the bang to be as big as possible. Remember how you at *NME* sneered at a man who dared joke about such a terrible subject?

Imagine my surprise, then, when Donald Watson said he hoped the button was pressed before the weekly editorial meeting. I hope this comment is going to meet with equal derision or do times really change this quickly?

K. Buckley, North Wales.

Huh! Can't anybody take a joke? – Dr. Strangelove.

MORTIFIED!

I wish to protest your miserable coverage of the death of Carolyn Jones in *NME* 27.8.83.

One brief paragraph full of misprints in your rather frivolous *T-Zers* column is a lamentable tribute to this fine actress who I think had more relevance to readers than perhaps you imagine. Not only was she famous as Morticia in *The Addams Family*, but Carolyn Jones also featured opposite Elvis Presley in *King Creole* – one of her best roles and probably the best film Presley made.

Graham Klippel, Thames Ditton, Surrey.

Sorry. Some tried but space didn't permit a full obituary. Here, Carolyn's pictured below Elvis in *King Creole*. – CB.

T-ZERS

THE MUSIC INDUSTRY was shaken to its very foundations this week by the new that **Jeremy 'Tiny' Wallet Hyphen Smyth** has taken over the back page of *The New Musical Express* in a *£3.2 billion* deal.

The *NME* offices are currently alive (for the first time in years) with excitement and trepidation about the proposed changes. Various rumours, that have filtered through from Wallet's board-room, seem to confirm fears that the last page will in future be printed on 'pink' paper. This, it is believed, would herald far-reaching changes in the contents of the page – including a possible *T–Z Index* on the current solvency and market value of 'news-items' (ie. gossip,tittle-tattle and other such baloney).

So, printed here, in a last ditch attempt to rid our bottom drawers of rubbish, we print a simulation of what *T-Zers* may look like in weeks to come . . .

After heavy raiding on the *T–Z Index* Heavy Metal was down eight points, *Fosters* was up by a staggering 20 pints and **Sisters Of Mercy** were completely up the creek. It seems that those stooges of the glam scene, those doyens of gothic HM (no, not **Sabbaff**, man!) have had a family feud and decided to call it a day. Main Sister **Andrew Eldrith** was unavailable for comment – probably because he refuses to speak to our organ (though you can't blame him – who *would* want to speak to an organ?) Other bands that have split since our revelations in last week's obitchery are **The Beatles, The Temperance Seven** and **Beast** . . .

Beast in case you don't know (and don't care) were ex-**Cramps**' guitarist **Brian Gregory**'s neu-Goth line-up. Rumours that we were about to talk to them were quashed when, on the eve of their UK support tour with **The Damned** Gregory either died or went completely looney. Both, of course, are preferable to supporting the aforementioned 'punx' . . .

Meanwhile on the open market those well known **Yeti** bone bashers, **Sidekick TV**, have rumbled **Maurice 'CBS' Oberstein's** plans for world domination – and signed a deal for seven albums with the man. The deal (for £1 million at the last estimate) had us all laffing heartily for all of five minutes – until we realised that it was true. Our condolences have been forwarded to this once great company . . .

ON A lighter note we've got a great little number about **Mick Jones**. Mick, if you can remember was once a backing singer with hip Brit-funk band **The Clashbahs** and since his sacking (something he claims to know nothing about – nothing new, eh?) the scam has really been hitting the fans. Early scandal seemed to confirm that he was about to join his old comrade-at-the-mixing-desk **Kwirk 'Of Fate' Brandon** in **The Dyna-Rods** (sorry, that should read **Spear Of Destiny**). But the man's strenuously denied such a torpid relationship. Meanwhile fears that the man may add his weight (yes, all eight and a half stones of it) to the **Wasted Youth** revival have been flattened by rumours of an allegiance with nouveau-**Beat** combo, **General Public**. Where will it all end? Why should it all end? We've got to print something . . .

So let's print this: THIS. There you are, a real dumb joke . . .

And now another one; **Pepsi**, the poor girl picked by **Wham!** to replace **Dee** is suffering from such an inferiority complex that she has been signing autographs – yes you guessed it – Dee . . .

Dee, meanwhile, has been signing autographs **Coca-Cola**. The two events are thought to be un-related. In an attempt to clarify the situation, Dee has just finished a guest vocalist appearance on **Tom Robinson**'s new single, **'Listen To The Radio'**. There is no truth in the rumour that Robinson has been signing on as **Barley Water** . . .

Of course worse things happen all the time. For instance guest musician at a 'secret' (wow!) **Stray Kittens** gig was **Dave Edmunds** . . .

That other old rocker **Paul Weller** has decided to come clean, take the fox-fur off his parka and play with **Animal Nightlife** at an **Animal Liberation Benefit.** Is that why *He* was calling all and sundry 'cats' on *Riverside* the other night? . . .

Cor, he likes a laff our Ross Dept.: Can it be (muffled hysterics) that **Ross** *'life of leisure'* **Middleton** has joined **Xmal Deutschland**? Or was that **Frank Zappa's muzzy**? Who can tell? Boy, this one could run and run . . .

On the financial front it seems that the Monopoly Commission are set to investigate **Joke MacDonald** who it seems has just taken over the Brixton Ace . . .

On the signings front news has just come in that husky chanteuse **Sade Adieu** has not signed to RCA. It seems that manager and one time *Face* model, Leee Barret (come on stretch your imagination) got the company to pay for some devlish demo tapes before signing and then whipped around **Virgin On The Ridiculous Records** to have another contract made up. Watch him **Branson**, watch him . . .

Not content with misquoting Jacobean playwrights, **Echo And The Bunnymen** have decided to get onto the big one and play at The Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-Upon-Avon. And just to prove that selling out Shea Stadium is no big deal they sold out the show faster than **Morecame & Wise** could – and **Shakespeare** (though he ain't done a gig for ages). As a result they've added a Bunny matinee on October 23rd . . .

Those of a less zealous religious persuasion should have been at The Dominion in London last week when **The Mighty Clouds Of Joy** played. There for the price of a stalls ticket you could have rubbed angel wings with such saints of music biz as **The Capucino Kid, Paul Weller, Mick Talbot** (yawn), **Brian Eno** and **Steve Walsh** (who?). We at the T–Z desk can only hope that this will dissuade Messrs. Weller and Talbot from their un-hygenic concern with the horrors of carnal knowledge . . .

ON THE technological front a Japanese professor, **Ichiro Kato**, has claimed to have invented the first musically talented robot. Kato's 'robotic arm' can play an electronic organ (has masturbation even moved in on the once pure scientific world?) with its five fingers as skilfully as a human. It can even perform cross-finger piano techniques. Of course none of this is at all astounding considering we Brits have been boasting of **Gary Numan's** amazingly life-like ability for movement for years . . .

Alternative comedian (Ha! That's a good one!) **Keith** 'The Teeth' **Allen** is suffering from a fate worse than Channel 4 after being involved in a bar room brawl on his return from the States. Instead of the usual fist and butt rucus his opponent decided to go for the shot below the belt (Obviously no gentleman – Marquis Of Queensbury Rules page 87) and bit at the hapless comedian's penile protuberance. Fortunately the man has recovered. Allen himself was unavailable for comment though a close aid has denied reports that Keith has joined the Jewish faith . . .

Meanwhile the chat show encounter of the year is scheduled to take place in a month or two when **John Lydon** returns for a spot of the promotionals. Yon John will appear on LWTV's *South Of Watford*, where he will sit alongside the GLC's 'Red' **Ken Livingstone** – currently touting CIA conspiracy theories around County Hall with regards to the Korean Boeing fiasco – and *Daily Telegraph* editor **Bill Deeds**, the same 'Dear Bill' featured in *Private Eye*'s notorious spoof of the private life of **Dennis Thatcher** . . .

British Aid For Americans Dept.: We are proud to announce that **Lydia Lunch, Nick Cave, Marc Almond** and **Foetus** (collectively known as **The Immaculate Consumptives** – can ya believe it?) are to commit themselves to a 'reading' tour of the States. If all goes well they hope to follow this up with a 'writing' tour, a 'sums' tour and maybe a 'drawing' tour. All we can hope for is that they get to Washington before the next election . . .

BILLERICAY DICKY (nee **Tony**) Dept.: Our own Pullitzer Prize candidate (not you **Paolo**) **Tony Parsons** stepped out of his Essex lair this week gone and added his literary might to Channel 4's *Loose Talk*. **Steve Taylor**, the show's host was prompted to admit during the 'interview' that he had never read Parson's epic *Winners And Losers*. To which Big Tone (who has never met **Harold Robbins**) replied "drop dead . . . I fell asleep during your warm-up Steve . . ." Not to be thwarted in his attempt to completely embarrass himself, a glowing Taylor raised the sleeping **Fab Five Freddy** (Parsons' fellow victim on the show) with the question: "Urm . . . you've worked with **Malcolm McLaren** haven't you? What do you think about . . .urm, er, that sort of kind of colonialism in pop?" Stirring from his show-induced slumber, Fab Five replied: "I've never worked with Malcolm McLaren!"

"Someone from this show's gonna be on TV-AM tomorrow," quoth a rapidly disappearing Taylor. It is interesting to note that TV-AM has lost half of its audience since the statement was made . . .

So from all of us here at the *Loose Talk* Appreciation Society, Steve – you're Game For A Laugh!

note oilskin base — lowry

IN A HIDDEN BUNKER-DEEP IN BERLIN..
GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE DECIDED TO TEST THE PERIMETERS OF THE POST--INDUSTRIAL WRECKAGE MUSIC SCENE, BY INVADING POLAND!!
I'LL APPLY FOR AN ARTS COUNCIL GRANT, FUEHRER
GROOVY!
AS BRITAIN BRACES ITSELF FOR THE GERMAN INVASION, POP'S PUBLIC IMAGE CONTRASTS SHARPLY WITH THE HARSH REALITY OF THE LYMESWOLD FESTIVAL.
FANCY THAT BOY WRITING A SONG FOR ME, AND I'M OLD ENOUGH TO BE — HIS AUNT!
DUREX DUREX
FACE STEVE TAYLOR WRITES
WHILE...
GASP!.. HOW MUCH FURTHER IS IT TO THE PORTALOO'S?
BADGES
BAD TRIPS
BAGELS
BEADS
JUST OVER THE NEXT SAND DUNES, NEXT TO THE RELEASE TENT..
A NATION LAUGHS
ALL THROUGH EINSCHLERF NAFFBURTONSUIT'S SET, THE FANS CHATTER - DISTRACTING THE PERFORMERS
TIMOTHY LEARY'S A TOTAL BREADHEAD..
POW!
OH WOW! I LOATHE MATERIALISM..
SILENCE WE HAVE WAYS OF MAKING YOU LISTEN!..
WE WANT MONTY!
BOO!!
GERROFF!!
THIS ONE SOUNDS MUCH BETTER THROUGH EAR-PHONES..
NEXT-AMERICA ENTERS THE WAR-FESTIVAL..
I WANT MY OWN COUPE-DE-VILLE
MAKE MY DAD PAY THE BILL..

NOTE KLEE INSPIRED GRAPHICS

the lone groover — benyon

TH'REDSKINS 'RE SAYIN' POP MUSIC SHOULD HAVE A HEAVIER POLITICAL CONTENT.....!
...BUT U.B.40 SAY NOONE EVER LISTENS T'LYRICS ANYWAY.....
...'RE U.B.40 POLITICAL?
Y'KNOW THEY'RE, LEFT DE LEFT!
JUST A JOKE.
BUT THEY'VE GONE SOFT—I MEAN NO ONE'S STUPID ENOUGH T'THINK RED, RED, WINE IS A POLITICAL STATEMENT
RED RED WINE
GROAN!
—MAKE THAT BLUE NUN— Y'MARXIST GIT!
YOUNG TORY
AMM—I GUESS THOSE PEOPLE WHO DO LISTEN TO POP LYRICS TEND TO OVERESTIMATE THEIR IMPORTANCE—

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